★ Nov. 27, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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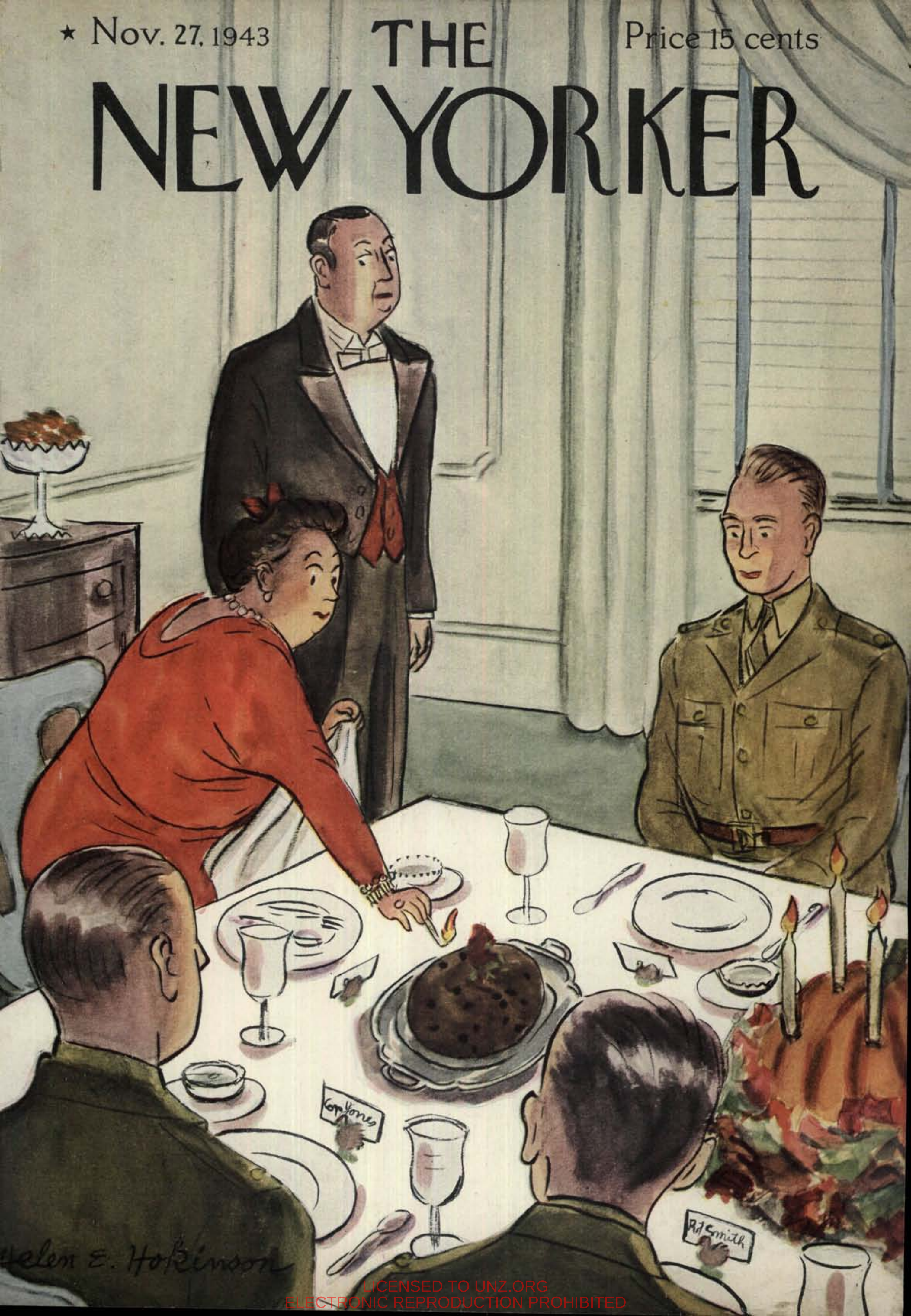

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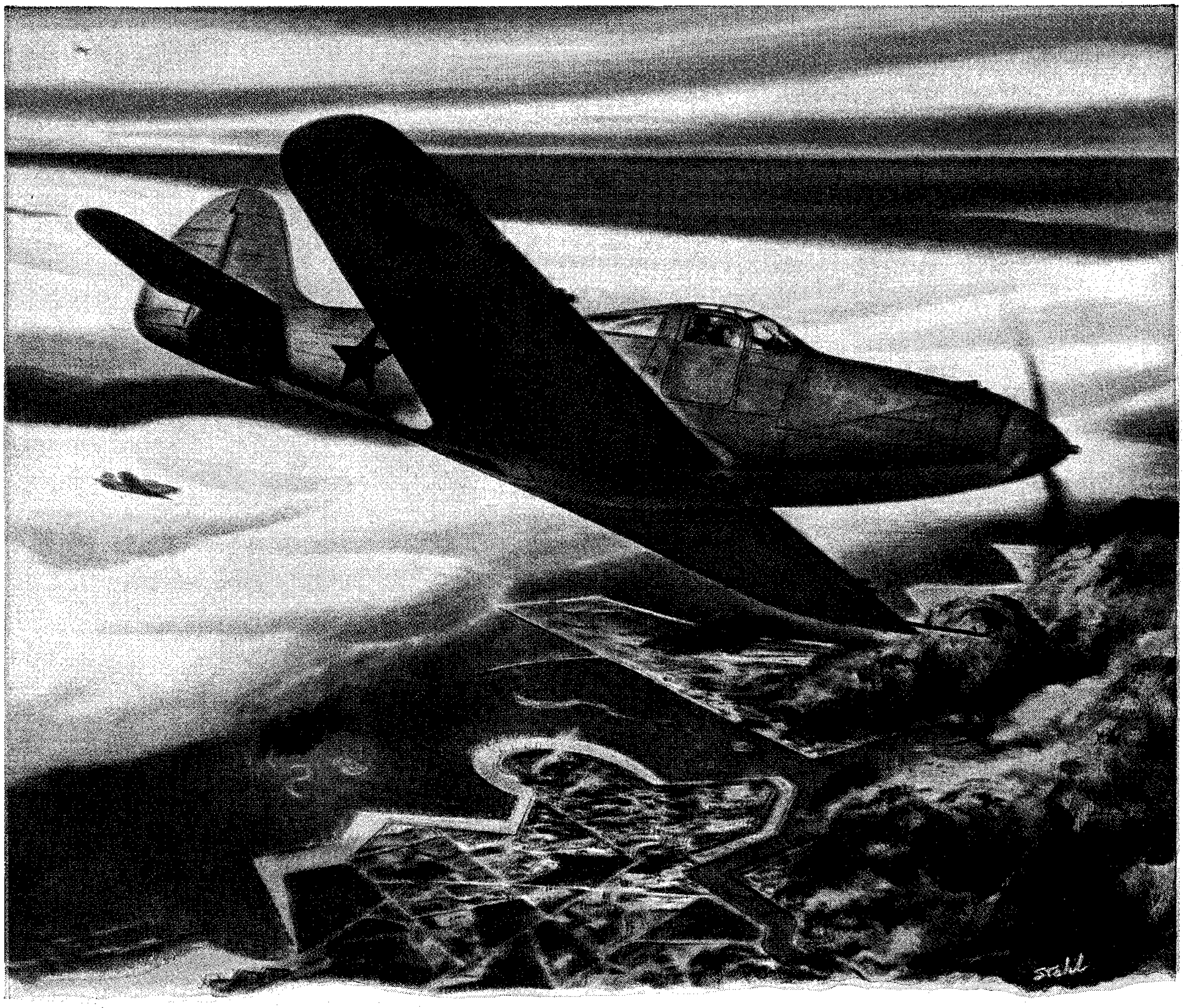

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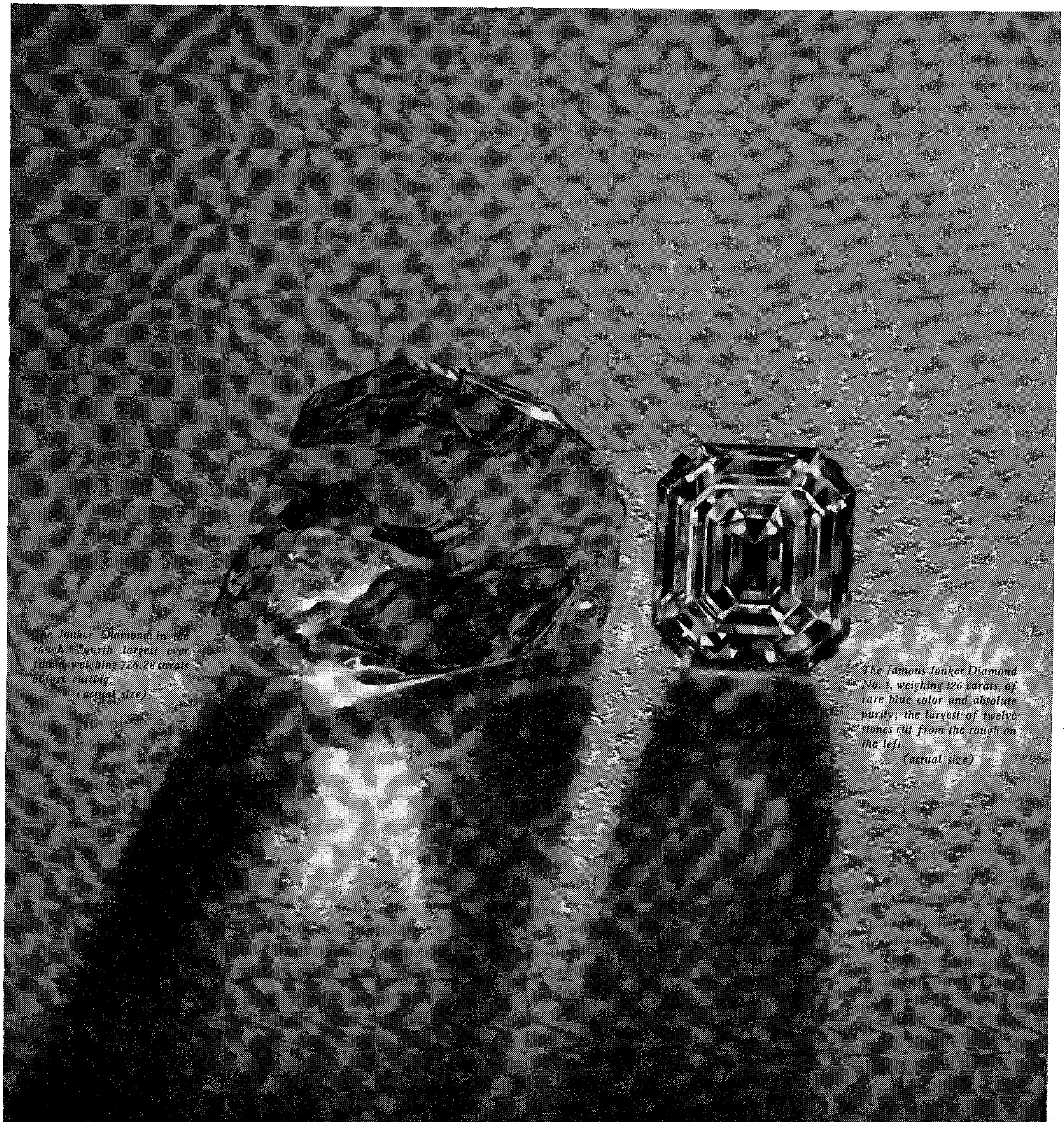

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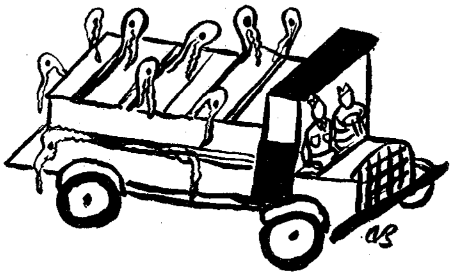

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY NOVEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4.

THE THEATRE

(This week, as indicated below, matinée schedules have been somewhat revised because of Thanksgiving Day. There may be further changes, so, to *be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the* newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon,, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; *special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.*)

ANOTHER LOVE STORY—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. Among those in the cast are Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman has directed a cast that includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Thurs., Nov. 25, and Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Nov. 26, at 2:40.)

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE—Paul Osborn's dramatization of the Richard Hughes novel has some charm and pathos but it isn't much like the original. Oscar Homolka is a fine pirate and Abbey Bonime is touching as the eldest of the kidnapped children. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Moves on Sun., Nov. 28, to a theatre to be announced. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Nov. 26, at 2:40.)

KISS AND TELL—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except *Sun., at 8:40.* Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

OTHELLO—An excellent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Visually, at least, Paul Robeson's Moor is perfect, and José Ferrer is a remarkable Iago. Among the others are Uta Hagen, James Monks, and Miss Webster herself. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and racial intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. With Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Fredric Tozere. (48th Street, 48, W. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THREE IS A FAMILY—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is splendid in his rôle of the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

GET AWAY OLD MAN—A comedy written by William Saroyan and staged by George Abbott. With Edward Begley, Richard Widmark, and Glenn Anders. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart's play about the Army Air Forces, with a cast composed mainly of Army men. Staged and produced by Mr. Hart as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

ARTISTS AND MODELS—A very expensive collection of rubbish, somewhat redeemed by the singing of Jane Froman. Marty May, Jackie Gleason, Collette Lyons, and the Radio Aces are among the other performers. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck, 45, W. *CI 6-6363. Nightly,* except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

EARLY TO BED—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and almost as elementary as it sounds. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in the cast, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—An earnest, lavish revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OKLAHOMA!—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Betty Garde, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 30, at 2:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—This Nash-Perelman-Weill comedy won't replace "Oklahoma!," but it is very *pretty and engaging just the same.* Mary Martin is a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Agnes De Mille has contributed a stunning ballet. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. *Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.* Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Allen Jenkins, Betty Bruce, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:35.)

STAR AND GARTER—Burlesque comes into its own in this rowdy, funny, and occasionally handsome show. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 4.)

WHAT'S UP—Some aviators come down near a girls' school, providing the authors with quite a plot. However, Jimmy Savo and some pretty girls are in the cast and perhaps you might do worse. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes, among many others, Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

LOVERS AND FRIENDS—Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey in a play by Dodie Smith. Staged by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell and John C. Wilson. Opens Mon., Nov. 29. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

PILLAR TO POST—A comedy by Rose Simon Kohn, with Carl Gose and Perry Wilson. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Fri., Dec. 3. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and *Sat. at 2:40.*)

THE WORLD'S FULL OF GIRLS—A dramatization by Nunnally Johnson of Thomas Bell's novel "Till I Come Back to You," with Virginia Gilmore and Frances Heflin. Staged and produced by Jed Harris. Opens Sat., Dec. 4. (Theatre *and schedule performances* to be announced.)

MISCELLANY

FRIARS FROLIC—The annual entertainment, with people like Milton Berle, Gypsy Rose Lee, and George Jessel: Mon., Nov. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161.)

KATHERINE DUNHAM—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45.)

NEW DANCE GROUP—With Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, and William Bales: Sat., Nov. 27, at 8:1

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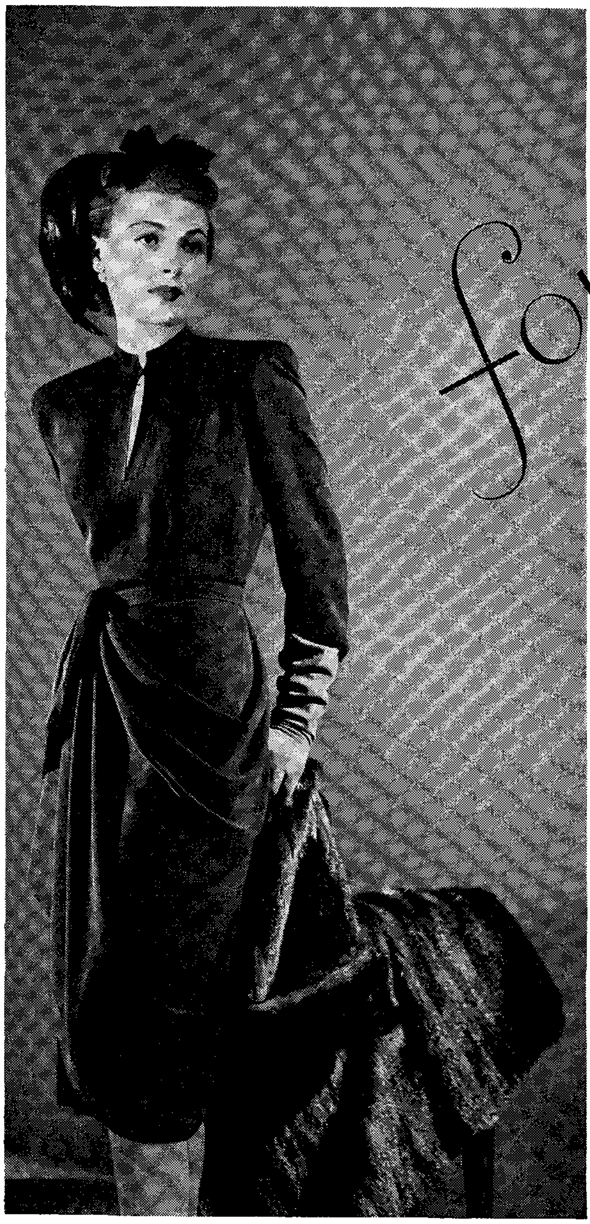
for her Christmas



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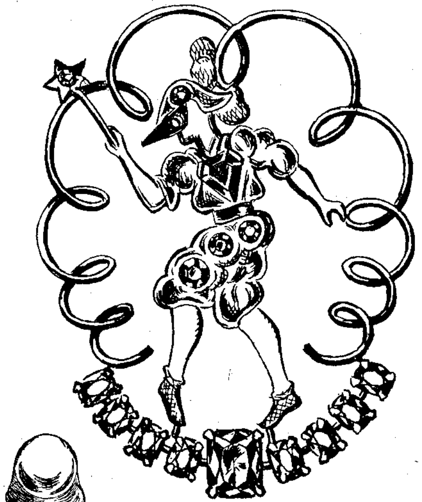

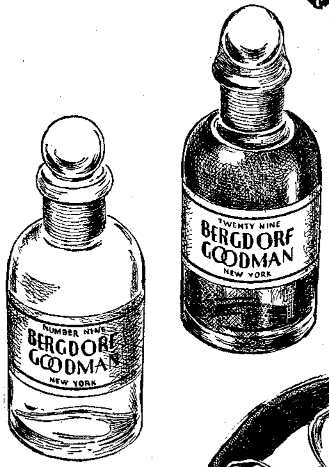

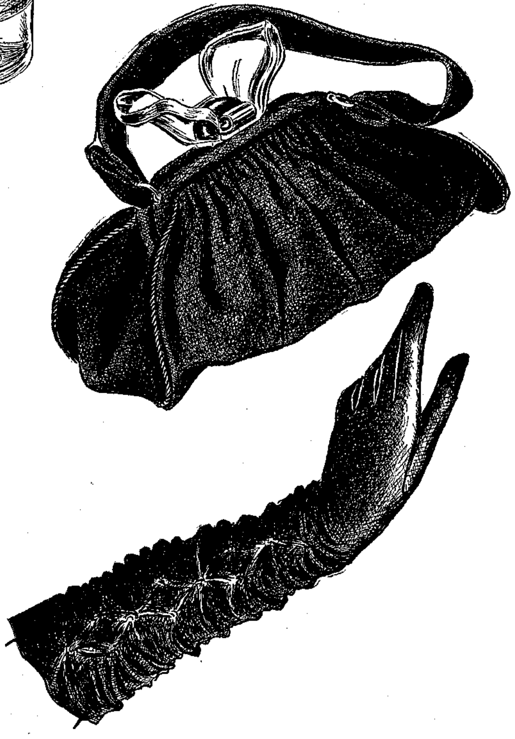

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4.

P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1944," with Betty Atkinson, Roy Shipstad, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., Nov. 28-29, at 8:30. Mat. Sat., Nov. 27, at 2:30.) . . . "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 25, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—"Kings in Nomania," presented by the Children's Theatre: Thurs., Nov. 25, at 1:30 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., Nov. 26-28, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-8467.) . . . The Children's Repertory Theatre in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Sat., Nov. 27, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat., Dec. 4, at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The décor of the Trianon Room is eighteenth-century, but the music, by Jules Lande's orchestra, is not.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has an ice show, as well as Ray Heatherton's band.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with a lavish, East Side touch. Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Not as bewitching as Rio, probably, but much more accessible. The show includes Joe E. Lewis, Sonny Kendis' orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)— Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—The most comfortable beach in the City this time of year. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotger's rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is perfect for claustrophobes and royalists and fine for other people, too. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, with her songs and her accent, is in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—You can dance sedately to Horatio Zito's orchestra in the Oval Room. Closes at 10 P.M.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra plays all evening. . . . The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Charles Baum's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Frank Sinatra and Milada and Volkoff, who entertain during the supper hour in the Wedgwood Room, will be replaced on Mon., Nov. 29, by The Hartmans. Leo Reisman's orchestra will stay on. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here to remind you of Paris. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): a casual sort of place, where Spivy can be found singing her rough-and-ready songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Sheila Barrett tells you all about the life American. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): an escapist sort of place—rich, not gaudy—with Roger Stearns' piano in the background. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and unobtrusive music.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 4 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): more densely populated than its namesake; Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a large and fairly noisy show; Mickey Alpert's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ernie Holst's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, filled with the usual pretty girls and more noise than you knew existed. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): girls who can sing and dance and girls who can't sing or dance. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and many others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): the decorations are Spanish but the show is straight six-a-day; Machito's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and some entertainment.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25.)

Allied Artists of America—Oils, sculpture, water colors, and other work in the thirtieth annual exhibition sponsored by this group: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 28.

Eugene Berman—Recent oils with a mythological background: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays, 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Aaron Bohrod—Paintings and gouaches done this year in the South Pacific: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Guy Pene du Bois—Landscapes and figures painted during the last couple of years: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan 16.

Charles Burchfield—Eight new water colors with the emphasis on forest and country scenes: Rehn, 68 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

Marc Chagall—Recent oils and gouaches of American and Mexican subjects: Matisse, 41 E. 57 Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Pk. at 190—Militant and protective saints, as shown in medieval sculpture and painting. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Nov. 30.

José de Creeft—Recent sculptures in wood and stone Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Dec. 11.

Drawings—The annual exhibition of work by masters from the sixteenth through the nineteenth century: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; Sat., 7 to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

Lyonel Feininger—A retrospective showing of paintings, water colors, and drawings; also, oil portraits by Louise Nevelson: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57 Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27

French—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: a painting apiece some never before shown here, by twelve nineteenth-century masters—Cézanne, Corot, Courbet Gauguin, etc. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Sat., Dec. 4. . . . **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57 one-hundred-and-fortieth anniversary show of a gallery closely linked with the French Impressionist movement. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4

William Glackens—The annual exhibition in the late artist's house, at 10 W. 9. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 5

Groups—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Robert Brackman, and other Americans. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Sat., Nov. 27. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57 early work by Chagall, Matisse, Feininger, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Fannie Hillsmith—First one-man show, by an American abstractionist: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Weekday 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Gina Knee—Abstract water colors by the sculptor Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:3 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Käthe Kollwitz—Work from 1890 to 1934, in several mediums: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4

Jean Liberté—Expressionist oils and gouaches: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Sat., Nov. 27.

Barnard Lintott—Portraits of children by an artist known mainly for his flower paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Sat., Dec. 4.

John Marin—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to P.M.; through Jan. 9.

Henry McCarter—Expressionist paintings by an illustrator: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekday 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 1.

Hans Moller—Semi-abstract, formalized painting by a young German refugee: Bonestell, 18 E. 57 Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27

Morgan Collection—Forty-two paintings by Flemish, Dutch, and English masters; a benefit for the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, Inc. Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 1 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other works by such artists as Werner Drewes Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through

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"Why does our wine turn sour, M. Pasteur?"

It was 1865 when Louis Pasteur showed the wine makers of his native France how to keep their product from souring by heating it to about 145° F.

The world was slow to see the value of "pasteurization." Some thirty years later, when the first American dairy began to sell pasteurized *milk*, the move met bitter opposition.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

JACKSON POLLOCK—Paintings by an American abstractionist: Art of this Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

DORIS ROSENTHAL—Drawings, pastels, and paintings—all of Mexico: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC—Oils and water colors done before the war: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

LADISLAS SEGY—Recent oils by this Hungarian-born artist: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

FREDERICK B. SERGER—Big paintings, post-Impressionist in style: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

EVERETT SHINN—Paintings, early and late: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

JOSEPH STELLA—A large show, including several early paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings by one of the younger Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

MAURICE UTRILLO—Twelve paintings, ranging from his "white period" up to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting, sculpture, water colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., including Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers *are included in the listings.)*

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Nov. 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 27, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 28, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 3, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Nov. 25-26; Erica Morini, violin, Nov. 27-28; Astrid Varnay, soprano, Enid Szantho, contralto, and the Westminster Choir, Dec. 2-4.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Barone conducting, Fri., Nov. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

MEMORIAL CONCERT—A program in memory of Max Reinhardt, with Bruno Walter conducting an orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony; soloist, Kerstin Thorborg, contralto, Tues., Nov. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 25. . . . "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Nov. 26. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Aft., Nov. 27. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Nov. 27. . . . "Carmen," Mon. Eve., Nov. 29. . . . "The Magic Flute," Wed. Eve., Dec. 1. . . . "Die Walküre," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 2. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., Dec. 3. . . . "Boris Godunoff," Sat. Aft., Dec. 4. . . . "Mignon," Sat. Eve., Dec. 4. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. Fri., Nov. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin. Sat., Nov. 27, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LENER QUARTET—Chamber music. Sat., Nov. 27 and Dec. 4, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

LE QUATOUR ALOUETTE—French Canadian male quartet. Sat., Nov. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

POVLA FRIJSH—Soprano. Sun., Nov. 28, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Busch Quartet and John Wummer, flute. Sun., Nov. 28, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Violin. Sun., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. Sun., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

OSCAR ZIEGLER—Piano. Mon., Nov. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RAYA GARBOUSOVA—'Cello. Tues., Nov. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. Wed., Dec. 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

LEONARD SHURE—Piano. Fri., Dec. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ELISABETH SCHUMANN—Soprano. Sat., Dec. 4, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Sammy Angott vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Mon.,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

FOOTBALL—Polo Grounds—Giants vs. Dodgers, Sun., Nov. 28, at 2:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., Nov. 28, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Nov. 28, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, as well as booby traps and official photographs captured from the enemy. Weekdays, including Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, including an Airacobra, a Thunderbolt, a Hurricane, and other planes as highlights. Daily, including Thanksgiving Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in Russia at war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 27.

PHOTOGRAPHY—An exhibition of portraits from 1843 to 1943, by such men as Matthew Brady, David O. Hill, Alfred Stieglitz, and Man Ray: Photography Center of the Museum of Modern Art, 9 W. 54. Mon. through Fri., except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

GREECE—About a hundred and fifty photographs of prewar Greece, in a show sponsored by the Greek War Relief Association (through Tues., Nov. 30); also, a loan exhibition showing the influence of Grecian art on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early eighteen hundreds, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period (through Feb. 29): Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Metropolitan Opera: "La Forza del Destino," with Frederick Jagel, Lawrence Tibbett, and Stella Roman, Sat., Nov. 27, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Nov. 28, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., Nov. 27, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 28, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Nov. 28, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 28, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Boxing: Sammy Angott vs. Bobby Ruffin, Mon., Nov. 29, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Thurs., Nov. 25, at 1:45 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Navy, Sat., Nov. 27, at 1:45 P.M., WEAF.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Paintings from the collection of the late Francis Wilson and others: Fri., Nov. 26, at 8:15 P.M. . . . English furniture, paintings, and Georgian silver, owned by the late Franklin J. Matchette: Sat., Nov. 27, at 2 P.M. . . . Books and historical autographs from the library of the late Alfred C. Meyer: Tues. and Wed., Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:15 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office Department has announced that Christmas gifts this year should be in the mail by Dec. 10 in order to reach their destinations on time.

MOTION PICTURES

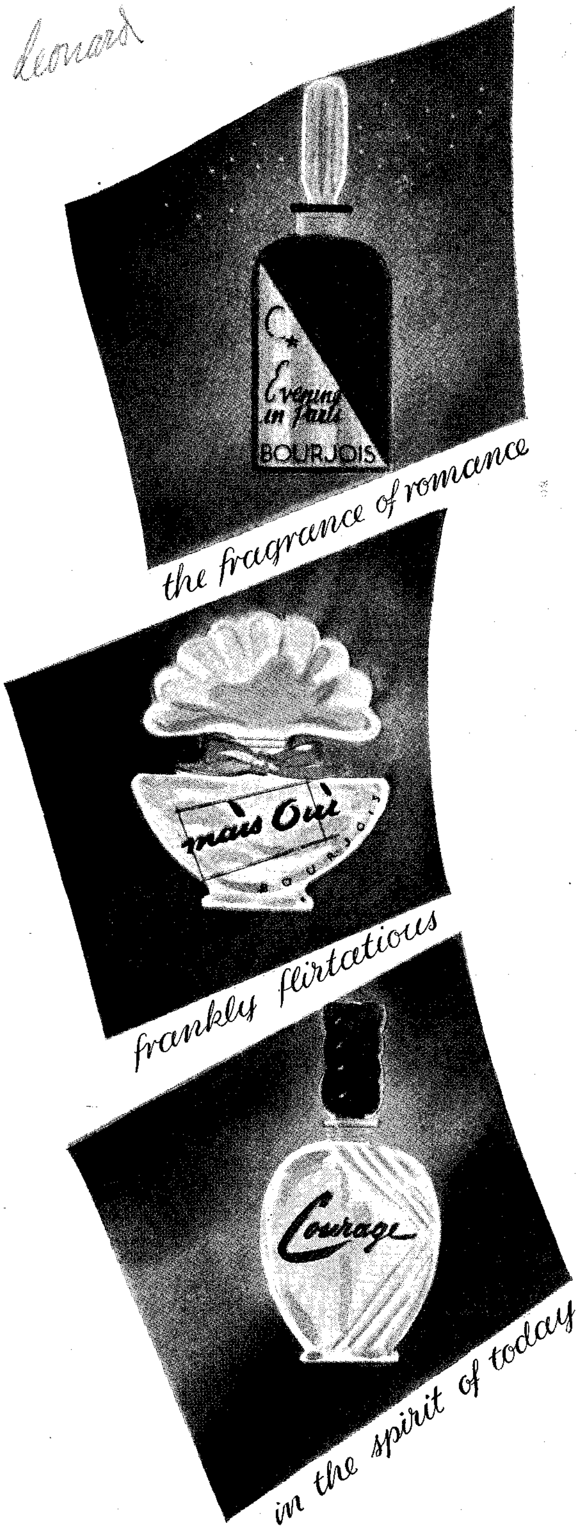
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Warner Brothers have gone all out for the Merchant Marine in this one. The cast, which is good, includes Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Nov. 26.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Hemingway faithfully and handsomely, but timidly adapted to the screen. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

HOLY MATRIMONY—An inspired bit of casting puts Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields in this new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive." (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., Nov. 25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Nov. 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Mon., Nov. 29. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Dec. 1. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 1-2.)

JOHNNY COME LATELY—James Cagney's first independent production isn't world-shaking, but it's a

Leonard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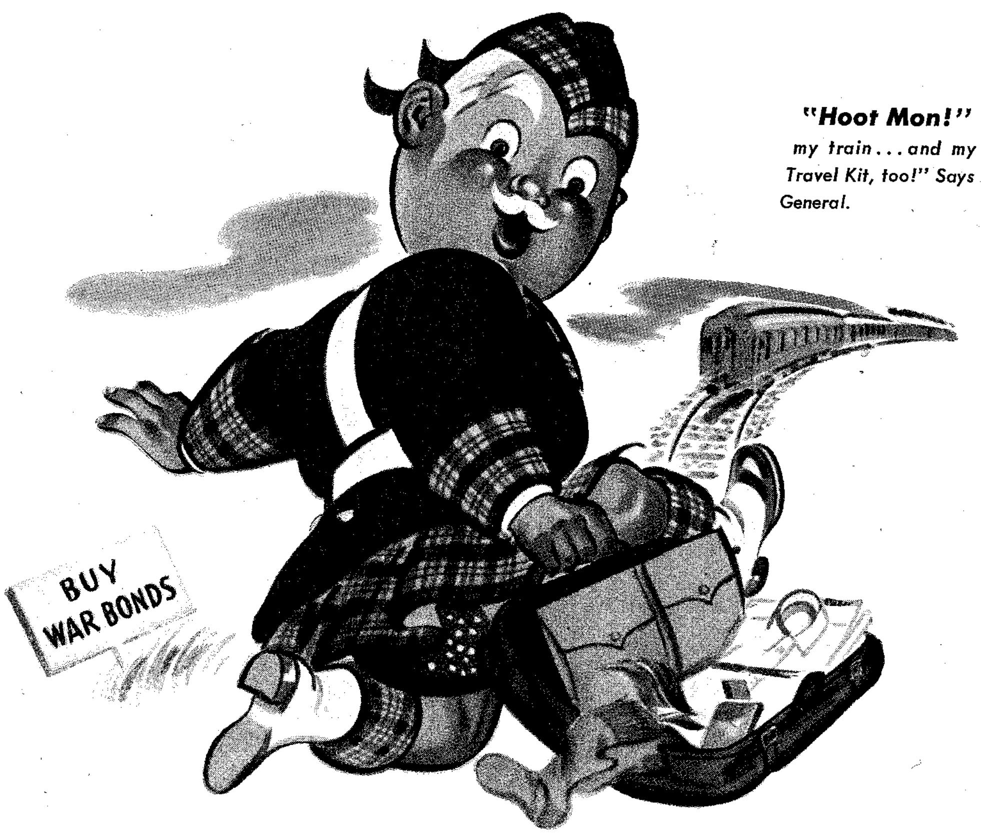

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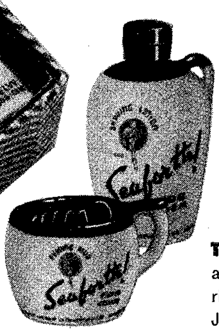

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Next of Kin—The British have put this thriller together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 1-2.)

The North Star—A bit of the war history of a Russian village, splendidly conceived and pretty well executed. Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, and Anne Baxter are in the cast. (Victoria, B'way at 46; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 5:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; Sun. and Thanksgiving Day at 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; continuous showings daily.)

Old Acquaintance—Bette Davis acts neatly in the saga of a couple of career women. There's also Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Sahara— The lively adventures of some men and a tank in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, and J. Carrol Naish. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Dec. 1.)

This Is the Army—A number of Hollywood civilians have been added to the soldier cast, but no harm done. The newcomers include George Murphy, Joan Leslie, and Charles Butterworth. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Tues., Nov. 30.)

True to Life—A somewhat erratic but predominantly funny comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, and Victor Moore. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Nov. 29. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Dec. 1. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 27-29. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 30-Dec. 4.)

Watch on the Rhine—Paul Lukas and Bette Davis in a fine treatment of Lillian Hellman's play about the refugee leader of the German underground. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Nov. 26.)

REVIVALS

Confessions of a Cheat (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 26-29.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—The John P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun through Tues., Nov. 28-30.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 26-29.)

In Which We Serve (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Nov. 25.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 29-30.)

Life Begins at 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as an actor who would rather drink, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 1-3.)

Love Crazy (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 26-28.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., Nov. 27.)

Saludos Amigos (1943)—The Walt Disney film about South America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Nov. 25.)

Stand-In (1937)—A satire on Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 27-29.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 30-Dec. 2.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a nightclub singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Nov. 26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and Thanksgiving Day at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., NOV. 25:** "M" (1933), German film, with Peter Lorre. **FRI. AND SAT., NOV. 26-27:** "The Thin Man" (1934), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. **SUN. AND MON., NOV. 28-29:** "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Edward G. Robinson and Francis Lederer. **TUES. AND WED., NOV. 30-DEC. 1:** "Double Crime in the Maginot Line" (1939), French film, with Victor Francen. **THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 2-3:** "Misunderstood" (1912), with Henny Porten, and "Father Sergius" (1917), Russian film, with Ivan Mozhukin.

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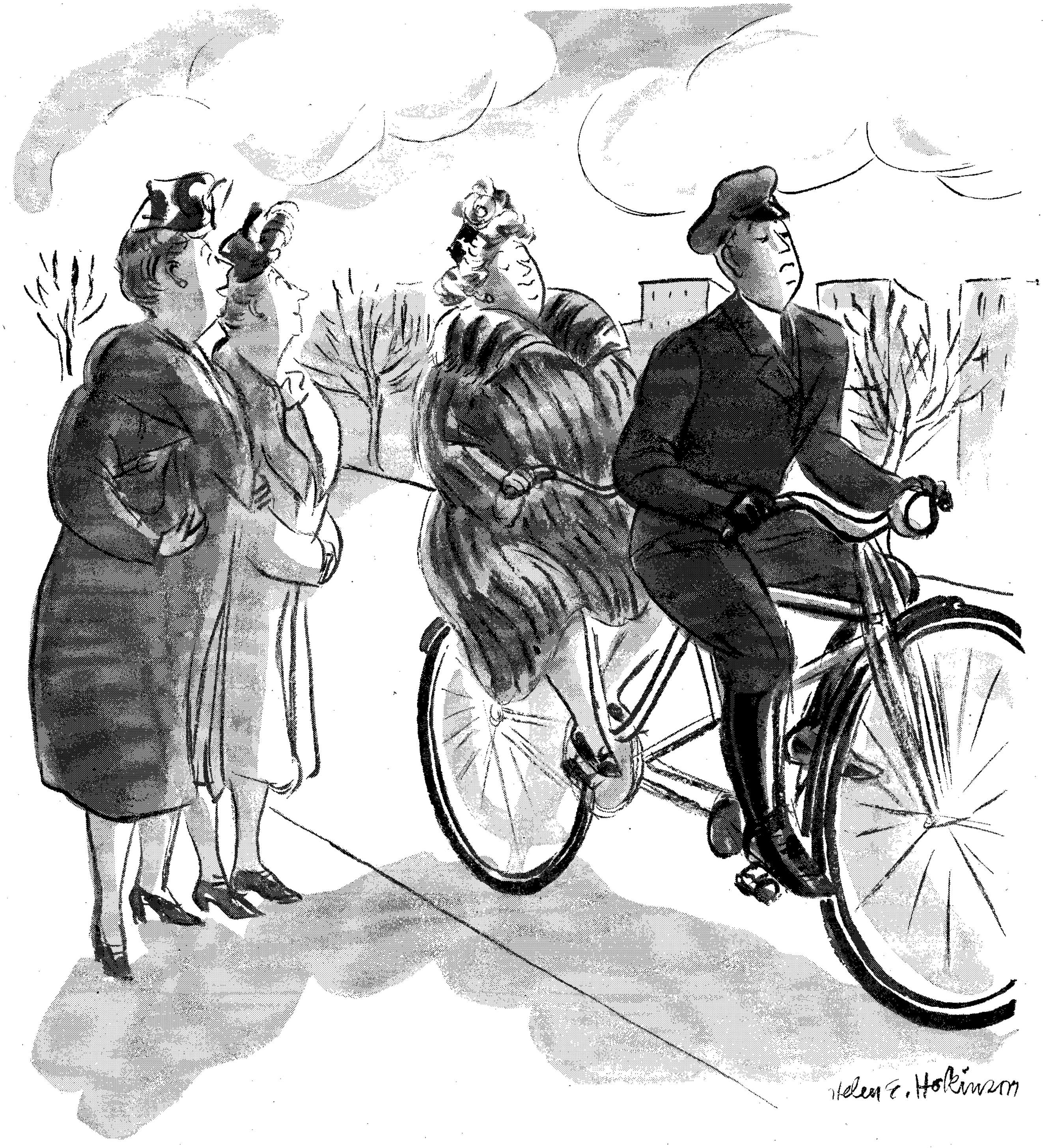

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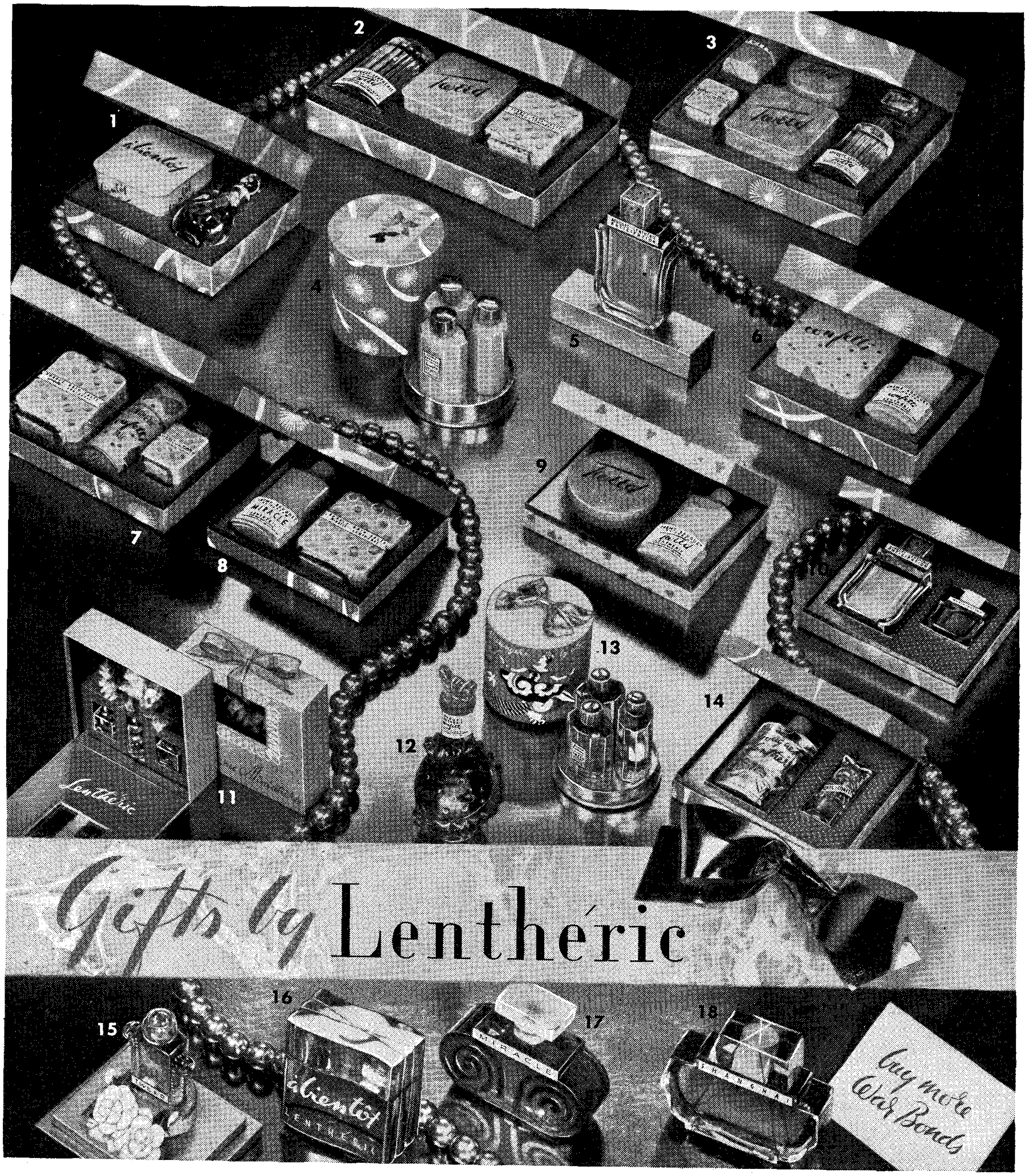

1. *A Bientôt Gift Duet:* Bouquet Lenthéric decanter, Bath Powder; also in Shanghai, Tweed, Miracle or Confetti........................**$3.75**

2. *Tweed Gift Trio:* Bouquet Lenthéric, Bubble Bath Salts, Bath Powder; also in Miracle and Confetti...........................**$5.20**

3. *Tweed Gift Presentation:* Perfume, Bath Powder, Face Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric, Soap, Sachet......**$9.95** In Confetti.......**$10.45**

4. *Crème Bouquet Trio:* Flacon each, Miracle, Tweed, and Confetti.................**$3.30**

5. *Bouquet Lenthéric Anticipation,* decanter..................**$3.00** and **$5.00**

6. *Confetti Gift Duet:* Bath Powder and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed, Miracle, A Bientôt or Shanghai.........................**$2.45**

7. *Confetti Gift Presentation:* Bubble Bath Salts, Sachet, Talc; also in Tweed and Miracle..**$3.25**

8. *Miracle Gift Duet:* Crème Bouquet and Bubble Bath Salts; also in Tweed and Confetti...**$2.45**

9. *"Grand Slam"* (Tweed Gift Set): Crème Bouquet and Perfume Powder-Pact........**$2.70**

10. *Anticipation Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric*...................$18.50

11. *"Miniatures"* (Perfume Trio): Tweed, A Bientôt, Confetti.......................**$4.40**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

12. *Bouquet Lenthéric Confetti,* decanter..................**$2.25** and **$3.50**

13. *"Three Silent Messengers":* Flacon each of Bouquet Lenthéric in Tweed, Miracle, Confetti . **$2.05**

14. *Confetti Gift Presentation:* Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric.......................**$6.45** In Tweed and Miracle................**$5.95**

15. *De Luxe Perfume Presentation:* Flacon of Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, A Bientôt, Shanghai and Pink Party............................**$10.00**

16. *A Bientôt Perfume*.......$5.00 to **$55.00**

17. *Miracle Perfume*.........$4.50 to **$46.00**

18. *Shanghai Perfume*........$5.00 to **$55.00**

WARTIME ANNOUNCEMENT!

Revolutionary RADIONICS Product of Great Importance

For All Hard of Hearing – their Friends and Families

$40.00

READY TO WEAR

COMPLETE
—WITH RADIONIC TUBES
—CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
AND BATTERIES
. . . *Liberal Guarantee*

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TO PHYSICIANS: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

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There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

The Zenith Hearing Aid can be supplied only by your Zenith franchised Optician or Optometrist (no home calls or solicitations).

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: Manpower Authorities, Employers, Physicians,
Parents, Teachers and Hard of Hearing.

Our country's manpower crisis calls for everyone's maximum efficiency. Since I lost the hearing of one ear in an accident twenty years ago, I have been acutely conscious of the handicaps of the hard of hearing. While pioneering in radio I have for some years directed Zenith's research toward development of the best wearable hearing aid that science could produce.

My own company has spent millions, the radio industry tens of millions for research. This research has been paid for by scores of millions of purchasers of radio sets.

We, with this technical knowledge and engineering skill, now bring to the hard of hearing a new precision aid — the ZENITH RADIONIC; an instrument of the highest quality.

A hearing aid is essentially a part of a radio receiver. It wires the human body for sound. It is composed of a crystal microphone and parts of a radio receiver set reduced to miniature size and manufactured with watch-like precision. For many years it has seemed to me incredible that the public could buy a complete radio receiver for $29 or less with which they could hear the words whispered in Europe, Asia, or South America, but people with deficient hearing have paid $100 to $200 for a comparably good hearing aid to hear the human voice across the room.

Zenith's facilities and methods for precision mass production of radio sets, Radionic devices, etc., enable it to bring this superb hearing aid within the reach of all.

Eye-glasses, like hearing aids today, were once the luxury of the few. What the optical companies have done to make the finest spectacles available to everybody at low cost, Zenith is now prepared to do for the hard of hearing — to bring with the aid of modern radionic science a highly perfected hearing aid within the reach of the masses.

ZENITH RADIONIC — low cost battery upkeep wearable hearing aid — complete with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries — will sell for $40 — about one-quarter of the price of the better vacuum tube instruments of today. Hereafter no one, child or adult, need be without a hearing aid because it is too high-priced. There are ten million people, of whom over three million are children in our schools, who are hard of hearing.

Even if Zenith never makes a dollar at this low price, it is willing to take its pay in the good will of the hard of hearing, their families and their friends. Thus begins a revolution in hearing aids — a revolution to "lower the cost of hearing" within the reach of all.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

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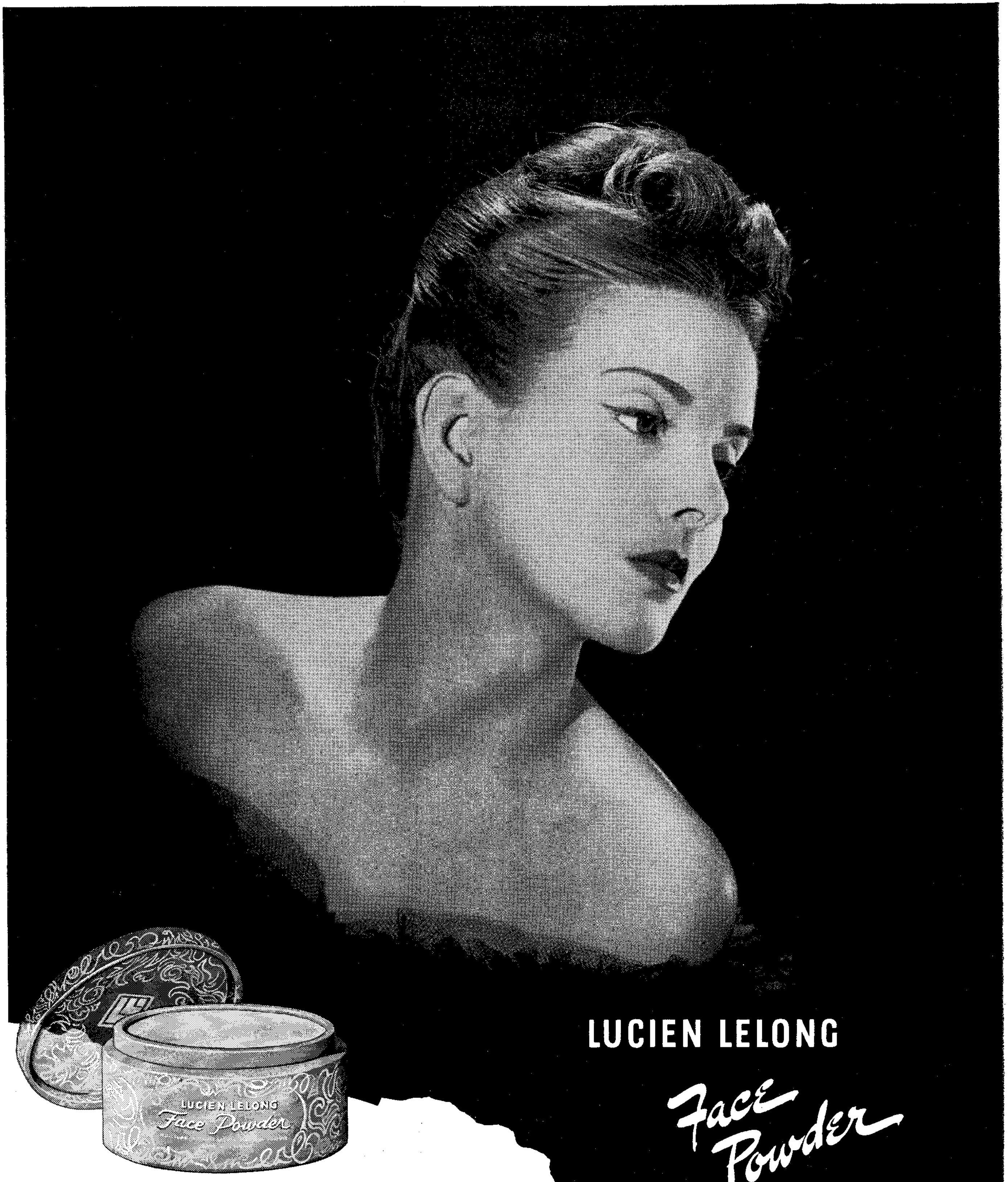


LUCIEN LELONG

Face Powder

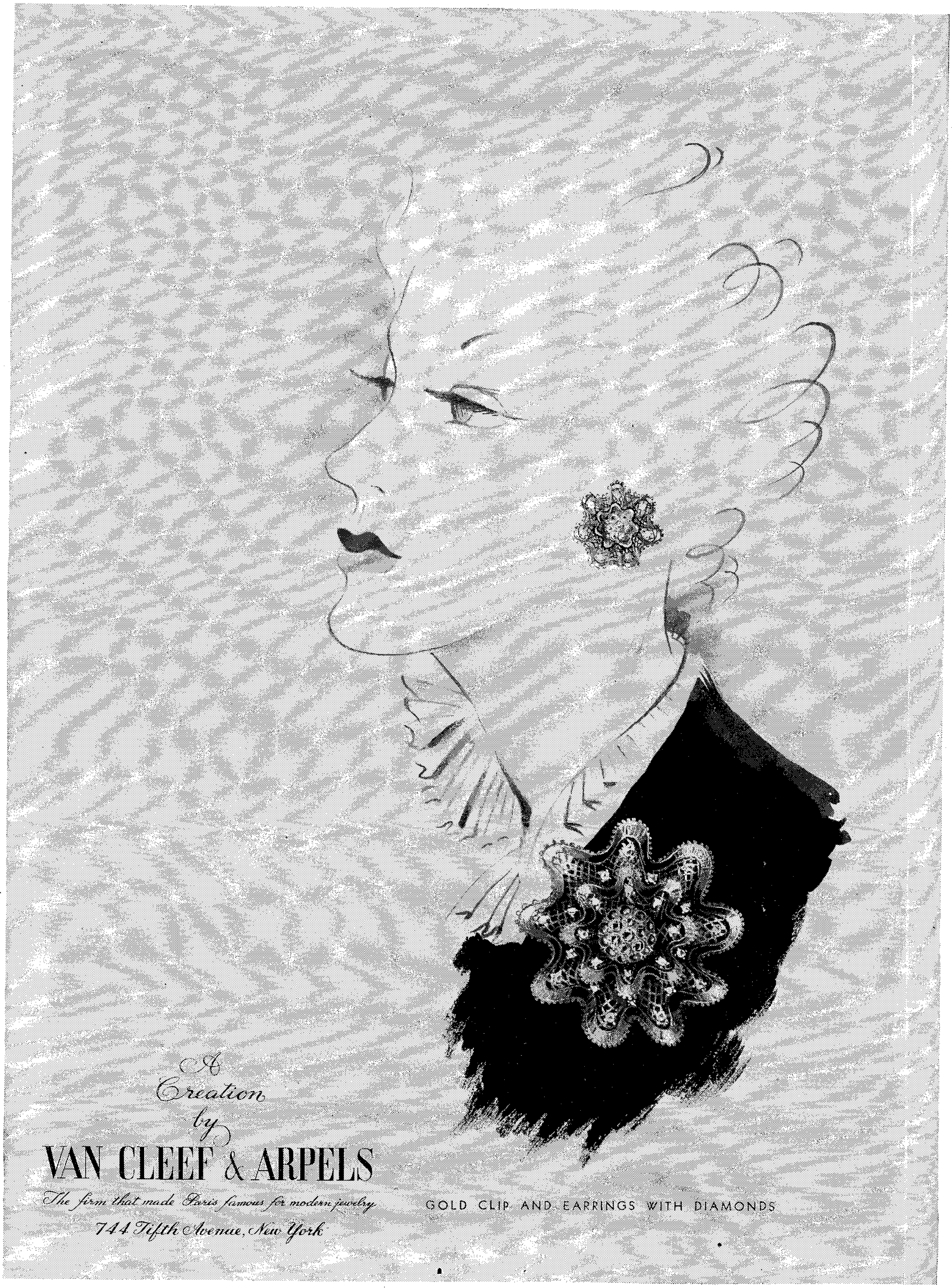
...to make your throat and shoulders lovely, too!

● **Lift your pretty chin and powder your *throat and shoulders*, too. With romantic low-cut fashions revealing the creamy curves of your decolletage, don't stop with the tip of your chin, don't leave a distracting line of demarcation —but powder, powder, powder right down to *there.***

Lucien Lelong's Face Powder clings like bridal satin. It's caressingly smooth—it's scented . . . mmm, so lightly. Wear it proudly, because nothing finer could be milled.

● *In an attractive dressing table container* $2

Above all . . . buy more War Bonds

*A Creation by*

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BUY WAR BONDS
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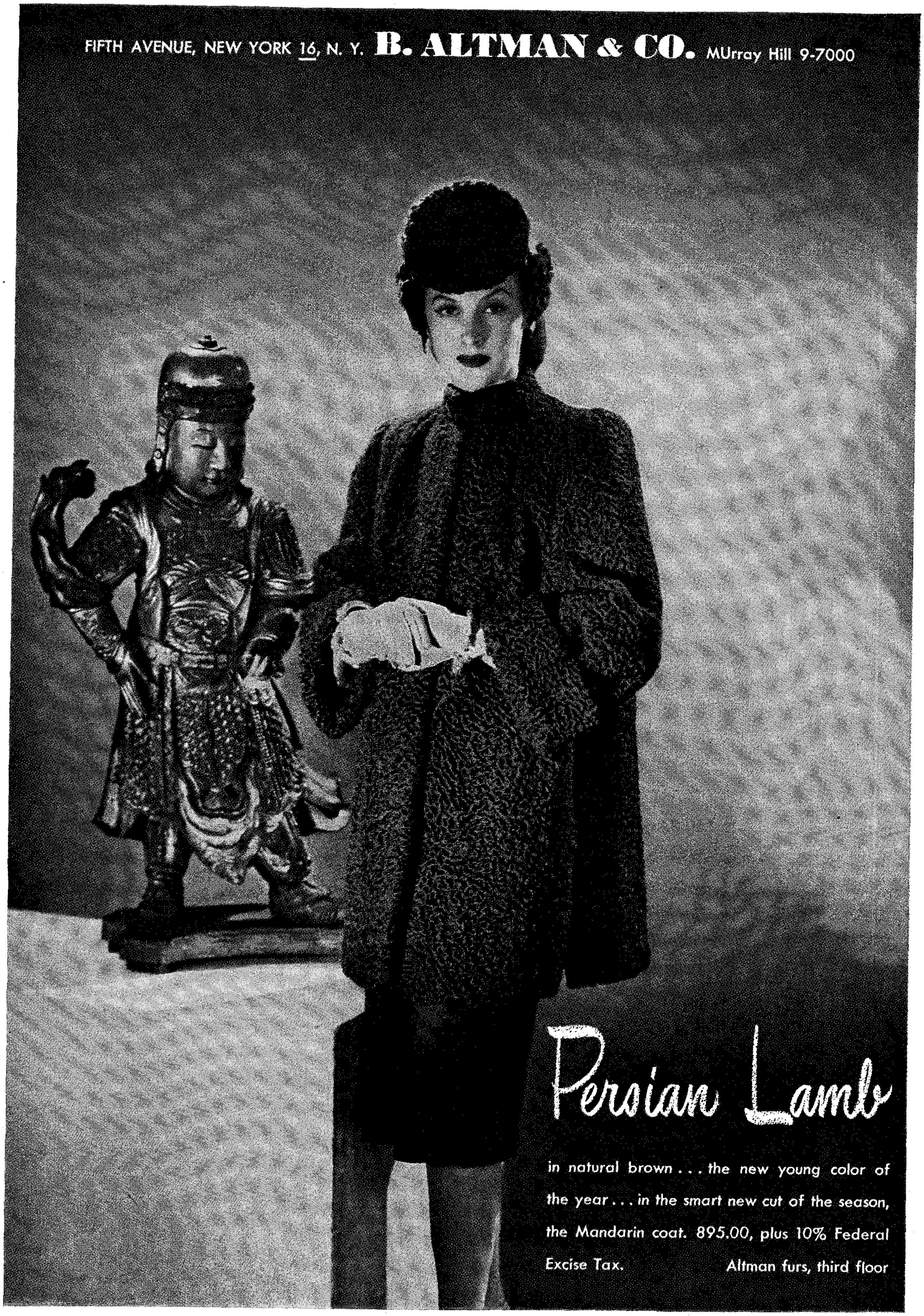
...leaves your poise unruffled with Mary Dunhill lipsticks. *Five shades:* Luscious, Banner Red, Thrilling, Medium and Brilliant. . . . $1.25 each, plus federal tax.

Mary Dunhill

FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MUrray Hill 9-7000

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in natural brown . . . the new young color of the year . . . in the smart new cut of the season, the Mandarin coat. 895.00, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax. Altman furs, third floor

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

An anonymous Nazi official has worked out, with the deft humor of his kind, the notion that the independence of Austria was guaranteed by the Moscow agreement because President Roosevelt wanted some new stamps. Compared to Dr. Goebbels' explanations of the disasters on the Russian front, this is highly ingenious reasoning, and we only hope it is true. We like to think of President Roosevelt burning with such philatelic ardor that he can hardly wait to buy some non-Nazi Austrian, French, Polish, Czechoslovakian, Yugoslavian, Greek, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, and Belgian stamps. We like to picture the President sitting up long past bedtime, some night next spring, say, licking and pasting in a batch of stamps fresh from engravers in Athens and Paris and Prague, and thinking to himself that he'd managed to put together a pretty good-looking album.

We want to commend Arthur Krock, the *Times'* chief Washington correspondent, for an act of journalistic pioneering that seems to have passed unnoticed. One of the sacred rules of Washington journalism is that reporters interviewing really important characters, such as the President, Secretary Hull, and Bernard M. Baruch, must not quote them directly. The "off-the-record" principle is so widely accepted in the trade that most correspondents in the nation's capital are simply stuffed with politicians' secrets. This custom is not always immediately grasped by out-of-town reporters. A few months ago, for instance, a New Jersey journalist we know interviewed Mr. Baruch. The old speculator received him cordially, plied him with Whitman's sourballs, and answered most of his questions with apparently vast candor. When the article appeared, Baruch called up the writer in some indignation. "Young man," he said, "you are a disgrace to your profession. You have quoted me directly. I am *never* quoted directly." Thanks to Krock, this sort of thing is on its way out. In a recent article on Baruch in the Sunday *Times Magazine*, Krock, after extolling his old friend at considerable length and without resorting to any direct Baruch quotes, wound up as follows:

> Yet he cannot avoid the fact that his very footsteps in Washington echo these words—in the White House, in the Pentagon, in the Navy Department, in the offices of the independent agencies, in Lafayette Park where once he said to a squirrel which sat up before him expectantly, "I have nothing to give you that you want—today!"

We haven't any idea what Baruch meant when he said this, or what Krock thinks he meant, but it's a direct quote all right, even though of a remark addressed only to an indiscreet squirrel, who obviously blabbed to Krock. Pretty soon Krock will be writing what Baruch said to *him*, and the dam will have burst.

We receive a catalogue every now and again from a sorcerer in Jersey, a Theo. Messick of Post Office Box 217, Camden, who deals in good-luck charms, candles, oils, herbs, perfumes, and all such occult paraphernalia. Any baffled mortal with a spare buck can order from Messick a Dragon Blood Stick, a Devil's Shoe String, a vial of Money-Drawing Oil, a Satan-Be-Gone Candle, a box of Fast Luck Sachet Powder, a Mandrake Root, a Sweet-Basil Herb ("also known as Kiss-Me-Nicholas"), an Angel's Turnip in Red Flannel Bag, a High John the Conqueror Root with Van Van Oil and Five-Finger Grass, or a package of Jinx-Removing Sprinkling Salt, to mention only a few items in the catalogue. You can thus equip yourself to mow down those of the opposite sex in indefinite quantities, win money at cards, befuddle and thwart your enemies, read the future, prevent snake bite and cure toothache, and be a man-about-town generally. There is, however, a certain malign influence against which Messick has not yet found a specific charm—the influence wielded by the Federal Trade Commission. To get his catalogue into the mails, he is compelled to describe his wares in fantastically derogatory terms. He has to speak of "So-Called Love Powder" and to hint that his High John the Conqueror Root, with or without Van Van Oil and Five-Finger Grass, may not have any supernatural virtues. Sometimes we think we're in a spot, what with paper rationing and the proofreader shortage, but God knows we're not as bad off as poor Messick, who, after concocting a powerful juju, must ring up his attorney for advice about how he may legally announce it to the public.

Speaking of proofreaders, one of ours has been detached for duty with a government bureau in the Mediterranean. When last heard of, he was in a city which the Germans were bombing rather consistently. A colleague of his wrote us that he has taken to whiling away the time between alert and all-clear by reading "Finnegans Wake" by flashlight under the bedclothes. He has also learned to give an uncannily precise vocal imitation of a

North African cockroach eating a Necco Wafer. We pass this news along simply as an example of the impact of war on a proofreader.

•

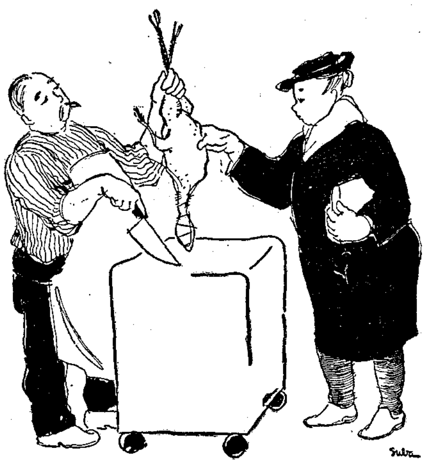
FRAGMENT of conversation overheard on the Saturday noon train from Dobbs Ferry, the site of the Masters School: "Oh, I *did* apply for a scholarship, but the dean said I was *much* too pretty."

Famous Man

BEFORE we could interview young Leonard Bernstein, who made such a triumphant job of conducting the Philharmonic in place of the ailing Bruno Walter, he had been interviewed by representatives of *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Pic*, *Look*, *Vogue*, *PM*, *Pix*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Jewish Forward*, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, the *Jewish Day*, the *News*, and the *Post*. This goes to show that fame quickly becomes burdensome and that we are not the only judge of what journalists call "good copy." "Do you know the biggest paper I'd been interviewed by up to last week?" Mr. Bernstein asked us, and before we could make a guess he exclaimed, "The *Hunter College High School News*, if you please! A couple of little girls came around a week ago Wednesday and I was pleased as a peacock." Reporters have been asking him the questions that reporters ask: whether or not he wears pajamas, does he like to cook, what does he wear around the house when he's composing music, what would he wish for if he had just one wish, and so on. Bernstein tells them something or other. He rebels only at being quoted as saying that he reads Dick Tracy, something he has not done since coming to New York. He refuses to read the *News*, and carries the boycott to the point of not allowing people to tell him what Dick is up to. "I just don't listen," he says virtuously. "I have no idea of what's happened since the beginning of Mrs. Pruneface."

Bernstein apparently has a statistical turn of mind, since he was able to tell us that within three days after the historic Philharmonic concert eight crews of photographers had taken approximately a hundred and ten pictures of him. He is a good-looking lad and takes an interesting picture ("I look like a well-built dope fiend" is the way he describes it), so he has come in for his share of the random feminine devotion that awaits the famous. Girls—very young girls, by the sound of their voices—call him up and get stage fright when he says yes, this is Mr. Bernstein. A girl whom he had at one time squired around appeared at his door with a large box of chocolates. He has received a note from the Junior Beethoven Club of Memphis, Tennessee, signed by a twelve-year old named Patricia, who identified herself as Vice-President in Charge of Listening to Radio Programs. Another note came from a girl who just wanted to know if he remembered having a drink once with her at a bar in Hartford. There have been communications from six old friends who knew all along that he had it in him and who, by the way, were now in the insurance game and would like to talk over his future with him. The Bernstein family, up Boston way, has been interviewed almost as intensively as Leonard has, and the Boston press has tossed out some war news to make way for his little brother Burton's announcement that he preferred to be called "Burty."

As it happened, Bernstein was getting pretty hot even before his big break came. During the previous week, negotiations were concluded for the presentation of his first symphony, "Jeremiah," by the Pittsburgh Symphony on January 28th; his first published work was issued, a Sonata for Clarinet and Piano; a composition entitled "I Hate Music, Five Kids' Songs" had its first New York hearing at a recital; and the Ballet Theatre commissioned him to write a ballet, a jazzy kind of thing involving three sailors and a girl in a bar. He's supposed to have the ballet music in by Christmas. "And how do you expect me to do such a thing and be interviewed by eight reporters and have seven pictures taken and answer three hundred and thirty-five telephone calls every afternoon?" he asked us sternly. "How I do go on," he added after a moment. "Naturally, I'm having the time of my life."



The Borders of Madness

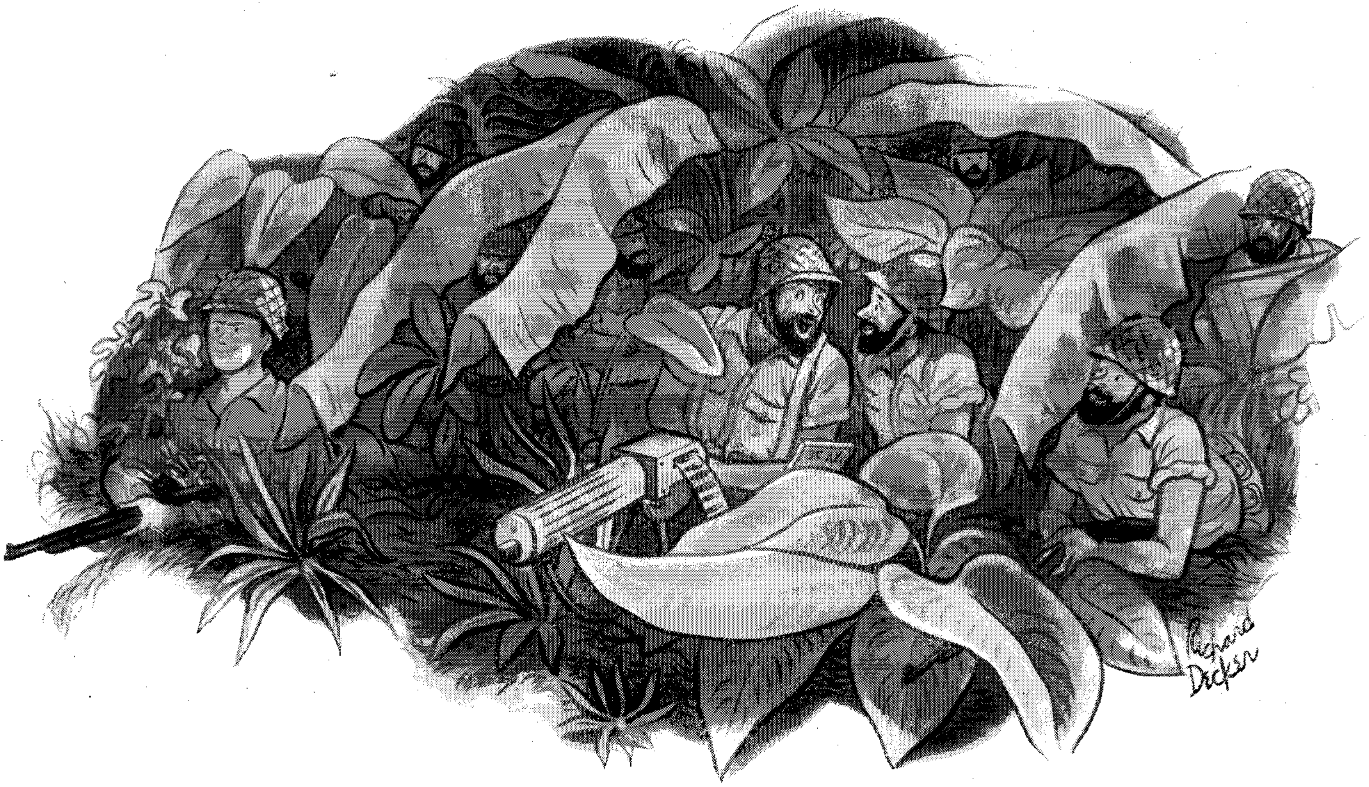
ONCE in a while you see in this town a sign that comes so near being intelligible that it drives you crazy—like the cardboard cutout that was displayed in a good many drugstores last Christmas, showing Santa Claus holding up a fountain pen and saying, "Just what I wanted." Well, there's a honey in a bookstore down on Greenwich Avenue, near Twelfth Street:

LATEST NOVELS
MYSTERIES
BOTANY YARNS

And No Birds Sing

WE had a caller last week who said he thought he had turned up a local equivalent of the mystery of the Marie Celeste. On the east side of Park Avenue, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets (so ran his tale), there is, from corner to corner, nothing but deserted buildings—a thirteen-floor empty apartment house, three blank-windowed and dusty brick fronts, and a Victorian structure, also deserted, of the type that, when it was erected, was probably called a tenement. Dog-walkers instinctively avoid this block, our informant said, and he had never seen children playing along it. The cop on the corner told him that the precinct station regularly gets reports of lights burning at night in the upper stories of these ghostly buildings, but that the intruders, if they are corporeal, have never been caught. This man's efforts to locate the proprietor or proprietors of all this emptiness had met with no success. One sign in the block directs inquiries to the superintendent of 449 Park; this is the empty thirteen-story building at the corner of Fifty-seventh, and there's no super there. Another sign sets one off in search of the Tinker Realty Co., 48 East Fifty-seventh. At this address, however, there is no Realty Co.—merely a deserted brownstone. The municipal records, which our man at last consulted in desperation, listed the block front in the name of the Tinker Realty Co., thus closing an impenetrable circle. The visitor said we were his last stop before he visited the Society for Psychical Research.

It turned out, when we got one of our own men on the case, that our mystery-laden caller had given up just a moment too soon. The records give the owner of 48 East Fifty-seventh, where



"Gittern must've lied about his age."

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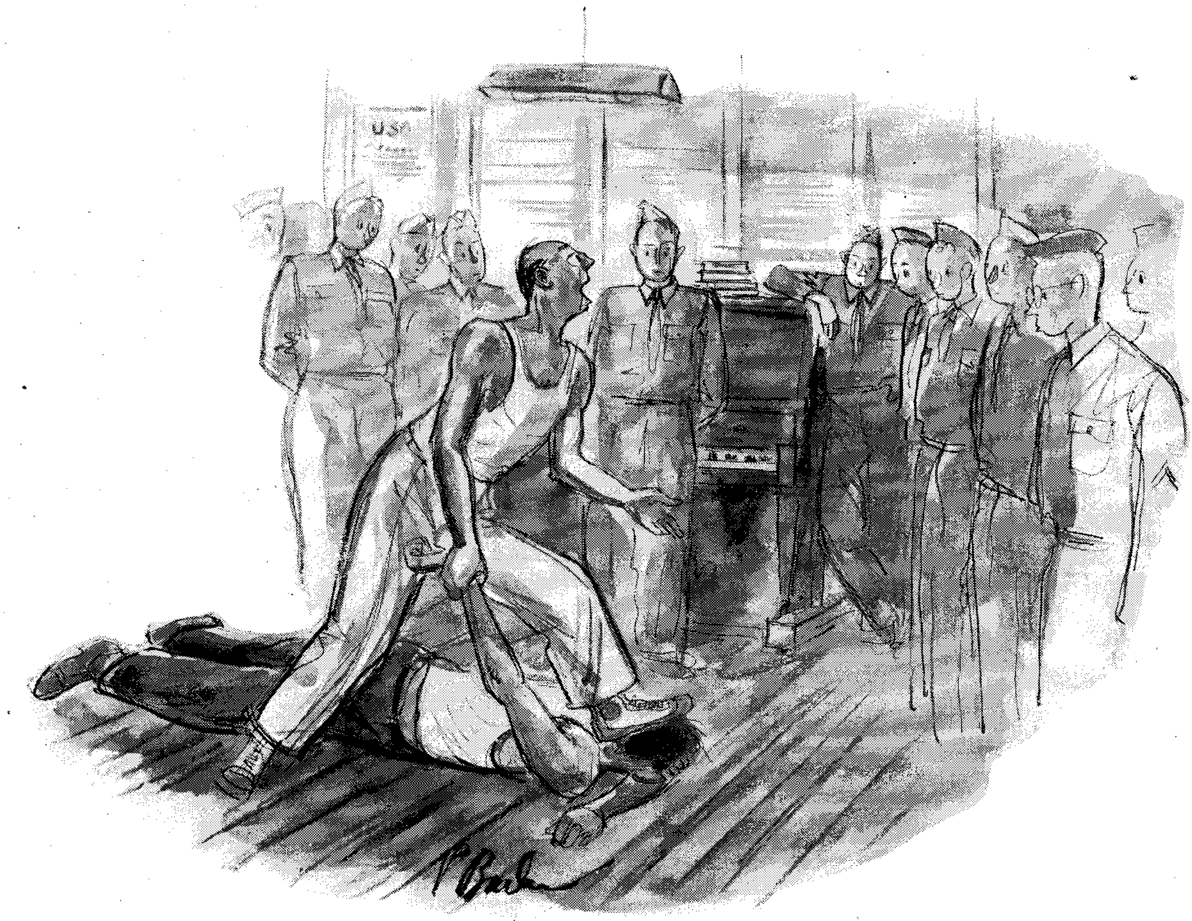
the Tinker Realty outfit isn't, as Ed L. Tinker, and there is an Edw. L. Tinker in the telephone directory. He proved to be Ed L., as well as the Realty Co. The buildings are his own, for all the good they do him. Mr. Tinker, a tall, mustached fellow whom you may know as the writer of the column in the *Times Book Review*, "New Editions, Fine and Otherwise," or as the author of the monograph "The Palingenesis of Craps," told our man that the tale of the deserted block front starts with his paternal grandfather, who was a sea captain named Edward G. Tinker. In 1846 Cap'n Tinker, in command of a sailing vessel, beat a Cunard sidewheeler in a race across the Atlantic and was mentioned (probably by the *News*) as Presidential timber. Anyway, he became wealthy through his shipping interests and invested in real estate, specializing in the unconsidered property adjoining the New York Central's open-cut right of way. Need we tell you that people laughed when he put up Park Avenue's first apartment house, at the corner of Fifty-seventh? They said nobody of any substance would live in a tenement, but Samuel F. B. Morse and Lydia Pinkham moved right in (in separate apartments, of course) and the scoffers were silenced. This was just after the Civil War. Another Tinker house went up soon, at the Fifty-sixth Street corner. It's still there, the oldest apartment house on the Avenue; the first was torn down by Cap'n Tinker's son, our Tinker's father, who put up the thirteen-story structure. The brick fronts just happened from time to time.

The present Tinker took possession of all this property in due course, and things went along O.K. until 1929. It then became evident that the property had deteriorated to the point where it wouldn't support the assessment on the land. The thirteen-story building, called the Mayfair, was an especially tough problem, since the smallest unit consisted of nine rooms and four baths and abstruse architectural considerations made it absolutely impossible to subdivide. By the mid-thirties, the rents weren't paying the buildings' upkeep; Mr. Tinker, in anticipation of a chance to get out from under, began writing a cancellation-of-lease clause into his leases, and this scared away the few remaining tenants. Shortly before Pearl Harbor, the tenants at the Mayfair had dwindled to Mr. and Mrs. Tinker, a Buddhist priest who lived in his nine rooms rent-free, and a few others. Bowing to the inevitable, Mr. Tinker closed up all the buildings. Now he lives in an apartment which he rents at 350 Park. He pays a good, stiff tax on the land, but the assessments on the buildings are so low that it wouldn't pay to raze them, even if he could get the labor. That's the way it's going to be for quite a while, he figures. The Buddhist priest went to Washington and got a government job.

Alarm in Dixie

AN Army officer we've heard of, recently transferred to Fort Benning, Georgia, arrived there at two in the morning and was shown to the bachelor officers' quarters, where he piled into bed and went to sleep. Some time later he was wakened by a telephone ringing. It kept on ringing, and since nobody else seemed to be going to answer it, our hero got up, groped his way downstairs to the instrument, and sleepily said, "Hello?" A gentle, cultured, magnolia-scented feminine voice said, "Who is this speakin', please?" The officer identified himself and the lady continued, "Well, if it's not *too* much trouble, would you be kind enough to step to the head of the stairs and ask Captain S—— if he'd have the goodness to come ovah to the officahs' club? The sto'-house is buhnin' to the gound." As the officer dropped the receiver and started bounding upstairs, he heard the lady



"See? He didn't apply his opponent's strength to his own advantage."

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signing off with a gentle "*Go-o-o-d-bye.*"

Crowninshield

FOR the past several weeks, a major topic of conversation in local art circles has been the extraordinary prices—adding up to over $180,000—which Frank Crowninshield's paintings, sculptures, drawings, lithographs, and illustrated books fetched at auction last month. We buttonholed Mr. Crowninshield in the Condé Nast office penthouse the other day, and he explained the phenomenon with the pleased expression of a man who has just made $50,000 more than he expected to. "I'll tell you why those prices were so high," he said. "The average dealer is sold out and the museums and collectors are on the lookout for modern French art. They are more and more aware that Gauguin and Degas and van Gogh and Renoir have gone. Now they're looking for the next group. As there isn't any next group, they've assumed it must be this group of mine—Picasso, Matisse, Segonzac, Despiau, Rouault. You spell it D,e,s,p,i,a,u—Despiau. R,o,u,a,u,l,t—Rouault. They have to have a Picasso whether they want to or not. There's been nothing in this field for four years, you know, causing a need for replacements, and then there's this general suspicion that there will be nothing more for four years." Mr. Crowninshield looked at us appraisingly. "It's as though you were on a desert island," he said, "and a girl comes out of the bushes. You think, if I don't get this girl now there may never be another. Of course, a few hours later three or four other girls come out of the bushes, but you don't take the chance. Besides, there are no new painters in Europe under fifty-five. Picasso is in his sixties, Maillol is over eighty. M,a,i,l,l,o,l—Maillol." Mr. Crowninshield looked at us with the alert air of a paratrooper. "I'm over seventy myself," he said. "I started to make a will a few months ago and I decided to sell my collection—put my affairs in shape, you know—so that I could make things easy for my executors.

"I see my things everywhere I go now," he continued. "It makes me feel at home. Of course, I don't know where ninety per cent of the things went. The Parke-Bernet people have a gold mine, you know—their list of, ah, prospects—and I wouldn't think of asking them for the names. It's just as if you had people regularly buying rubber plants from you, don't you know, say at fifty cents a plant, and I came along and asked you who they were. It just isn't done."

We picked up a rubber plant and started to leave, but Mr. Crowninshield motioned us back to our chair. "You can't imagine how grateful the dealers are to me," he said. "People coming in their galleries, a new group of collectors. Three weeks after my sale, an exhibition of Segonzacs opened at Carroll Carstairs' gallery, while across the street a large Segonzac oil was displayed in Knoedler's window. I'm told that everywhere on Fifty-seventh Street prices for twentieth-century painters have been raised twenty, thirty, and fifty per cent. My things went for twenty-five per cent more than Parke-Bernet expected. My illustrated books fetched fantastic prices. Rouault's 'Père Ubu,' a Vollard book, went for a thousand dollars; the best previous price for this, eighteen months before, was two hundred and thirty-five dollars. U, b, u—Ubu."

We asked Mr. Crowninshield whether he felt bad now that he was divested of his treasures, and he shook his head. "My apartment is still chock-full," he said, "and my storeroom is packed. I've kept fourteen Despiau bronzes—things I lived with—and quite a lot of paintings. I still have the most complete collection of Segonzac etchings, albums, and books in the world, as well as the only complete collection of Matisse odalisques—big lithographs of Moroccan girls, you know. And then, of course, I'm beginning to buy again. Two days after the sale I paid a thousand dollars for three books—two Picassos, one Maillol—that were duplicates of ones I'd sold." We asked whether these items had gone for more than a thousand dollars at the sale, and Mr. Crowninshield nodded. "I go nosing around," he said. "A man like Dillon doesn't have time to go nosing around. D, i, l, l, o, n—Dillon."

Fixed Point

A TALL young soldier poked his head in the front door of a northbound Fifth Avenue bus that had stopped for passengers at Twenty-third Street, and timidly inquired of the driver, "Does this here bus go to the main part of town?" The driver considered briefly, then said, "Sure. Get in." The soldier, as well as the other passengers, waited with interest while the bus went on its way uptown. At Forty-second Street, the driver beckoned the soldier forward and said, "Get off here and walk two blocks to the left. That's the main part of town." The soldier bounded away and the passengers settled back, satisfied.

How to Boil Water

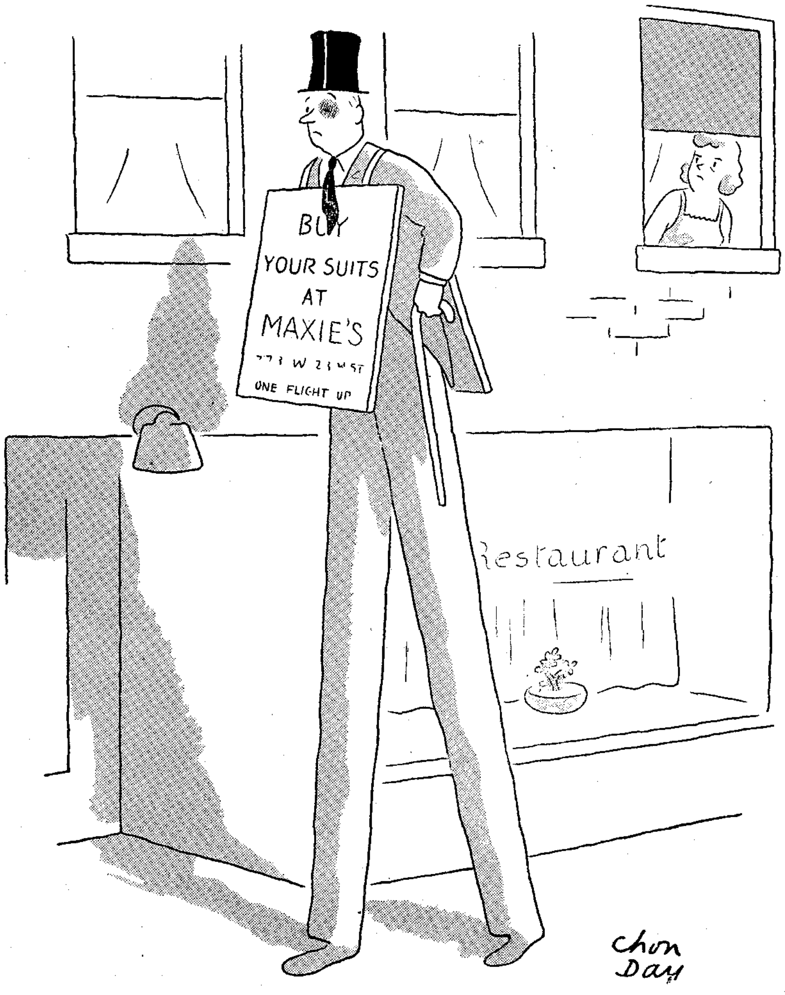
AS you might expect if you happened to think about it, local cooking schools are filled with high-born ladies who are learning for the first time where toast and coffee come from. Checking on this situation, we consulted Miss Dorit Weigert, owner and principal of the town's oldest cooking school, the Iridor. Miss Weigert, a Boston-born lady with twinkling eyes and iron-gray bangs, told us that four-fifths of her enrollment used to consist of people who intended to make cooking a profession and that now the proportion is reversed. Quite a number of her students are ladies who simply don't want to starve to death. Some of them have apparently never been inside a kitchen before enrolling, she told us. As a matter of fact, she looked us calmly in the eye and added, "It isn't uncommon for us to get a student who doesn't know how to boil water. Some of them can't even light a stove."

A fairly typical case is that of a matron who used to be the mistress of a large estate and ten servants. After we got into the war, the servants went, the house was closed up, and the woman and her husband took an apartment in town. The lady enrolled for the Iridor's elementary course (Roasting, Broiling, Steaming, Deep-Fat Frying, and so on), and is now able not only to light the stove but to cook her husband's dinner every night. "She's happy as a lark," Miss Weigert reported. Another lady who attends cooking school managed to get a couple to work for her but was dissatisfied with the coffee they made. Figuring out that she might well learn how to make good coffee before she undertook to be constructive about that made by the servants, she enrolled at Iridor and soon discovered that they had been making it too weak. It seems that they both liked it weak. She confidently ordered them to make it strong thereafter and dilute it for their own use. Her command of the technique, incidentally, astonished the servants and inculcated respect for her. The lady is now doing advanced work, learning to criticize bacon, hot breads, and such.

The war has resulted in a good-neighbor tie-up for Miss Weigert's school. Many Latin-American ladies show up to learn how to make decorative sweet cakes and pastries, which they are all fond of. They used to go to Paris to learn. South of the border they take pastry that seriously. People there eat much more than we do, Miss Weigert told us. She said that one of their afternoon teas would be a feast for us. Several of the Latin young ladies recently had tea at the White House and were shocked at the paucity of refreshments—no napoleons or lace twills, they told Miss Weigert, no petits fours, chocolate crescents, or babas au rhum. A student with a completely different approach is a physician investigating the relation of cooking to nutrition—how to cook vegetables without losing the vitamins, and so on. Another student is a Wall Street man who intends to open a restaurant. One thing Miss Weigert has learned is that intellectuals don't always make good cooks. There was, for instance, the case of a highly educated young lady who told her instructor that a batch of candy she had been working on had burned to a cinder before her cooking thermometer had registered the required temperature. It turned out that she had been holding the thermometer over the pot instead of putting it in.

Zone of Quiet

MANPOWER-SHORTAGE story about a lady elevator operator in one of the big department stores: In mid-flight she stopped her car, which was filled with chattering Christmas shoppers, and said firmly, "There's entirely too much noise in this car." You could have heard a pin drop.



MISS McMANUS AND THE MUSE

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Miss Mae McManus, who operated the switchboard for the *New York Literary Messenger*, a magazine of deep thought, was talking on the telephone to a friend, a young woman named Flossie, similarly employed in somebody else's office. Miss McManus was Irish and precociously battered, even more so at the moment than usual, but there was nothing the matter with her that couldn't easily be fixed and her voice, though hoarse, was still lively.

"Yeah, *terrible!*" she was saying. "Like somebody been walloping me over the head with a baseball bat. You know how Dexter is, Floss. It's a quarter of three when I get him out of the Bar & Grill, and will he go home? Oh, sure. He knows this Cuban joint where they *never* close up, and we got to go there."

A caller, a dark, untidy man with oddly burning eyes, had been standing for some time outside the low railing that enclosed Miss McManus. Now he cleared his throat impatiently, but she ignored him.

"Well, Floss," she said, "these Cuban people are still up all right, but they are even more stewed than Dexter, and I think, O.K., McManus, here is where you finely get your throat cut or anyway, you know, attacked. By colored fellas. Gee, was I ever scared. I told Dexter . . ."

The stranger rapped sharply on the railing with his knuckles.

"I beg your pardon, young woman," he said.

"Call you back, Floss," said Miss McManus resentfully. "Yes, sir?"

"Have you any idea how much *longer* I shall have to wait to see the editor?" he asked in a voice that reminded Miss McManus of a man called Orson Welles, who had sometimes caused her uneasiness over the radio.

"He's in conference," she said. "What was it about, please?"

"My name is Sylvester Blagden," said the visitor. "I am a poet. I wish to see the editor."

"Yeah. You said. He's in conference."

The man seemed to grow taller and certainly he grew stranger.

"Ah, the sordid little rituals of the business world," he said. "The barriers it raises against the creative and importunate mind. 'Oh, Jesus, Thou art standing, outside the fast-closed door.' "

"You don't have to swear," said Miss McManus impassively. "If you'd care to leave the poems, I'll see that Mr. Finnegan gets them."

"Poems, child," said her caller wearily. "Not a bolt of cloth or a pound of butter. Not samples. Nothing that can be left with the young lady at the reception desk and called for next Wednesday."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Miss McManus, "but Mr. Finnegan is . . ."

The poet, however, was really wound up now, and went on rapidly. "Just leave your poems! Just leave a pint of your heart's blood! Just wrap up your dreams and call back for them in a week. At last we reach the final triumph of the machine state, when there is *no difference between a poet and a* rug dealer." He looked at her fiercely. "You, child. Living in dust, living for foolish little sins and pleasures—"

"Say, listen," she said.

"Moving pictures, dance halls, gin. A little drunken grappling on an unmade bed—"

"*Hey*," said Miss McManus, rotating her plump, agreeable shape indignantly to face him. "What kind of talk is that? You want me to call the police department or somebody?"

"I'm speaking kindly," he said. "I'm sorry for you. I'd like to help you."

"You would help me by cutting out that kind of stuff," she said with dignity.

"No, I can help you more than that," he told her, and though he was smiling, he looked to her not only crazy but dangerous. "I have something to give you, something precious. Here." He fumbled in his briefcase and pulled out a piece of paper. "Yes, this one, I think. I call it 'Fugue for Trumpet and Banjo.' Listen."

"No," she said, but he cleared his throat and began to read, his voice more than ever like the one employed by Mr. Welles when he wished to alarm the public.

"Ah, Sulamith,
What price this narrow gout of blood,
Scurf on the blade?
What price this torn vestment now,
Reft from the dead?
Tell us what ugly songs to sing,
Here on his grave . . ."

Miss McManus had been listening with decreasing attention and at the word "grave" she unwrapped a piece of chewing gum and put it in her mouth without taking her eyes off the poet.

"Tell us fine prayers for him,
Whom none could save!"

"Look," said Miss McManus, who was feeling a little nervous. "I got no time now to be listening to poetry. If you don't want to leave it, I'll have to ask you not to keep standing there. I got calls coming in and out on this switchboard."

He shrugged and gave her a rather horrible smile.

"Who am I to obstruct the machinery of trade?" he said. "But I'll be back. When do you expect Mr. Finnegan to be free? Do you suppose," he said sardonically, as if it were a line from one of his own singular poems, "that Finnegan will *ever* be free?"

"I dunno," she said. "He's tied up a lot of the time. Maybe Mr. Corwin—"

"No, not Mr. Corwin. It's the editor I wish to see. I'll try tomorrow. Goodbye, Faustine. I wish you sweet dreams—dreams of hamburgers and gin and the passion on the roller coaster."

"Sa-a-y," she said, but he was gone, colliding on his way out with Mr. Bentley, an advertising man, who had played quarterback for Yale a good many years ago.

"Great God," said Miss McManus. "You see that?"

"I did indeed," said Mr. Bentley heartily. "Friend of yours?"

"No," said Miss McManus. "A poet. He read me this poem all about blood and dead people. Gee."

"Probably a nut," said Mr. Bentley. "Oh, well, poets . . . Finnegan in?"

"Yeah," she said. "He's waiting for you."

"Thanks," he said, going to the door that led to the inner office. "You watch out for poets, Miss M."

"You're telling *me!*"

He disappeared and Miss McManus faced back to her switchboard and began to dial rapidly for Flossie.

"On a *roller* coaster," she said. "My!" And suddenly she began to giggle.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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LIFE IN MONTREAL DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Montreal Star*]

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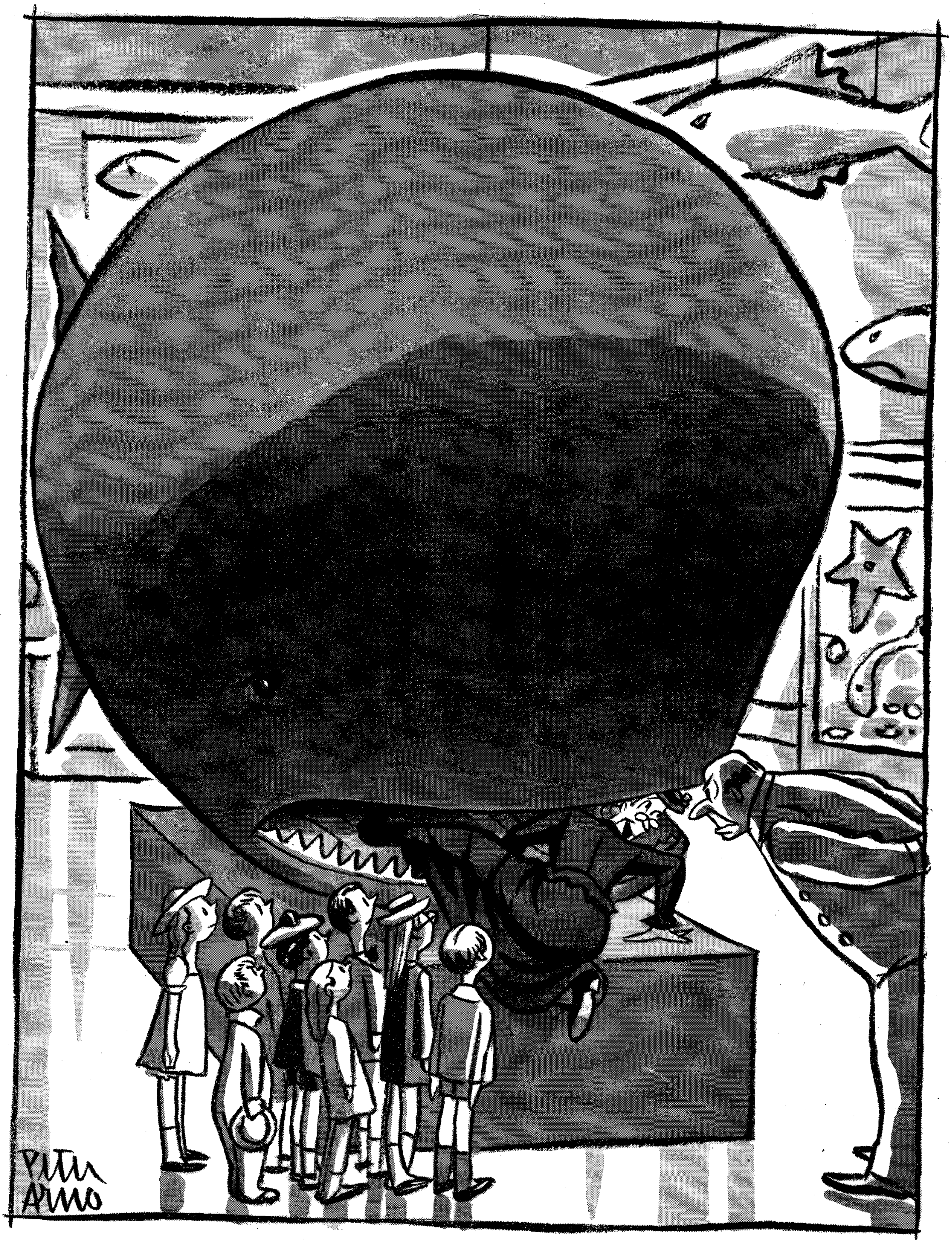


"It's all right. I'm just illustrating a point."

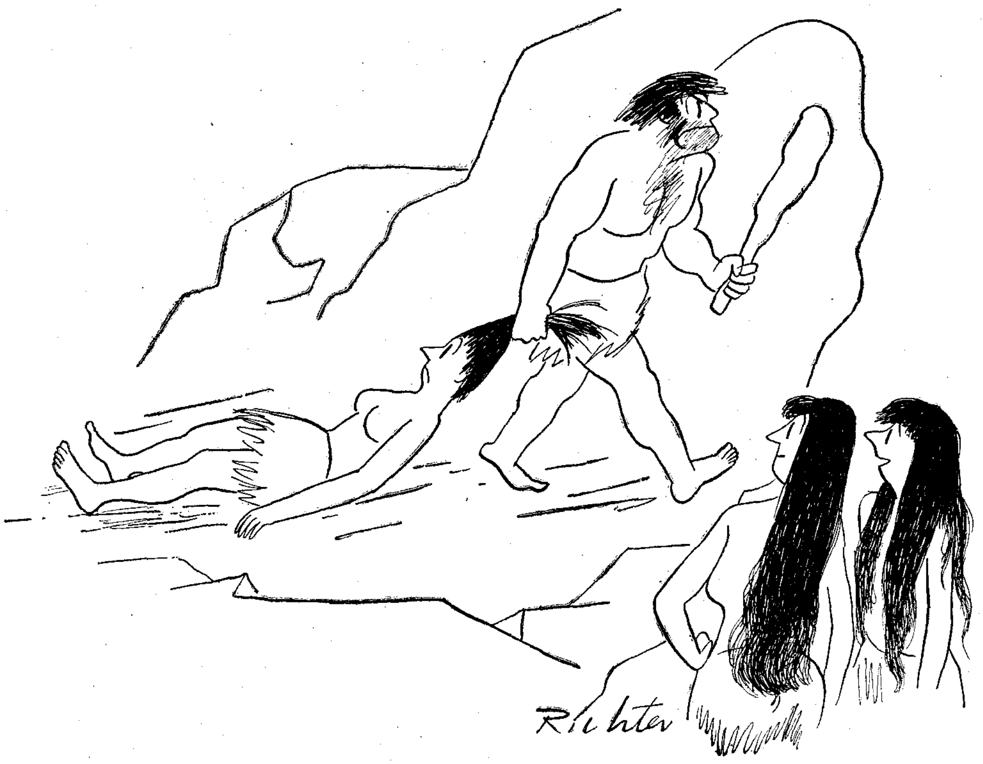
REALM OF ILLUSION

GOOD FOR STOMACH AND BOWELS

MY English friend, Bee, and I, surrounded by piles of Japanese paper handkerchiefs and hot toddies, were huddling close to a charcoal brazier in our Tokio home one autumn afternoon in 1935 when Tama San, our housekeeper-companion, announced Mr. Muro. As a rule, I was glad to see Mr. Muro, who usually came to suggest some odd expedition, but I didn't feel up to him today. Autumn in Tokio is trying. The humidity coils around you like a clammy bandage and a charcoal brazier doesn't keep it out of a Japanese house. Besides, we followed the native custom and didn't wear shoes indoors, so my feet were always cold. I felt sure I was dying of grippe, and I was sneezing as Mr. Muro came in, dressed in Western clothes, beaming and bowing.

Bee invited him to sit down and asked Tama to bring tea. He chose a chair, as he always did when he visited us, because it was foreign custom. Then, since his legs were uncomfortable dangling, he drew his feet up onto the chair and clasped his knees with his arms. He said he had an interesting story to tell us. Mr. Muro was one of Bee's most intimate Japanese friends. She had met him soon after her arrival in Japan, three years before, through the family of a Japanese woman she had known in England. Mr. Muro was married and lived with his wife and son in a suburb of Tokio. He was a teacher of English in a Tokio higher school and he liked to practice what he called "English conversation." This meant that he would tell us an involved legend of some national god or hero of Japanese mythology and we would listen and try to make out, from his mangled English, what the legend was. Today his fable was "The Forty-seven Ronin," which we knew and which he knew we knew, for he had told us many times before. Of course that didn't matter, since most of what he said was, in any case, unintelligible. He talked very fast and whenever he couldn't think of the English word he wanted he merely substituted the first that came into his head. The word he used oftenest for this purpose was, for some reason, "medicine." Trying to figure out what "medicine" meant in certain contexts was one of the most interesting aspects of conversation with Mr. Muro.

Tama brought tea and Bee poured it. Mr. Muro accepted his cup but didn't stop talking. At intervals I sniffled, and Mr. Muro, assuming that this meant approval (for the Japanese are so used to colds that the sniffle has become part of their etiquette) would pause just long enough to sniff politely in return. The story was a long one, but he didn't give up until the forty-seven *ronin*, the ex-followers of a betrayed leader, had all committed hara-kiri. "They very great heroes!" said Mr. Muro in triumphant conclusion.



"They say there's nothing finer for stimulating the roots."

We all smiled warmly and I sneezed again. Mr. Muro noticed my condition at last. "You suffer," he announced happily. I admitted it.

Mr. Muro looked delighted. "I will give you many medicine," he said. Before I could wonder what he meant by medicine this time he began to pull out from his pockets a number of small, folded papers of the size that medicinal powders are wrapped in.

"These I have mingled from my own medicine," Mr. Muro said. He unfolded two of the packets and balanced them on his knees. One was full of a black powder, the other of white. "You must take them at once, like this," and Mr. Muro swallowed the powders, one after the other, with every evidence of enjoyment, opening his mouth wide and shaking each powder carefully down his gullet. "Now you take," he said, beaming, and handed me two of the packets. I unwrapped them, wondering whether they were powdered snake or merely bicarbonate of soda and charcoal, but I managed to swallow them by washing them down with tea.

"Now we will do this medicine," Mr. Muro said. He led me into the next room, which was in Japanese style and without furniture, and sat down crosslegged on a mat, his feet folded over his thighs. I knew what was coming; we were about to practice a little "meditative sitting." Mr. Muro swung his arms into a position of Buddhistic contemplation, the left one horizontal across his body, the right pointing to heaven, with the thumb and forefinger making a broken circle, which he had once explained to me meant "striving to touch, but not touching."

"You will do what I do," he said. I sat down in front of him and took the pose as well as my Western-style joints allowed. "We will empty our minds," said Mr. Muro. "We will think of nothing."

Of course I couldn't do that. Instead, I was thinking that, odd as this performance might seem, it was perfectly normal behavior for the Japanese, who seemed to use meditative sitting as a solution for every problem. The government had even issued that year a proclamation approving the practice, probably on the theory that a man who

"Professor Merton is a brilliant man in his field, but he has absolutely no small talk."

• •

was sitting motionless with his mind blank wasn't up to any mischief.

After about fifteen minutes of it, Mr. Muro unfolded his legs. "Now we will do *this* medicine," he said. Still holding his arms in the pose, he got up and began to circle the room, walking on the balls of his feet and lifting his knees high. He looked like one of the more comic and friendly Buddhas, and as I fell into step behind him I felt at least considerably more cheerful, if not less grippy. Finally this last phase of the meditation was over and Mr. Muro departed, admonishing me, "You will do this medicine every morning at five. You will sit and walk and think of nothing. It will be very good medicine for you."

MR. MURO'S treatment didn't cure my cold, and after he left I went to bed with a hot-water bottle. We didn't hear anything from him for a week, and I was up again, though still sniffing, when we received a note from him. It was one of his more cryptic efforts. "The Master of Medicine," it read, "summons you for Sunday at Yokohama on 1:30 o'clock. I meet you at Yokohama station."

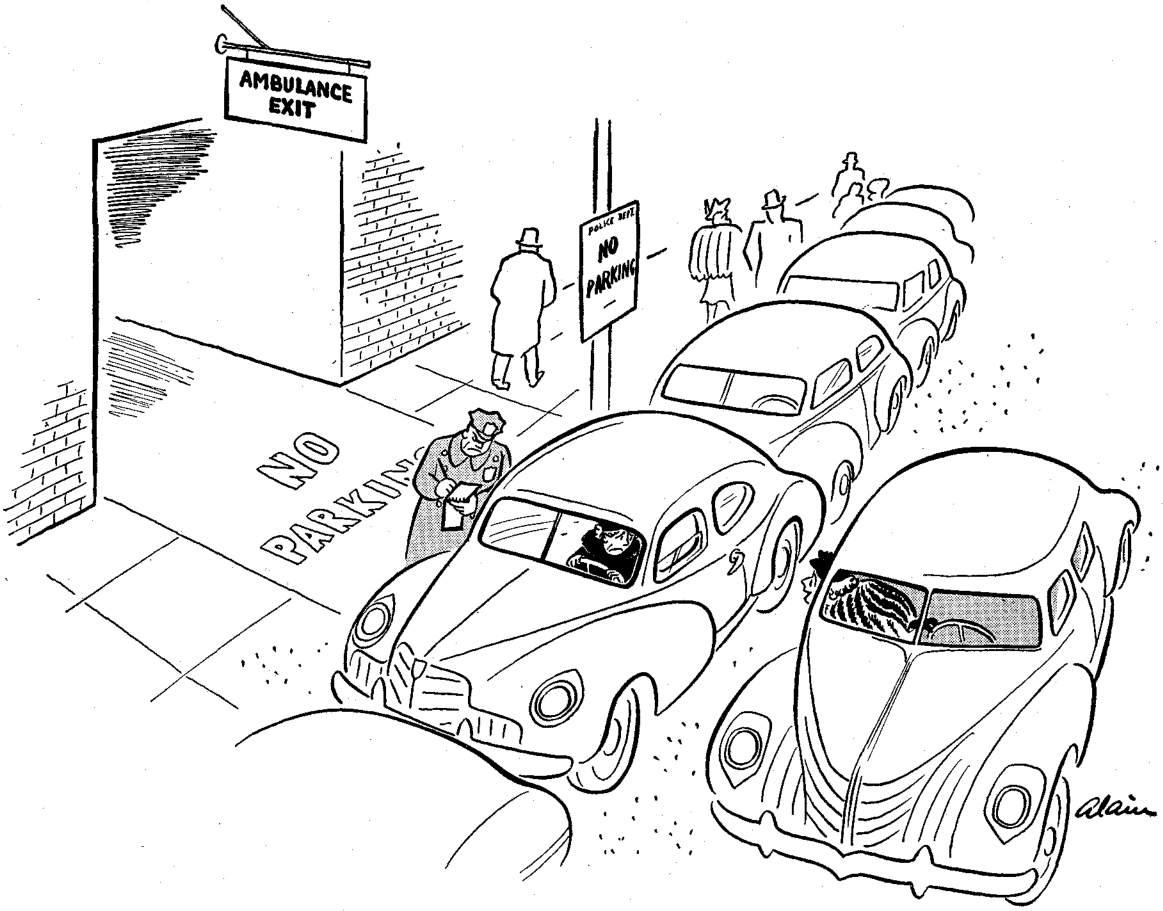
There were several days till Sunday and we spent them debating the probable meaning of this message. If it had come from anyone but Mr. Muro, we could have felt sure that "Master of Medicine" meant a doctor, but with Mr. Muro, while it could mean that, it could also equally well mean practically anything else. Bee felt sure that Mr. Muro wouldn't do anything so dull and obvious as to take me to a doctor, but I reasoned that if she did not expect this of Mr. Muro it was probably what he had in mind. We almost quarrelled over it. Bee insisted that, with my cold, it was foolhardy to trail off to Yokohama on a wild-goose chase when the chances were a hundred to one against Mr. Muro turning up at all, and she reminded me that Mr. Muro had never been known to be on time for anything and, when we invited him to dinner, usually arrived a day late. All this was true, but as I pointed out, it was precisely what made our relationship with Mr. Muro so stimulating, and I insisted that we accept his invitation.

Sunday was a bleak, gray day, and Bee looked grim as we started off on the train ride, which took about half an hour, from Tokio to Yokohama. I knew I'd never hear the end of it if Mr. Muro failed us. But he didn't. As we pulled into the Yokohama station he stood beaming on the platform, in his usual, battered-looking Western clothes, accompanied by his wife, who was dressed in a formal kimono, and his twelve-year-old son, Tatsuo, in the "Western-style" uniform—dark coat and trousers—of a Japanese schoolboy. Mrs. Muro didn't speak any English and she wouldn't believe that any foreigner could speak Japanese. I didn't blame her for not recognizing what I said to her as her own language, but even Bee's fluency brought out only a series of coos and bows. While Mr. Muro corralled a taxi, the rest of us stood around on the platform bowing and smiling and cooing.

"The Master of Medicine awaits you," he said dramatically, and waved us into the cab. As we jounced along, I asked him loudly, above the honking of the taxi horn, if the Master of Medicine would cure my cold.

"Certainly. Yes, yes," said Mr. Muro. "And you will also see the dancing of his daughter." This added sufficiently to the confusion and I decided to let Mr. Muro take his course. It was a short ride. Tatsuo had barely time to reply to Bee, "Thank you, Madame, I am extremely well," when the taxi skidded to a stop and we clambered out in front of a large building that was obviously a theatre.

Mr. Muro ushered us up the steps



"Will you be pulling out soon?"

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and through the door. In the centre of the lobby stood an impressive Japanese gentleman, very grandly dressed in formal black with a pleated skirt over his kimono and a *haori* coat of very heavy silk. He was quite tall and broad for a Japanese and my first thought was that he was some sort of super-doorman for the theatre. Beside him was a large table covered with packages. Flanking him and slightly to the rear were two pretty Japanese girls in bright kimonos, holding large bamboo trays covered with gaily wrapped packages. They looked as though they might be cigarette girls. At the sight of us, the man smiled broadly. To my surprise, Mr. Muro led us to the group. Everybody began bowing. At the first pause Mr. Muro gestured toward the man and said triumphantly, "The Master of Medicine greets you!," and we all bowed again.

"The Master of Medicine is *not* a doctor," Bee whispered.

I had already come to the same conclusion and had decided myself that he must be the owner of the theatre. I couldn't ask Mr. Muro because he was very busy taking packages off the trays the girls held out and passing them around to all of us while the Master stood smiling blandly. When Mr. Muro had finished, the Master made a long speech in ceremonial Japanese. I didn't, of course, understand a word of it. In the wildest excitement, Mr. Muro urged Bee and me to approach nearer; the Master, he said, wanted to give us a present with his own hands. The Master took several packages from the table and held them out to us. Our hands were already so full we couldn't take them. Mr. Muro was paralyzed with chagrin, but Mrs. Muro saved the situation by pulling out of her sleeves two large, bright-colored handkerchiefs and helping us tie the packages up in them. A party of new arrivals was waiting patiently behind us, apparently to greet the Master, so after a final flurry of bows and thanks, Mr. Muro led us across the lobby into the auditorium.

It was almost full of Japanese family parties. A large group standing just inside the door welcomed us with more bows and presents. They were relatives of the Master, Mr. Muro explained as he led us at last to our places, which were in the balcony. I was beginning to get on to the fact that we were guests of honor at something, because by Japanese etiquette the more important people must sit in a position above their inferiors. I was sure of our importance when Mr. Muro led us past the Japanese-style boxes at the front and installed us on wooden benches, where we found another group of relatives, elderly and obviously important, who certainly wouldn't have sat on the benches from choice, for they would have been much more comfortable kneeling on the mats in the boxes. They must therefore be honoring the foreigners. There were more greetings, and more presents, but finally we were settled, Mr. Muro between Bee and me and Tatsuo at my other side. Mrs. Muro was too young a woman to have the honor of remaining with us and sat below among some other female relatives of the Master.

"Now you must examine the presents which the Master of Medicine gives you," said Mr. Muro. While the relatives watched, nodding and smiling and chattering, we spread our handkerchiefs out in our laps and opened the packages.

"What a lovely *tenugui*," said Bee, holding up a long strip of white cotton cloth decorated with a design in blue, the sort the Japanese use as a towel.

"And what delicious *yokan*," I said, examining several boxes of bright-colored bean-jelly candy.

We continued to exclaim over our treasures, as was expected, pinning the red paper rosettes to our shoulders and sampling the candy, while Mr. Muro encouraged us urgently to get to the bottom of our bundles. I suspected that there would be plenty of time for this, for Japanese entertainments always last a long time, so I went slowly until Mr. Muro became impatient. "The medicine, the medicine!" he cried, pointing to some unopened parcels. I opened them. They *were* medicine—a small jar of salve and a bottle of tablets for each of us. "Good for flea bites," said Mr. Muro, proudly indicating the salve. The tablets, he assured us, were "good for everything." The label on the bottle was in English and more modest. It promised only that they would "strengthen stomach and bowels while promoting brain action."

I felt that the mystery had gone far enough and begged Mr. Muro to tell me who the Master was and why he had summoned us. Because Mr. Muro was excited, it took some time, but finally he got it straightened out. It seemed that everyone in the theatre was a guest of the Master, who was a relative of Mr. Muro and a manufacturer of patent medicines. The Master's small daughter was studying dancing in the school of a very famous teacher, and the Master was financing the annual exhibition of the children's dancing so that his daughter could be the star of the performance.

"Children's dancing cannot interest you, I suppose," said Mr. Muro apologetically. "But you have, besides, these excellent medicines."

Our neighbors also had presents. They had waited for our arrival to open their gifts and were now pinning on rosettes, eating bean-jelly candy, taking tablets, chatting and smiling, and giving us encouraging nods now and then in a pleasant bustle of anticipation. I asked Mr. Muro when the dancing would start. "At thirty minutes past three," he said. We had met the Muros at one-thirty. It was now almost three. The theatre was unheated and although I kept on my topcoat I wasn't feeling very happy. I looked at the bottle of tablets and wondered how many I'd have to take before my brain action would speed up to the point of providing me with a really good excuse for going home to bed. Mr. Muro nudged first me and then Bee. Standing in the aisle was a beautiful child in a fantastically rich stage costume.

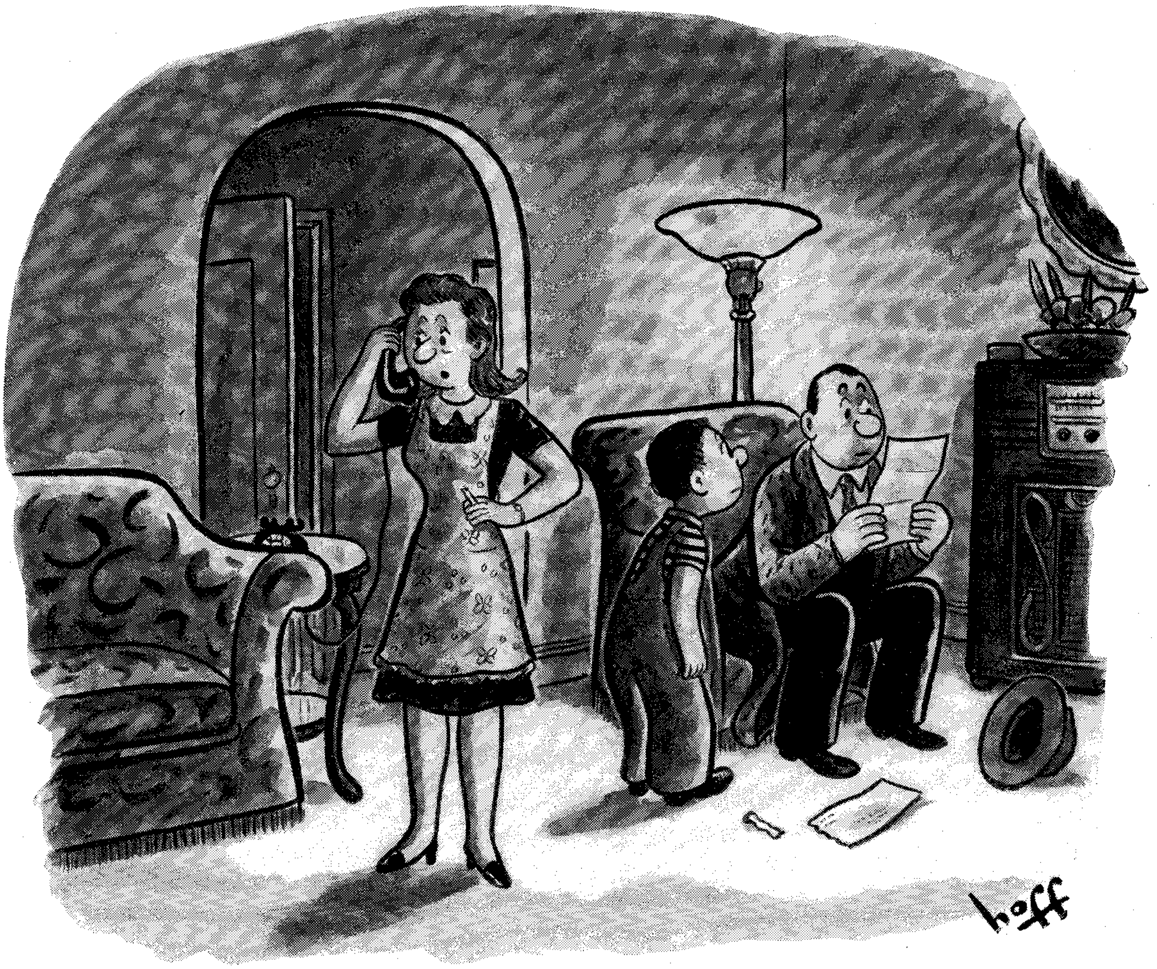
"It is the Master's daughter, come to greet us," Mr. Muro said. "She is eight years of age. Her name is Kiku."

The child presented each of us with a packet of postcard pictures of herself in dancing poses and then stood expressionless and submissive while the relatives caressed her gold brocades and fingered her extravagant *obi*. At last they released her. She bowed stiffly, like an exquisite puppet, and was led away by a smiling elderly woman.

AT last the curtains across the stage were drawn back and the dancing began. Like all of Mr. Muro's surprises, it was worth waiting for. The costumes and wigs were as elaborate and exact as for a professional performance. The children—girls between six and nine—danced a repertory which included scenes from the classic dramas, sword dances, fan dances, and geisha dances, and handled all of them with an almost frightening poise and finish. I finally asked Mr. Muro if they were training for a professional career. The notion seemed to shock him. "Oh, no," he said firmly. "They dance only in the school. The dancing is discipline only."

The performance went on and on for hours, and Bee, worried about my cold, got grimmer and grimmer. There were long intervals between the dances, and twice Kiku returned to bring us new presents and to exhibit new costumes. We had lunched early, before leaving Tokio, and by six I was beginning to long for tea, so I was pleased when, at six-thirty, Mr. Muro announced that there would be a dinner interval. We all went down to a cold basement dining room, where a cold, foreign-style dinner was served to all the guests. After dinner, we guests returned to the auditorium and Kiku danced a number of spectacular solos. While she danced, attendants walked through the orchestra pit throwing *tenugui* and boxes and bottles of medicine to the audience.

At ten o'clock the party was finally over. The Muros seemed as fresh as though the day had just begun, but when I tried to tell them how fascinating I had found the dancing, I found I had lost my voice and could talk only in a whisper. Mr. Muro took us to the station in a taxi, chatting happily all the way. As he put us on the train for Tokio he patted my handkerchief, which was bulging with gifts. "These will be good medicine for you," he said reassuringly. I suppose he meant the tablets to promote brain action. —HELEN MEARS



"Hello, Mom—guess who they're taking!"

DEAR LORD, WE THANK THEE FOR THY BOUNTY

NO directives were ever issued about whether the day would be a holiday or not. Blackout conditions were lifted on Wednesday night and after evening chow each platoon made a fire of hot, quick-burning Georgia pine. Tom and Shanko, the Pennsylvania coal-cracker he was tenting with, left the fire early to make up their bed. The Georgia sky was full of stars and the night was calm, so they struck their pup tent and made an envelope of the two sections of canvas. They placed their blankets in this. A damp and unpleasant cold had begun to come up from the swamps that surrounded their bivouac and when Tom dressed for bed he put on an extra suit of underwear, a suit of fatigues, a field jacket, an overcoat, knit gloves, and a knit cap. Shanko was already in bed, talking about the large family he had come from. The male Shankos all stole coal until they were old enough to work in the mines. On Saturday nights and Sundays they drank heavily, whored, and quarrelled savagely among themselves.

Tom only half listened to Shanko's familiar stories. He enjoyed the stars, the noise of the wind, the warmth of his clothing, and the promise of sleep. He was very tired. He thought of the expense and inconvenience he had gone through in civilian life to reach approximately the same situation on a fishing trip. But nearly as strong as the pleasure he took in the evening was the loneliness he felt at being away from his wife. It was like the constant, bitter loneliness of some kinds of travel. He fell asleep while Shanko was still talking and slept soundly until the first sergeant's reveille whistle woke him.

There was hoar frost over everything, like a glare of light. Tom woke Shanko and they doubled over to the cleared area where formations were held. After reveille they washed themselves and ate a holiday chow of pancakes and sugar water. The first sergeant announced that no work was scheduled for the morning but that they would report for dinner shaven and in OD's. Tom and Shanko aired their blankets and pitched their small tent again, then shaved and changed clothes. Shanko went down to warm himself at a fire and Tom crawled into the tent and began to write a letter to his parents. He was dozing over the letter when Belden blocked out the light that came through the opening of the tent. "I've always had a great many cocktails before Thanksgiving dinner," Belden said, "and I have no intention of changing my habits until I have to." He crawled into the tent and pulled a pint of whiskey from the pocket of his field jacket. He unscrewed the top and handed the bottle to Tom, who took a pull at the whiskey.

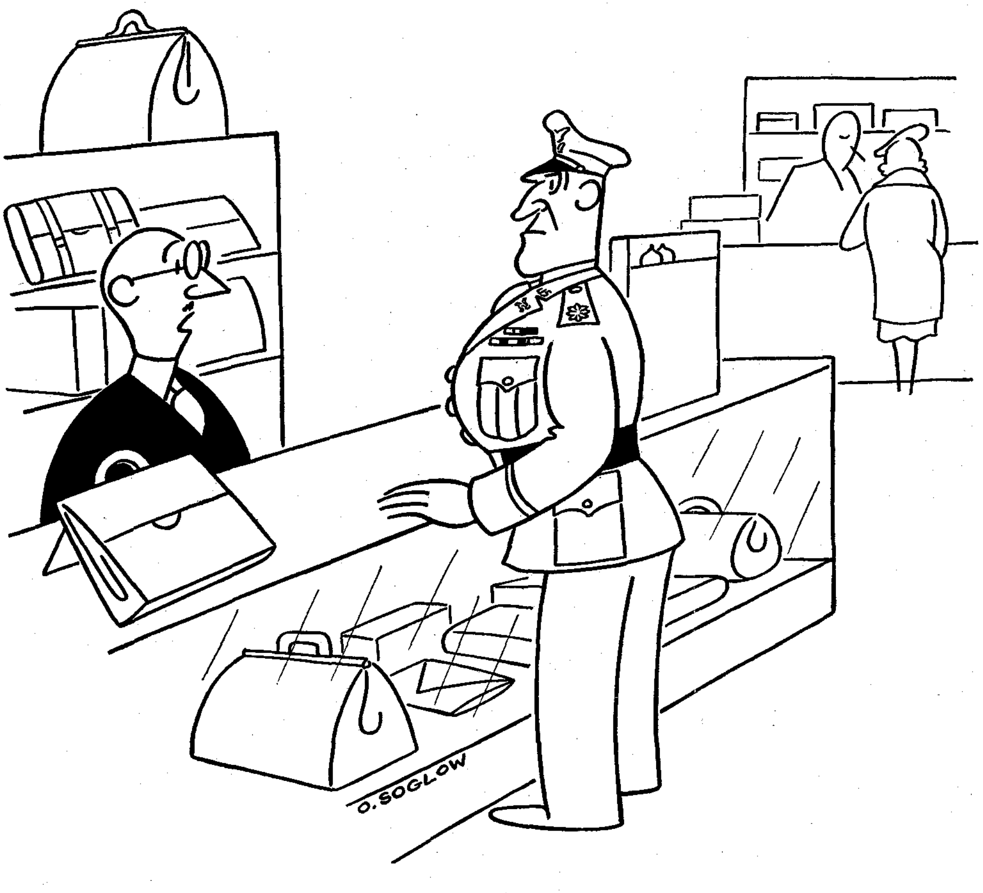
"To the members of the Society of Mayflower Descendants," Belden said before he drank. "We're the only two in the entire regiment. To the members of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the armed forces," he said. Then he screwed the top onto the bottle and both men lit cigarettes. "My mother and father will be on their way home from church," Belden said. "My sister, Eleanor, who will have had a terrible night, will be down in the pantry, snitching a drink. The telephone will be ringing but there will be no one to answer it because the cook and the maid will be having a fight about who is going to get the afternoon off."

"My mother," Tom said, "will be quarrelling with my father about the way he's carving the bird. My father will be complaining to my mother about the edge on the knife. My Aunt Helen, who comes over from Needham because she has no family of her own, will be worried because she's afraid she's not going to get enough white meat."

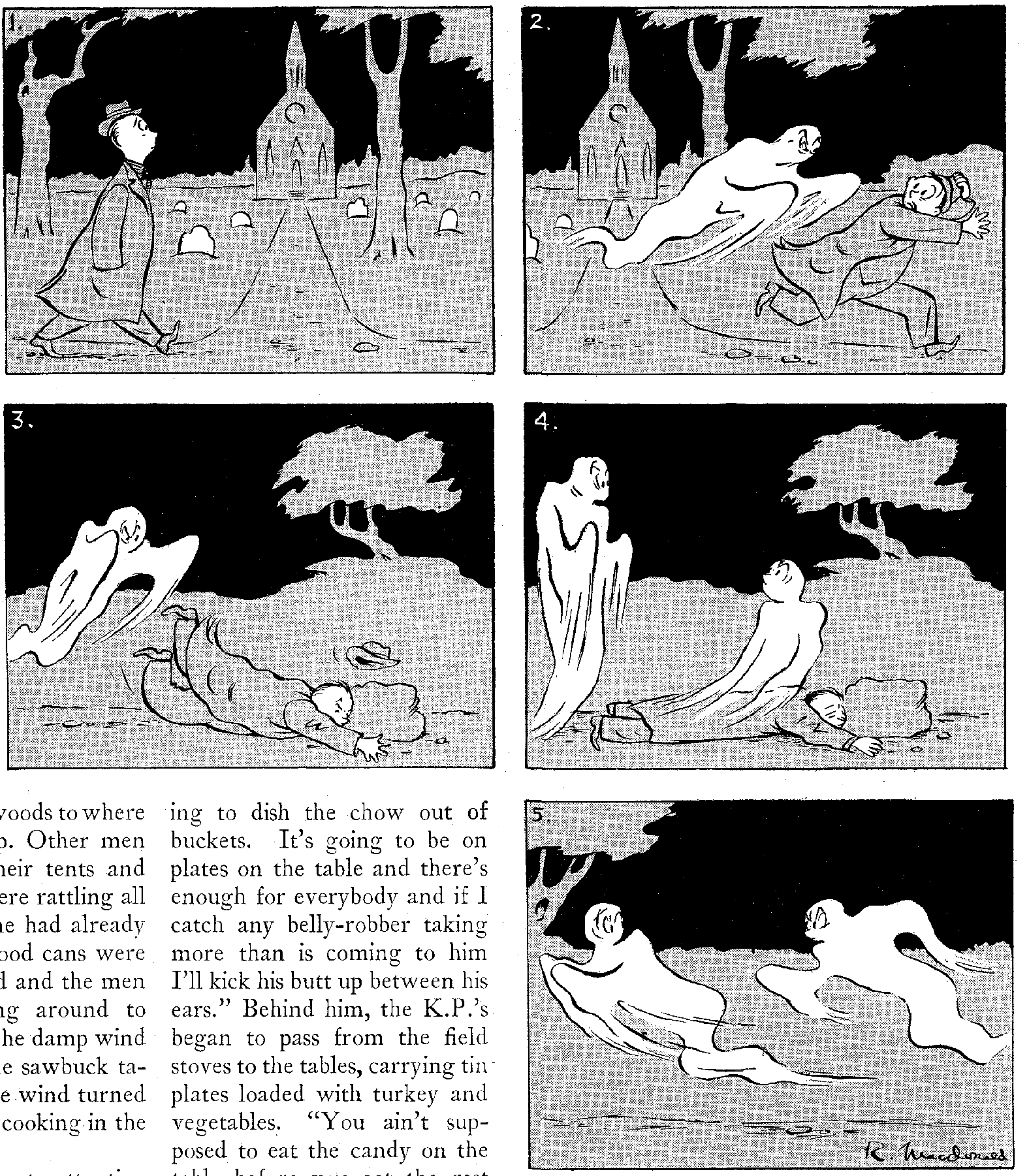
"I used to count on the cocktails a lot," Belden said, "but they were only sweet Bacardis, and who likes a sweet Bacardi? I can see the whole thing. My parents, having returned from church, will be sitting in the living room. My father will be talking about the Negroes. He believes that the skull of a Negro is thicker than the skull of a white man." Raising himself a little, Belden gave an imitation of his father. " 'Niggers and white men don't mix. It's a biological fact. You have to segregate them like cats and dogs. If things continue the way they're going now, in twenty-five years every Civil Service position will be in the hands of niggers, and once they take over the government posts they'll hold the reins of power.' "

"We used to eat too much," Tom said. "We used to eat until we were uncomfortable. Then we would take a walk in the woods to pick bittersweet. It was usually cold and the cold was calculated to aid our digestion and increase our appetite for supper. Supper came right after dinner. We used to eat until we could hardly walk." He stopped talking when he heard Shanko's footsteps outside the tent.

"They're already lining up for chow, Tom," Shanko said. He sat down at the entrance of the tent. "You ought to see



"You must remember there's a war on."



the way they got it rigged up for chow."

"Drink?" Belden asked.

"Never say no," Shanko said, and took a pull at the bottle. "They got sawbuck tables with sheets on them like in a restaurant, and in the middle of the tables they got hard candy and all such bull and everybody's going to get a free package of cigarettes. It's all because Lieutenant Howard is bucking for his doubles. He invited the colonel for dinner and he thought the colonel was coming but the colonel is having dinner with K Company."

THE chow whistle blew a few minutes later and the three men started through the woods to where the mess had been set up. Other men were moving in from their tents and foxholes, and mess kits were rattling all through the woods. A line had already formed near where the food cans were usually set up. It was cold and the men in the line were horsing around to keep themselves warm. The damp wind pulled at the sheets on the sawbuck tables and now and then the wind turned the thin, strong aroma of cooking in the direction of the men.

The cook called the line to attention and Lieutenant Howard, their commanding officer, spoke to them. "As you all know," he said, "this is Thanksgiving. Three hundred years ago the Pilgrims set this day aside as a day of thanksgiving. I have a wife and two children in El Paso and I would like to be with them, naturally, but since I can't be with them I want to tell you men that there's no group of men I'd rather be with than you men and there's no place I'd want to be in more than here, unless it was a combat zone." He stepped back and joined the other officers.

The excited rattling of mess kits increased with the end of the Lieutenant's speech, and the line began to lose its form. "Wait a minute, wait a minute! One line!" the mess sergeant shouted. The men quieted down again. "This here day ain't like any other day," the mess sergeant continued. "We ain't going to dish the chow out of buckets. It's going to be on plates on the table and there's enough for everybody and if I catch any belly-robber taking more than is coming to him I'll kick his butt up between his ears." Behind him, the K.P.'s began to pass from the field stoves to the tables, carrying tin plates loaded with turkey and vegetables. "You ain't supposed to eat the candy on the table before you eat the rest of the stuff and if you spill stuff on the goddamned sheets it's your own goddamned loss because you got to sleep on them goddam sheets just as soon as we get back to the goddam camp. First you're going to sit down at the tables and Corporal Mangen is going to say grace. There ain't going to be no talking or reaching or eating during grace. When Corporal Mangen says amen, then you can start eating."

The men broke from the chow line and seated themselves at the tables. No one touched the smoking plates of turkey, but a few men began to stuff hard candy into their pockets. As soon as Mangen started to say grace, all of the men bowed their heads.

"Dear Lord, we thank Thee for Thy bounty!" Mangen shouted across the tables. "We poor, sinful mortals here on earth thank Thee. We thank Thee for making us hale and hearty and for giving us plenty to eat and we thank Thee for taking care of all the folks back home and seeing that they're warm and have plenty to eat so we don't worry about them all the time. We thank Thee for Thy protection and Thy understanding and Thy love. Dear Lord, we thank Thee for Thy bounty. Amen."

—JOHN CHEEVER

•

WHICH PEGGY D'YA OVERHEAR?

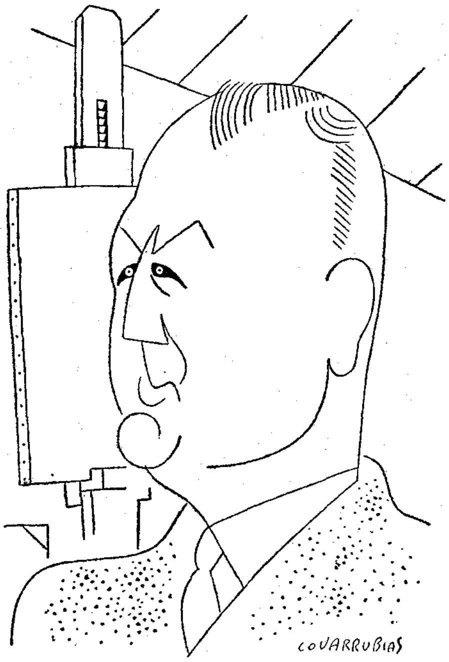
Peggy Hopkins Joyce observed at Armando's that she's practically an old maid—hasn't been married now for four years.—*Earl Wilson in the Post, October 22.*

Overheard at the Ruban Bleu, as uttered by Peggy Fears: "I'm an old maid—haven't been married for four whole years."—*Lucius Beebe in the Herald Tribune, October 23.*

PROFILES

ARTIST

I—DEMONS IN THE SUBURBS



George Grosz is one of the world's great artists. He is a taut, troubled German of middle age, with suspicious blue eyes in a brick-red face and with a persistent hope that he will be mistaken for a businessman. When asked his name, he has a jumpy impulse to give an alias. He considers it a disgrace that he is the author of a series of bitter line drawings which have been compared to the best work of Dürer, Bosch, Goya, Hogarth, and Daumier. They depict the rise of Fascism in Germany and have evoked a whole literature of panegyric appraising them as the most nearly perfect record of a period ever created. Grosz, however, will have none of them. He is reluctant to discuss his aversion, but his friends suspect that it is partly the result of the fact that those pictures have been praised more than his oils and water colors. Sometimes, when reviling this series of drawings, he abandons any effort to be rational and takes refuge in the artist's supposed right to eccentricity. After all, he says, most artists have been more peculiar than he is; van Gogh used his own ear as currency, Toulouse-Lautrec had a mania for brothels, Goya was obsessed with demonology, and even Rembrandt was a bit unstable. In his own way, Grosz is well within this great tradition. He believes that the weather is often the bearer of cosmic tidings. As he sniffs a wind from the Atlantic, he detects more than salt. If he is with a friend, he may mutter darkly, "I smell blood and distant firebrands." If he is with a stranger, he will merely continue silently to concentrate on trying to look like a businessman.

Grosz has ample opportunity to sample the moral atmosphere of the universe as it blows in off the Atlantic, for he lives in Douglaston, Long Island, near the sea. He came to this country from Germany in 1932, just before Hitler issued a proclamation banning his works and designating him "Cultural Bolshevist No. 1." He has a wife, two sons, a dog, a two-story stucco house, a rack of pipes, a garden, a lawnmower, and a workshop, and he occasionally runs for a train like any other commuter. He hopes that all this makes him so overwhelmingly suburban that Hitler could no longer recognize the artist who offended him. Grosz spends most of his time alone in his somewhat dark and shadowy studio, a converted bedroom on the second floor of his house. He generally works from nine in the morning until six at night, and often he does not touch the sandwiches and thermos bottle of coffee that Mrs. Grosz places beside his easel for his lunch. When his work drags, he stimulates himself by reading horror stories. He likes particularly those that have to do with "It" or "The Thing," terms which in this type of literature invariably refer to a depraved and eerie presence which can be felt but not seen. He has had a life-long passion for accounts of crime and horror and has gratified it so persistently that he sometimes imagines that there is an aura of violence about him. A glance in his mirror somewhat reassures him. His features are handsome and regular and his figure is sufficiently stolid to make him appear burgherlike and conservative. He worries, however, about the expression around the eyes. The redness of his face emphasizes their blue and seems to make them gleam with an unnatural intensity. He sometimes wishes that in the old days, back in Germany, he had not drawn imaginary self-portraits in which he had just committed an axe murder or was about to be beheaded by a silk-hatted executioner. They scarcely jibe with the staid suburban community life he now leads, and he wonders uneasily if any of his neighbors have seen them. Of late he has been reading "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and "Wake Up and Live" in the hope that they will improve his suburban tone.

Visitors to Grosz's studio see nothing in him to suggest an axe murderer. He seems to live up completely to his reputation, which has been helped along by critics, here and abroad, who have prefixed to his name almost every superlative known to their ebullient trade. He looks every inch the winner of such awards as the Blair Prize and the Beck Medal, and it doesn't surprise anyone that his pictures are hung in the leading museums of Amsterdam, Vienna, Prague, and Paris, as well as in the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum.

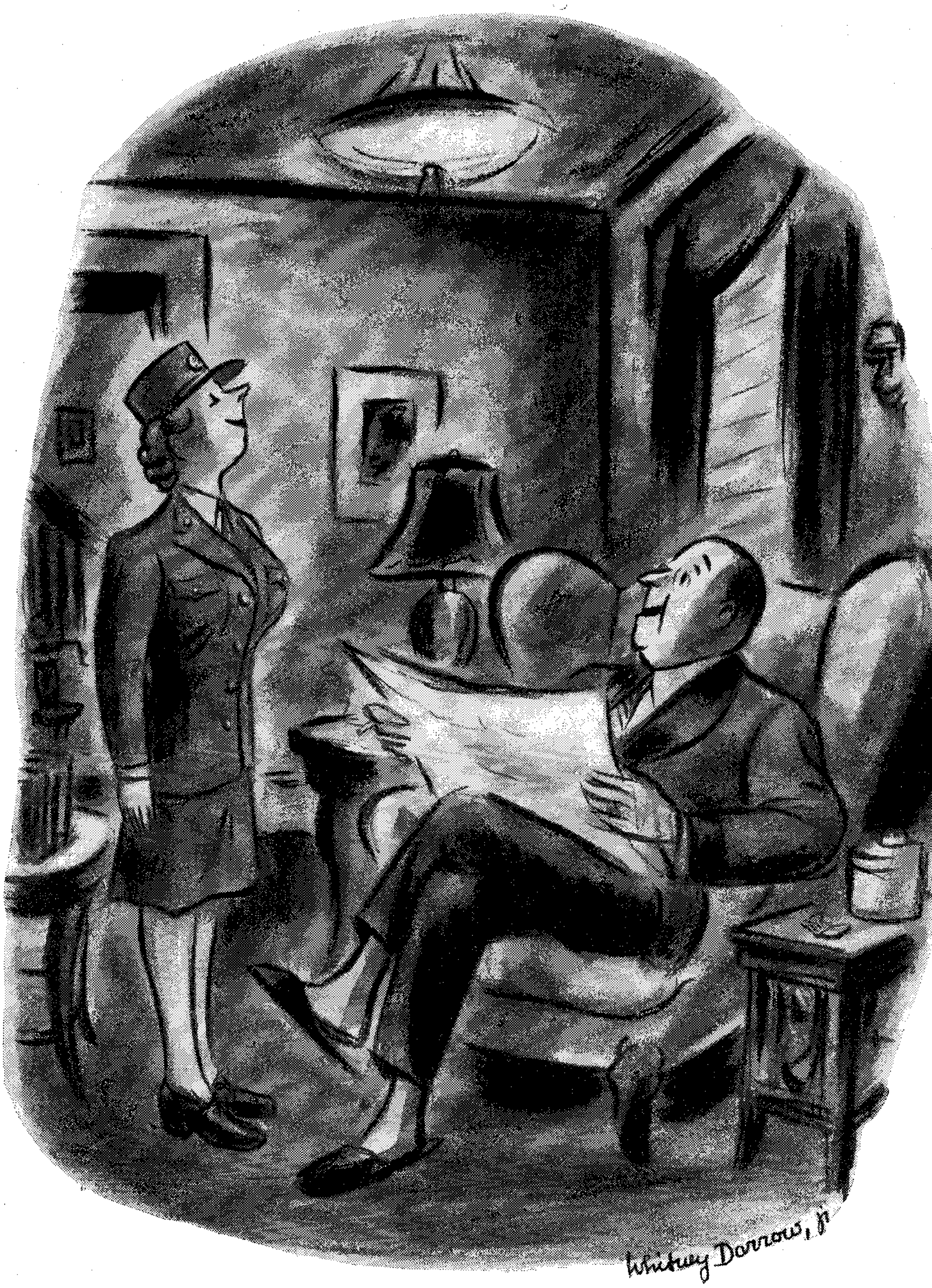
Grosz's manner is stiffly correct, and he usually serves his visitors tea; before he pours for each guest, he makes a curt little bow. If he likes his visitors, his English is fluid, though slightly inverted, unless, as sometimes happens, he becomes inarticulate through exhaustion. After a particularly trying call, during which his English has become stuck in his throat, he is worn out and takes to his bed. He is reluctant to speak to anyone either of his past or of his rather strange convictions. He prefers to discuss the petunias he grows in his garden or the scholastic progress of his older boy, Peter, who is seventeen and at Andover. His younger son, Martin, is thirteen and attends the Dwight School here in New York. When Grosz does talk about himself, he has the gingerly, tentative manner of a man fingering a bruise. He explains that he feels like a Martian when he tries to communicate the quality of his life. "Most artists," he says, "complain of being ignored. In Germany my art attracted so much attention that I had to have a bodyguard. Name of Max. I used to feed him once a month steaks." In 1919, Grosz was also a pillar of the Dada movement in Berlin, and nowadays he laughs as if it hurt him a little when he speaks of the fact. "I always wore a death's head then instead of a hat," he recalls. Sometimes, sitting at his window toward evening, a highball in one hand and a pipe in the other, he can scarcely believe, as he watches the sun slant through his elms, that he is the man a number of Prussian officers threatened to kill during the days of the rise of Fascism in Germany. "Why, when I went to a public gathering, one bodyguard wasn't enough and I had to have a group of them!" he says in a tone of disbelief. "In the centre I used to walk."

Grosz takes comfort in the thought

that American suburban life has turned him into a dull, respectable fellow. "In Germany," he recently said, "I was so filled with hate, maybe I was a little insane. Here I am more quiet." In Germany he was a political radical, and for the last thirteen years before he came to this country, he fought Hitler's predecessors and Hitler himself. During that period he was arrested three times for his graphic attacks on Fascists and those he felt were aiding them. He doesn't like to talk about his long and losing fight. Even the walls of Grosz's studio attest to his metamorphosis. He has tacked up specimens of calendar art dealing with such subjects as "Grandma's Birthday" and *Saturday Evening Post* covers by Norman Rockwell. There are critics who say that Grosz is the greatest draughtsman since the Middle Ages, but he often points to Rockwell's covers and says, "Now, there's a really great artist." Sometimes he hurriedly adds, "How I envy him his money!"

GROSZ's efforts to perfect his rôle of the American suburbanite are constantly upset by his own nature. His past rides him hard. He cannot forget it, and he cannot help indulging fancies which his neighbors might regard as extreme. Thunder showers, for example, mean more to Grosz than to most residents of Douglaston. As the thunder rolls, he is likely to whisper something like "To me there is more to a shower than rain only." Usually his hints that there is something behind such simple natural manifestations are as cryptic as that. Occasionally, however, he remarks, less opaquely, that the simple postulate that two and two are four suffices for the ordinary man but that the artist must find and identify that extra something for which there are no words. In the course of his many attempts to decipher the wind's moan, translate an ominous sky, or wrench free the inner secret of rocks, Grosz believes he has acquired spiritual antennae which inform him of world currents considerably in advance of the press. "Before the first World War," he says, "in Germany a cold wind kept blowing. I knew it was coming." While the bands played and garlanded German soldiers, Grosz among them, marched toward Belgium in 1914, he noted that the flowers the soldiers placed in their rifles withered and he had a premonition of disaster. Grosz feels that if the rest of the world had been as psychically observant as he was, everybody would have known as early as 1919 that Fascism was coming. He knew it then when he noticed that "ordinary walking sticks had become quite heavy." Also, he began to feel the menace in a battle chant called "Germany, Awake!" Shortly afterward street fighting broke out. "A broken chair leg with blood on it became the symbol of my neighborhood," Grosz recalls. Speaking of the present conflict, he says, "In 1925 I saw the '*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin*' on the wall. I saw it not only in Germany but in France. My friends said that it could never happen, but I felt doom in the air."

Grosz often wishes that his antennae were not so sensitive to doom, for this acute perception has resulted in a certain sameness in his pictures. However, it has also enabled him to record simultaneously both the past and the future, since to Grosz both consist exclusively of calamity. He calls the oils and drawings he has been doing for the past five years "hell pictures" and he believes that in addition to expressing the essential spirit of the age, they are portraits of his inner self. They frequently depict shell-shattered ruins, licked by flames and infested by rats. Critics liken them to medieval paintings of the lower regions and usually say that Grosz is "groping." Sometimes the war-scarred background will contain human beings—wild, depraved madmen, prematurely old and driven insane by war and disease. Often they are marching, with demented enthusiasm, toward some distant danger, armed only with sticks to which bent and rusty knives have been tied. Almost al-

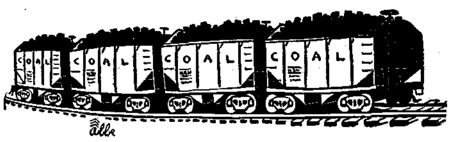


"Isn't that a new dress you have on, dear?"

ways the figures are advancing through swamps full of not only rats but tiny, lice-like human skeletons, which are swarming up the legs of the frenzied marchers from the slime. Grosz also likes to paint himself, his chin in his hand, his expression sad and haunted, as he sits and broods in the ruins of a bomb-wrecked building. He recently wrote a friend, "In three hundred years, if there are still museums, they will look at my pictures and say, 'Look here! How troubled they must have been then!' " In another letter he wrote, "Many times I smell the time, like a wind full of smoke from far away, and see a glow on the horizon very menacing. I fear years of conflict."

Occasionally, after a long session of portraying doom, Grosz longs for wholesome things. Few artists enjoy painting the texture of a fabric, the sheen of fruit, or the glint of glass more than Grosz does, and few can do it so well. Grosz likes painting for its own sake, for the pleasure of working with color, brush, oil, and tubes, quite apart from anything else. While he is in one of his periods of tentative optimism, it disturbs him when he finds himself slipping once more into the murderous reds, ghastly blues, moonlight silvers, and malarial yellows that he uses in his "hell pictures." There was a time, between 1932 and 1935, when Grosz was able to keep his landscapes idyllic; today they begin that way but soon become as tortured as battlefields. A Grosz tree is often as suggestive of conflict as a bayonet, and his paintings of Cape Cod, where he sometimes spends the summer, contain so much of his own turmoil that Grosz has taken to calling them, too, self-portraits. "I can paint a devil," he has said, "but I cannot paint an angel." He takes satisfaction in Goya, who, similarly plagued, frequently turned from court portraits to pictures of demons and violence. "Goya was split in two," Grosz says, "and so am I."

Grosz strives constantly to achieve a balance between the opposing elements in his nature. He doesn't want to stop believing that, as he says, "satanic currents force the world to disaster," for he finds that conviction precious and sustaining, but he would like to combine it with moods a bit less sombre. In an attempt, he says, to accomplish this, "I go once in a while to parties. I like to stay long. In general, I hate to go home." At the few parties he attends, he enjoys his drinks and is inclined to take over. If his English fails him while he is telling a story, he carries on with a series of grunts and wheezes, sufficiently in keeping to get his idea over. He leaps from his chair and impersonates first one character and then another, changing his position whenever necessary, to indicate a change of rôle. Mrs. Grosz, a handsome, buxom woman who might well pose for a portrait of Germania, keeps saying, "George! George! I think Mr. So-and-So wants to say something!" Afterward, Grosz is usually overcome with remorse and will not touch a drink for several weeks.



MAN, NOT HIS ARMS

Man, not his arms, I sing: the heroic dead
Who fell in the charge or the landing operation,
The reckless pilot who grazed the field with his head,
And those whose names are sweet on the lips of the nation,
But also the unheroic, who died in bed,
Or who did not die at all, or who died unseen
Short of the beachhead, trapped in a burning station,
Or caught from behind at the pass of Kasserine.

I sing the hero, who, remembering home,
The faith of children or the trust of wife,
The free town meeting under no gilt dome,
Or the hope of the poor and beaten, gave life for life,
Believing America and spurning Rome,
Who crawled through the field of flowers on a shattered hip
To dig up land mines with a pocket knife,
Or held the controls, commanding "Abandon ship!"

I sing the ranks, those who will never be news,
Serving in barracks or in holds for years
Without promotion; the washed-out pilots; the crews
On the ground; the nameless who polish, or oil the gears,
Or clean the latrines or sweat by the boiling stews;
The file clerks, drivers, night guards, tough M.P.'s;
The inarticulate with their hopes and fears
And the merely useless—sufferers. I sing all these.

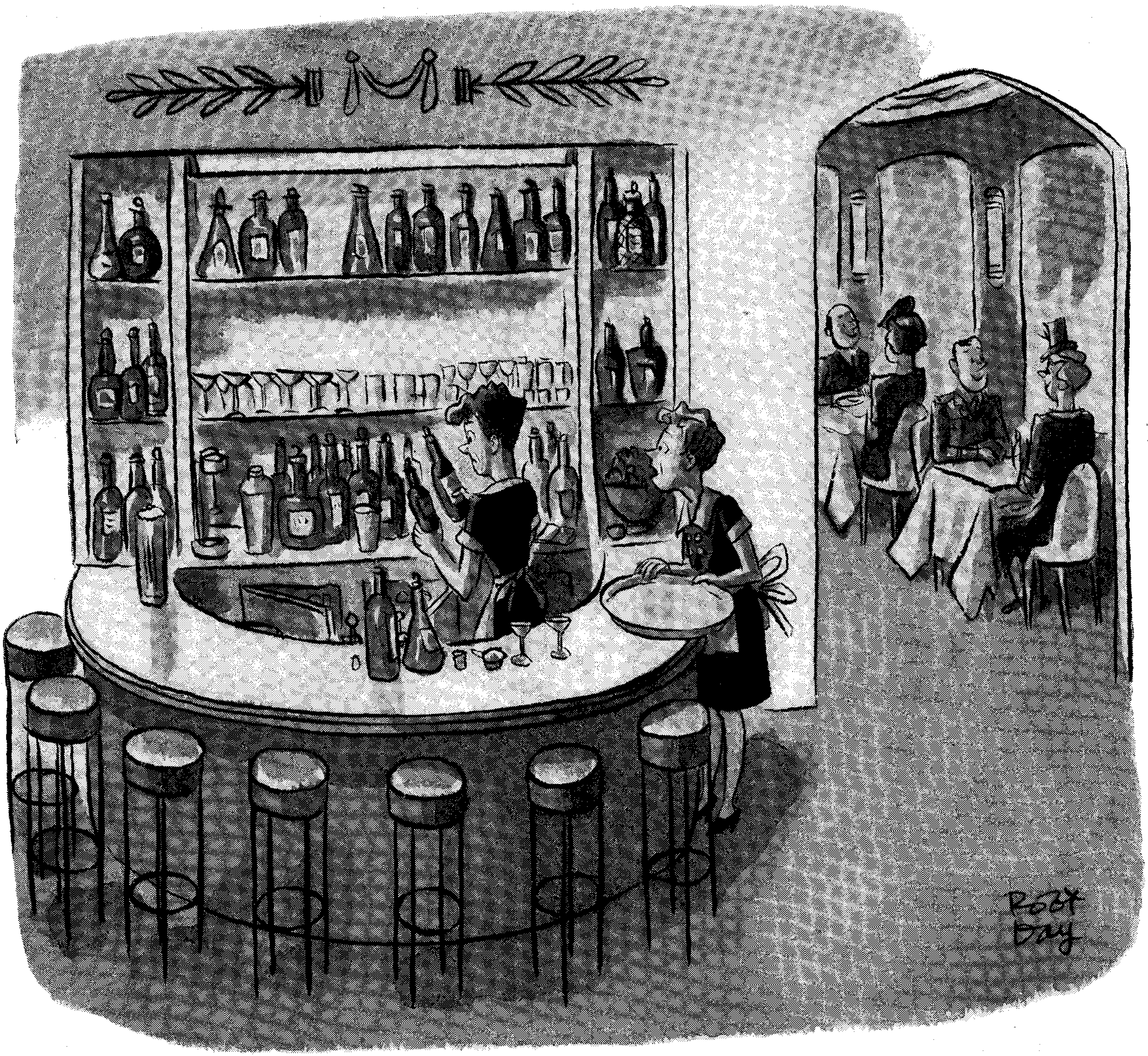
I sing war's victims: those who die of fever,
Defective equipment, sunstroke, cold, or drouth;
The victims of mixed signals, of hostile deceiver;
Bridegroom and father, tight around the mouth;
The builders of parkways resigned to the work of the beaver;
Boys who would rather be picking in Oregon's arbors—
On convoys stretching from the black-frosted South
To the tideless Mediterranean's marble harbors.

O you, my brothers, homeless as the birds
Fire drove forth to premature migration,
Covering your anguish with the short, hard words
And clutching at the past for compensation—
Do not turn back! The ancient feuds and gods
Like serpents in the hearts of men are curled;
Remember only, for your own salvation,
Your brotherhood, and give it to the world.

—Selden Rodman

• •

EVEN Grosz's studio reveals his warring soul. On the door is a contractor's sign reading, "Men at Work." The windows are covered by cardboard shutters, which can be moved to regulate a light that at best is dim. On one wall is a reproduction of a painting by Rogier van der Weyden, a Flemish artist of medieval times, showing bodies plunging through flames into hell. It is flanked by an advertisement asking "Are You a Middle-Aged Athlete?" and a sign proclaiming "Tipping Not

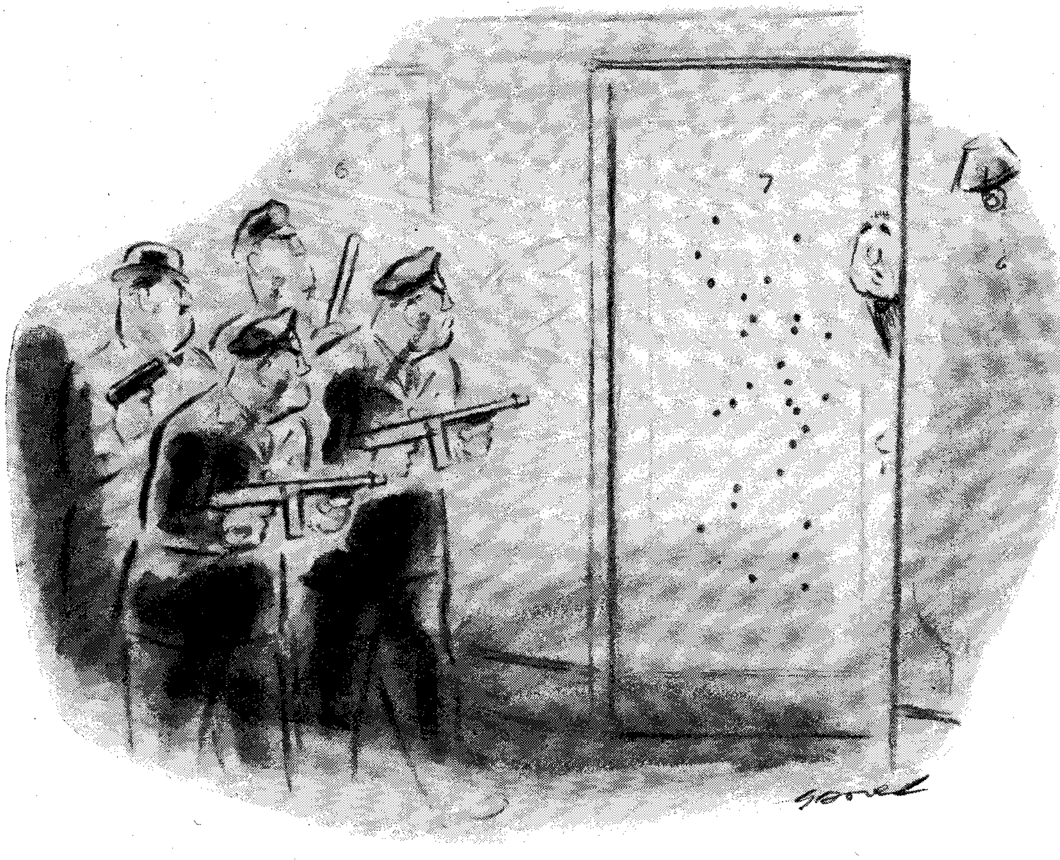


"One thing I _do_ *know. You put an olive in it."*

Permitted." Near this group is a reproduction of a painting, by Matthias Grünewald, of the Resurrection, and next to it is a sign demanding, "Silence Please and I Mean It." Grosz is fond of horseshoes and frequently puts them into his drawings, for the conventional reason that he believes they bring good luck. Two real horseshoes, beribboned in baby blue and pink, frame a clipping from the *Long Island Star-Journal*, placed near Grünewald's Christ and containing an interview with Grosz. Its headline says, "Local Artist Gains Wide Recognition." Near the horseshoes is an old French lithograph, its upper half depicting feasting gourmands, its lower half starving prisoners, and beside it is a newspaper headline, reading, "My Idea of a Good Time." At the centre of the studio stands Grosz's easel, and above it is a canopy of cheesecloth, placed there in the conviction that it improves the light. On the walls are several plaster-of-Paris ears, arms, and legs dangling from strings. Grosz has tinted them flesh color. Dead starfish, fragments of queerly shaped driftwood, and withered leaves (which Grosz says reveal "the very secret of drawing the spiral") also hang from strings. A plaster dummy of a woman is in a corner, a green blanket partly covering her nudity, a bandanna tied over one ear. Pictures are stacked everywhere, their faces to the wall, and there is a large bookcase full of volumes on demonology and art. On the floor, in another corner, is a large boulder painted vermilion. The numeral "30" is painted on the top, for the perfectly plausible reason that it weighs thirty pounds. "I lift it up and down sometimes," Grosz says. "This epitomizes the senselessness of life."

Grosz thinks that he has his pleasantest times alone at night in his studio. "Often," he says, "I don't go to bed early. Instead, I go to my studio and survey my pictures critically, lining them up against the easel, the chairs, and the walls. A drink is in my hand and a pipe in my mouth. These are happy hours. Me, all by myself, surrounded by my children, so to speak." If the wind is howling or it is snowing or raining outside, he is even happier. On rare occasions he takes an old friend with him on these expeditions into the past—usually Wieland Herzfelde, a German poet, who founded a publishing house chiefly to bring out books of Grosz's drawings in Germany and is today also an exile. Then, as Grosz places a painting, water color, or drawing on the easel, he makes a little comment on it, as if to himself. Not long ago he got out a water color which showed a Nazi bowing in mock courtesy before an aged Jew, stripped to the waist, his back a mass of welts and blood. Grosz's pipe hissed, then he said, "The old Jew is taken in for examination. The Nazi says, 'Old Jew, do you want to die?,' and the old Jew says, 'Yes, I want to die.' Then the Nazi scrapes low before him. His hat is off, as if he were a cavalier asking his beloved for a dance, and he says, 'Won't you dance for us a little?' " Again Grosz's pipe hissed, and he cut a few writhing capers as he looked at the figure of the Jew. "He vomits," Grosz said, "and then he dances a little." The next picture was a water color of an empty prison cell. There was no one in it, but a pair of false teeth and a pool of blood were on the floor. "A man has been beaten to death," Grosz said. "They have taken the body out just now." In the past five years, Grosz has turned out some fifty such drawings and water colors of Nazi brutality. They have made a powerful impression on everyone who has seen them, but he will not exhibit them publicly. "I do them just for myself," he says. "It is a record." When urged to exhibit them publicly, he says, "All that kind of thing is very much discarded by me. It was in my youth I saw such things and I have discarded it."

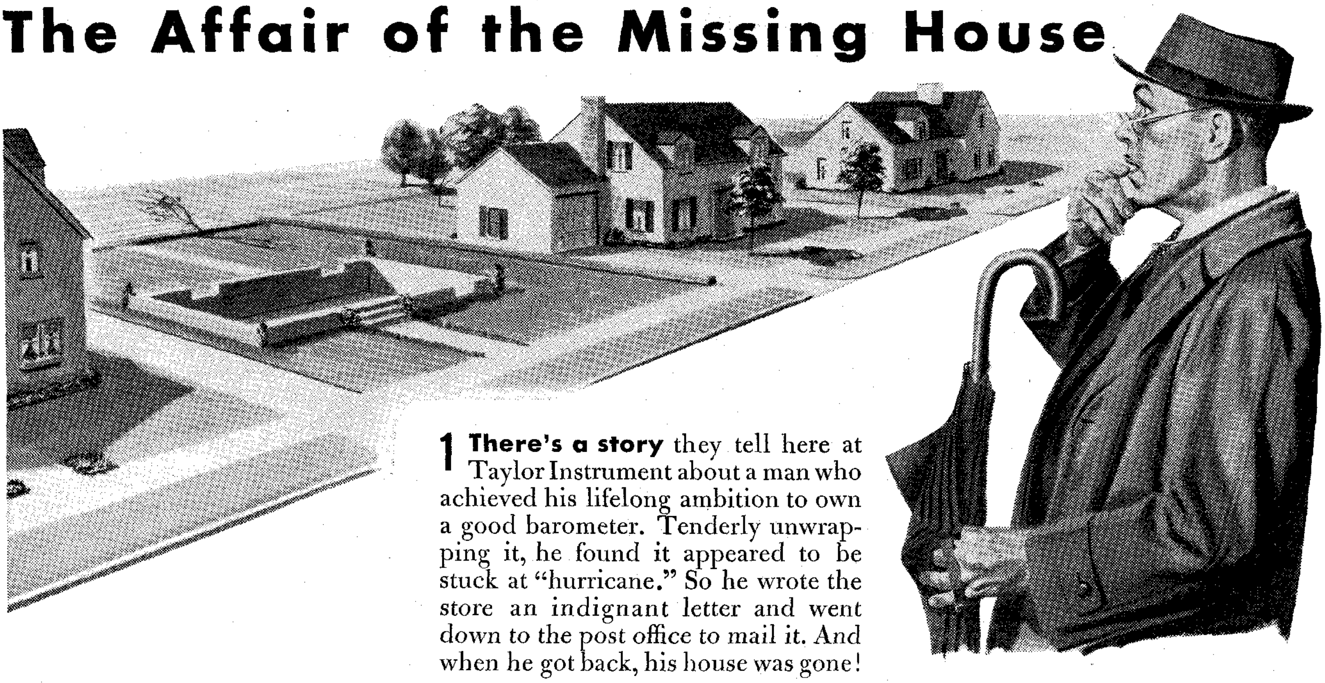
ON his nocturnal excursions to his studio, Grosz rarely looks over the satiric line drawings which won him his first, and greatest, acclaim. There are some three thousand of these drawings, done between 1915 and 1932. Grosz still has a great number of them. Many of them were reproduced in short-lived German Leftist magazines, but they found a wider audience when they were published in book form. Thirteen volumes of his drawings were put out, the most famous of which were "Ecce Homo," "Spiesserspiegel," and "Uber Alles die Liebe." For the most part, the drawings attack the German middle class, which Grosz believes was mainly responsible for the rise of Hitlerism, with a ferocity that has been described as appalling and with a detail that has made them, in the opinion of one French critic, "the most definitive catalogue of man's depravity in all history." When Grosz does look at some of them, he is apt to mutter "Shocking!" or "They simply nauseate me." Occasionally his disgust dissolves into a moment's involuntary admiration, and he asks, "But isn't that line beautifully drawn?" He finds the drawings harder and harder to bear. It is natural that Grosz, now the solid citizen, who likes to work among his marigolds in decent Douglaston, should be dismayed by a drawing in which hundreds of men insanely drag women by the legs through the streets, particularly when the drawing is his. It is likewise inevitable that Grosz the parent should be disturbed by drawings in which drunken sailors, with apelike arms, leer at women, while hearses driven by skeletons in high hats lurch through the streets. He has forbidden his sons to look at his satiric drawings. He wants the boys to grow up to be wholesome Americans and he doesn't think that his early drawings are conducive to good citizenship. When he tips his hat to a member of the Douglaston Women's Republican Club, he wonders, he says, if she has seen his drawings of German cities in which the streets boil with violence while through the windows of tenements there are glimpses of a man hanging himself, of another man choking his wife, and of a couple embracing on a bed. Almost always a furtive little man is peeking from behind a window grating at street level. If pressed, Grosz admits that the frightened little fellow is himself, but he will not volunteer the information. About three years ago he joined a businessmen's gym class at a Y.M.C.A., and as he went through his calisthenics he used to find himself wondering if any of the other fellows were familiar with his horrifying self-portraits.



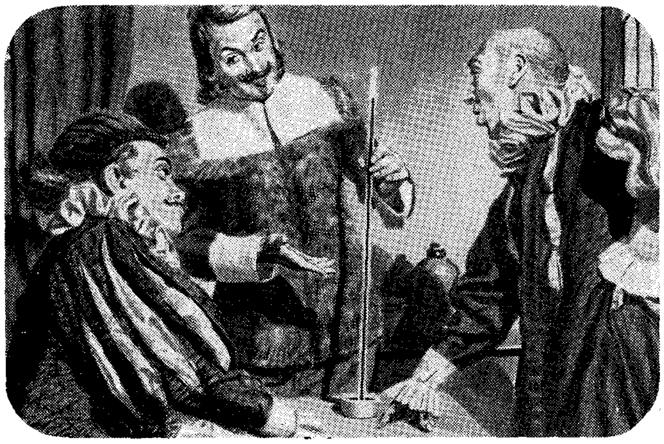
"Whom did you wish to see?"

Grosz also turned out, during the twenties, many openly polemical anti-Fascist drawings. He insists that they were propaganda, not art, and the thought depresses him. In 1920, Grosz, who was twenty-seven, became even more direct in his attack on the Nazis and other Fascists, who had begun their drive for power almost as soon as the Versailles Treaty had been signed. In his drawings, starving children, their features shining with a horrible sycophancy, beg fat profiteers for bread; frequently, crippled soldiers, propped up before the wall of a restaurant,

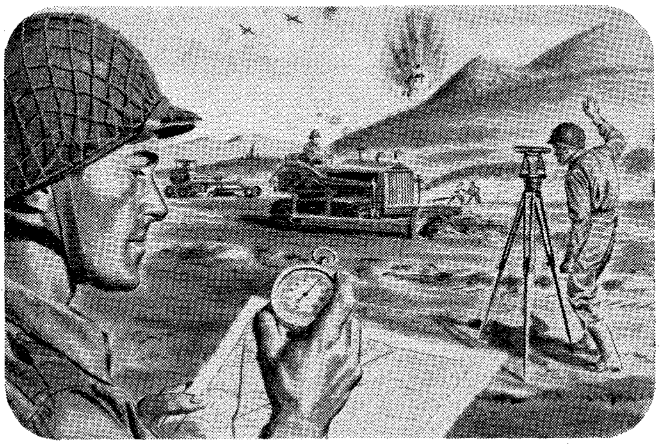
The Affair of the Missing House



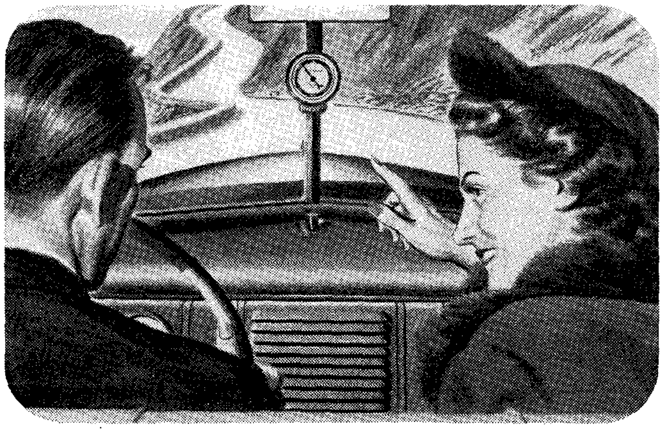
1 There's a story they tell here at Taylor Instrument about a man who achieved his lifelong ambition to own a good barometer. Tenderly unwrapping it, he found it appeared to be stuck at "hurricane." So he wrote the store an indignant letter and went down to the post office to mail it. And when he got back, his house was gone!



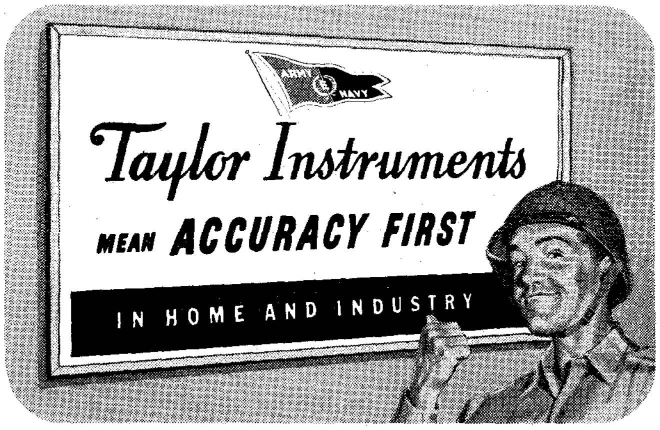
2 The explanation was the New England hurricane of 1938. But our story really begins in 1643 when the Italian scientist Evangelista Torricelli invented the barometer. Holding a mercury-filled tube in a vessel of mercury, he proved that the weight of a mercury column is balanced by the pressure of the air outside.



3 300 years later Torricelli's idea helped the U. S. Army Engineers win the "Battle of the Bulldozers," their struggle to build new roads across Sicily. Delicate as a watch, this Taylor Surveying Aneroid Barometer is one of scores of such instruments we make for engineers, sportsmen, and others who appreciate Taylor Accuracy.



4 Uncle Sam is now taking about all the barometers we can make. To say nothing of the hundreds of other Taylor Instruments going to war and war industry. However, you may still be able to find a few Taylor Auto-Altimeters ($6 to $9). One would look pretty in Pop's Christmas stocking—especially wrapped up in a War Bond!



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LISTEN: NOVEMBER 27, 1943

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★

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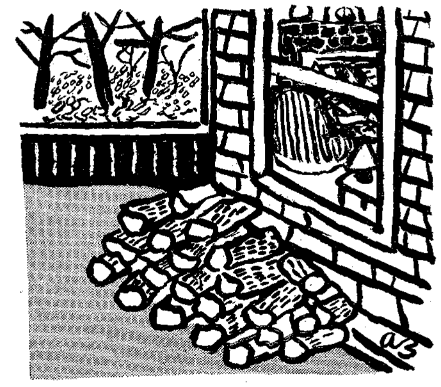
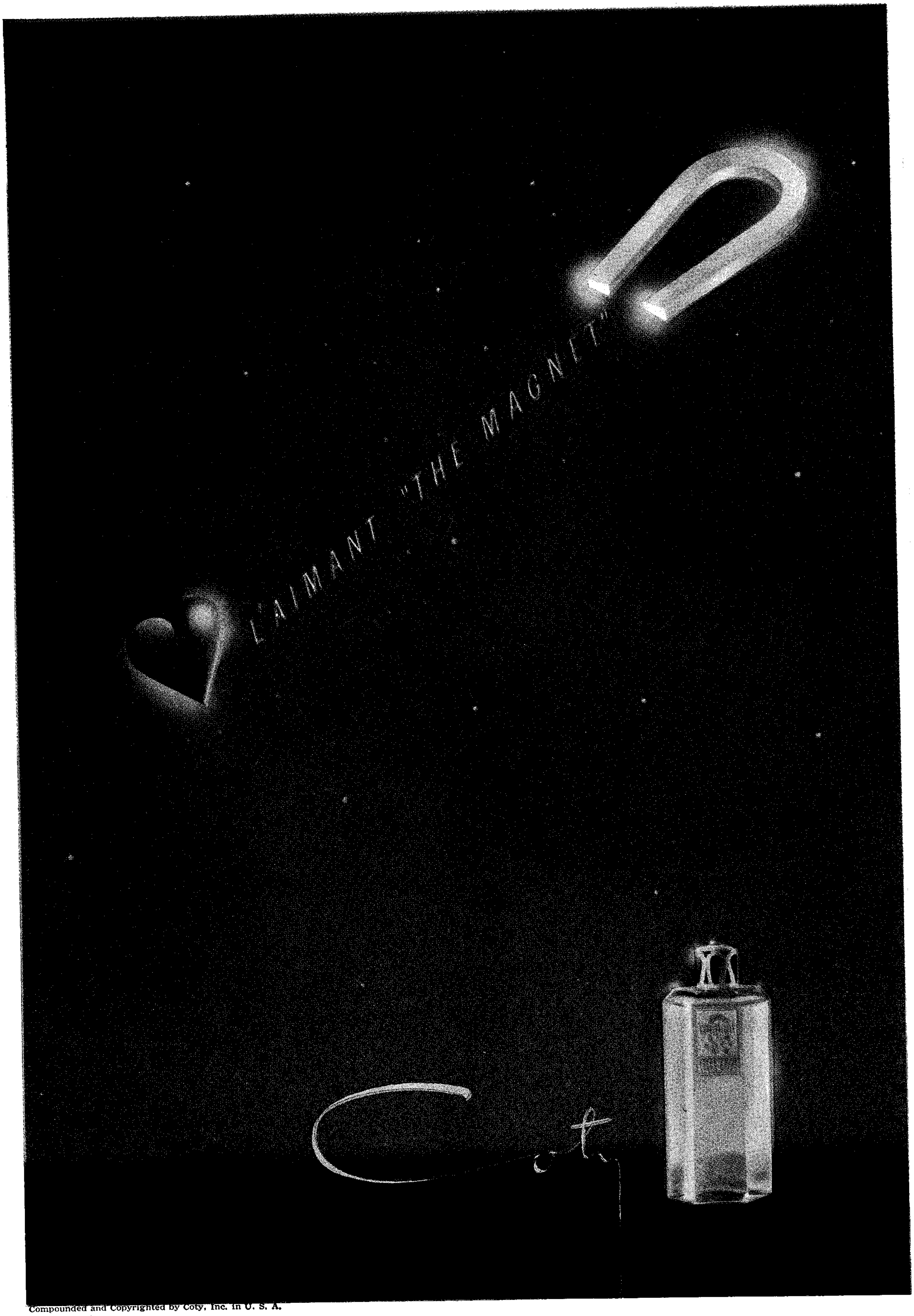
hold out steel claws for alms while inside the restaurant the rich stow away food with sensual intensity. Grosz was seldom abstract in his political drawings. He explicitly attacked Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Hitler, Krupp, and Thyssen, and as the Fascists increased their campaign of terror he drew dozens of drawings showing them slaughtering the workers. Day in and day out, for more than ten years, he drew fatuous priests and hard-faced, creased-necked Prussian officers, and he always depicted them with a dent in the centre of their craniums. As for the bourgeoisie, he often attacked it by showing a moth-eaten, bulbous male, his suspenders flapping around his beefy haunches, ogling an equally unsavory wife as they dressed in their bedroom. He portrayed them dancing with bovine lechery; he showed them in night clubs, on the tennis courts, and in bed. Over and over there was the pinched little soldier with his steel claw held out in supplication, the fat man, a network of veins at his temples, slavering over his food, the stiff-backed Prussian officer with his monocle, and the priest piously exhorting to war. Grosz was arrested three times and fined as a menace to the German army, church, and state, but he kept up his fight, despite the obvious risks, until, in 1932, it became apparent that Hitler and his Nazis were going to win. Grosz left Germany and went to the United States. In the following year, Hitler came to power. One of the first things Hitler did was to confiscate all the plates and available copies of the thirteen portfolios of Grosz's drawings.

For a time Grosz felt as if he, like so many of his friends, had been killed by the Nazis or their reactionary predecessors. Often he had portrayed himself as the victim of an assault. Sometimes he lay bullet-ridden on the street, sometimes he was writhing with a bayonet in his side, and sometimes he was standing before a wall proudly waiting the bullets of a firing squad. He is still peculiarly attracted to his pictures of maimed, beg-

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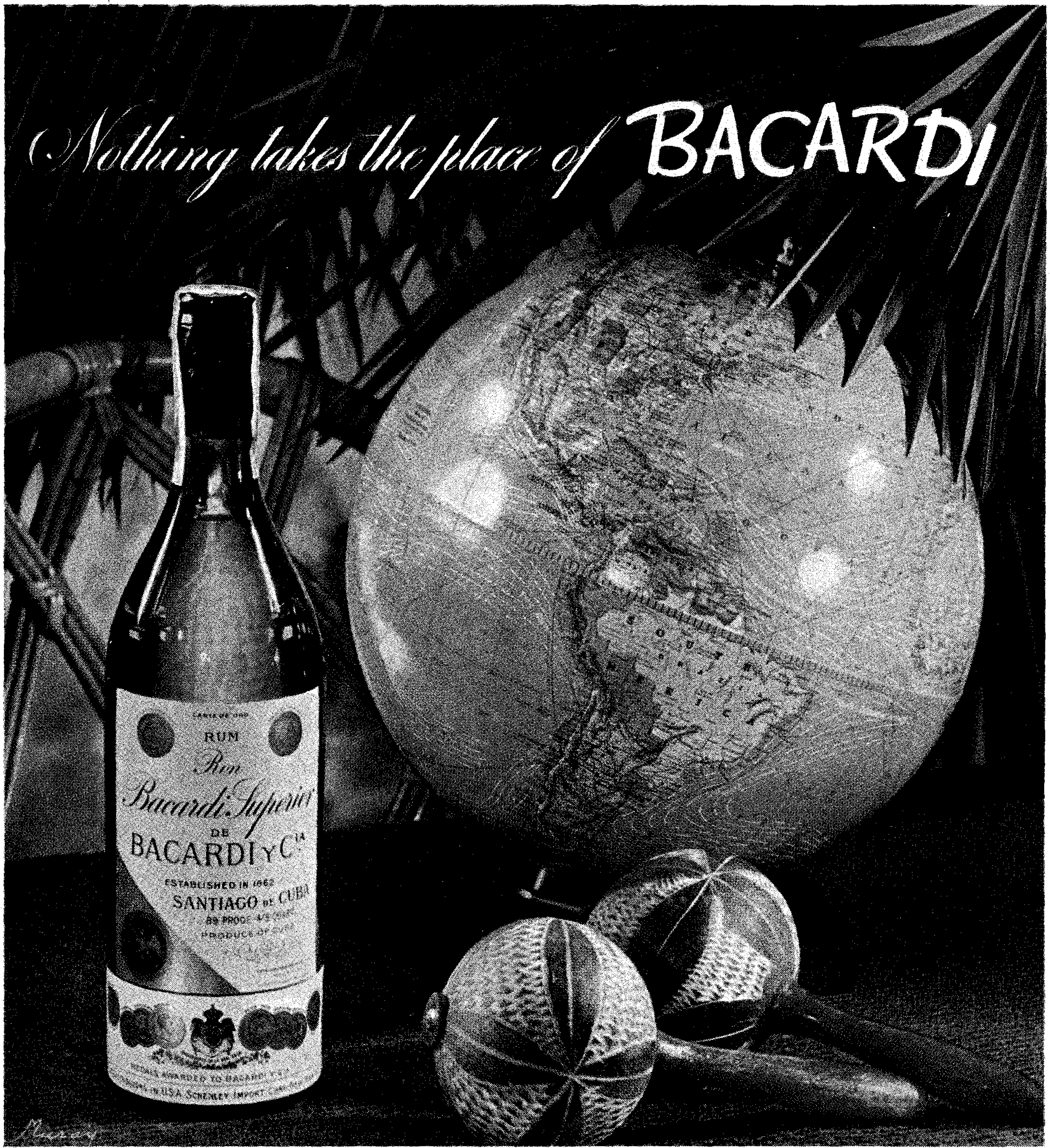
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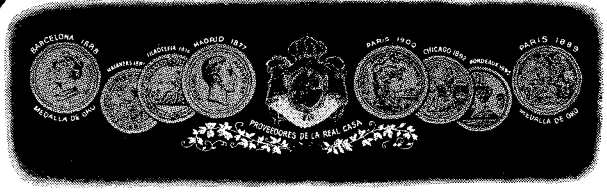
BARCELONA 1888
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MEDALLA DE ORO
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AND REMEMBER . . . NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS

A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936) RUM—89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1943 ging soldiers, and when he goes through some of his work he is apt to linger longest over them. "Always I see in them a little of myself," he said not long ago. "I didn't see these beggars entirely with pain. Ten per cent was a draughtsman's pleasure in the lines of their deformity. You can, for example, as a

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to giggle convulsively, he thought they were tickling her and burst out laughing. Later this little boy saw the soldiers killing his father by pouring mud down ging soldiers, and when he goes through some of his work he is apt to linger longest over them. "Always I see in them a little of myself," he said not long ago. "I didn't see these beggars entirely with pain. Ten per cent was a draughtsman's pleasure in the lines of their deformity. You can, for example, as a colorist, see a swamp with all its decay and filth, and ninety per cent of you will reject it, but ten per cent will love the dismal, decaying color."

After looking over his satiric drawings, Grosz is usually very low. He will sit stiffly in a chair, staring intently before him, and when he speaks he will not turn his head toward whomever he is speaking to. "There is something very dark next to my chair," he may say. "Of course, there is almost a hell next to me all the time. I admit it." His friends try to cheer him, without success. "What the hell is fame?" he asks gloomily. "With fame you can buy nothing. It is too abstract for me." Sometimes he adds, "I am always haunted by want." If anyone unfeelingly points out that Grosz lives very well, he answers, "You don't know the skeleton underneath." Recently he declared, "A rich man fills me with bitterness. I would sell myself for anything. Then if I did, I couldn't keep my bargain." He thinks that his weakness for money enables art dealers to cheat him by offering to pay him in cash. "They know I can't resist when I see money," he says.

GROSZ feels that the darkness of his nature is cause not for commiseration but for congratulation. "The darkness that surrounds me is not just fear and terror," he says. "It is very sustaining." He first felt the darkness when he was a child in Stölp, Pomerania, where his family moved from Berlin in 1898, when he was five years old. "Very often as a child," he says, "I felt somesing menacing which lay behind peaceful things. It was a happy childhood." He liked to go to country fairs, where he was fascinated by giant panoramas painted on canvas. The one he remembers with the most enthusiasm was of a mother eating her child. "She had the most wonderful gleam of insanity in her eyes I have ever seen," he recalls. Another favorite was the eruption of Mount Pelée. "Legs and arms," he says, "were flying through the air. I was enormously stimulated." When Grosz was twelve, he read a book about the Thirty Years' War which contained a scene he still finds nourishing. A little boy was watching some soldiers torture a girl, and when she seemed to the boy

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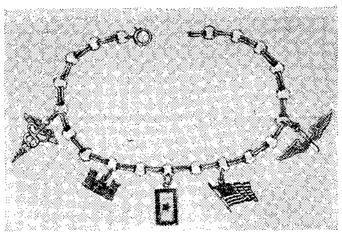

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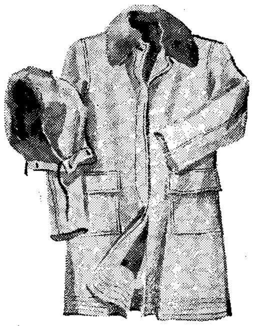

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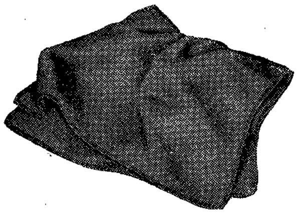

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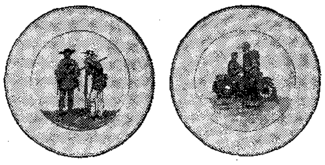

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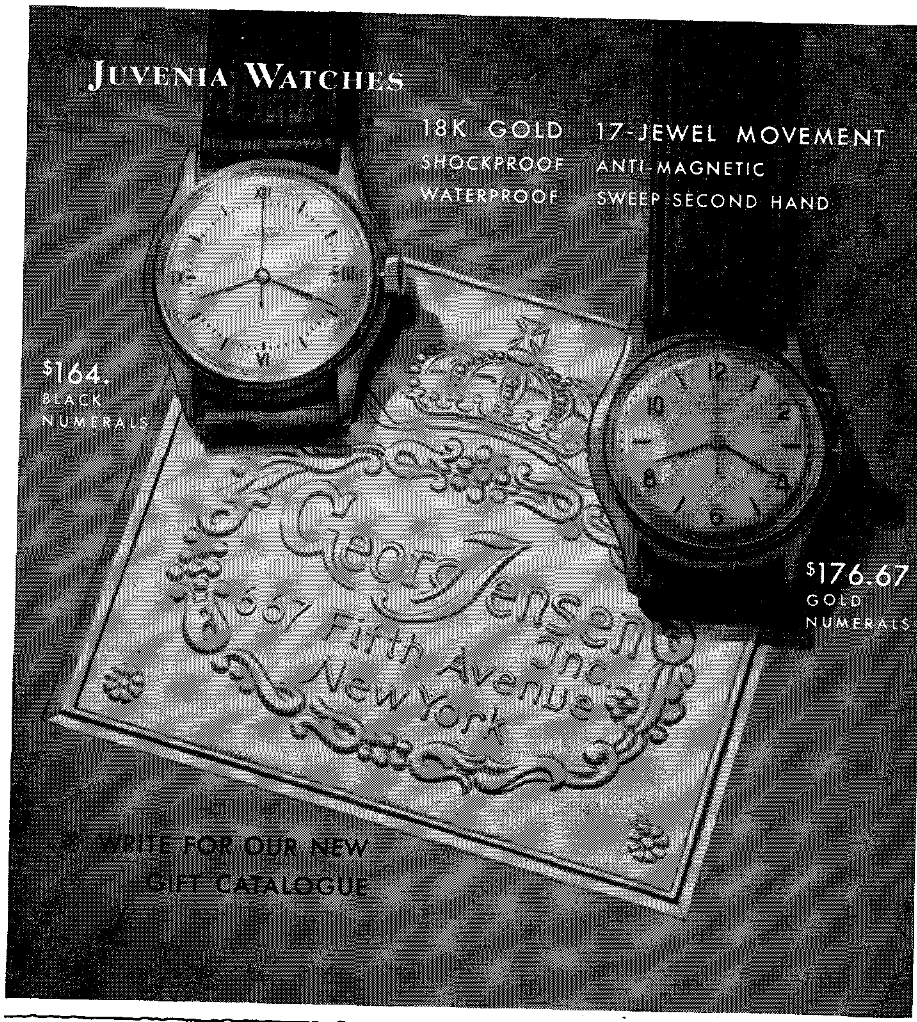

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to giggle convulsively, he thought they were tickling her and burst out laughing. Later this little boy saw the soldiers killing his father by pouring mud down his throat, and thinking it was a practical joke, he laughed again. "Terrific scene!" Grosz says. "It's wonderful! I go back to it when I get discouraged with my life." He read every thriller he saw and still remembers each one vividly. Even now he can recite passages from "Jack, the Mysterious Girl Killer" and he talks enthusiastically about "The Human Slaughter House of Soho." "It was a frantic story," he says, "and it started with a scene in a small inn where a student finds in his soup a part of a hand." Grosz chuckles. "This man, you see, sold humans as ham and cutlets to a number of small inns."

Grosz feels that a beneficent fate saved him from death in the first World War and, subsequently, from Hitler, but he nevertheless holds to his belief that the world is run by "certain demonic forces." He recently tried to explain his views by saying, "When I made my drawings in Germany, I was not superstitious, as I am now. Now I feel that a man who has been wounded may have done something in his past. If he is wounded in his hand and has a steel claw later, maybe the first hand, the human one, did something wrong. There are certain demonic forces. Why is it that this guy and this guy is wounded and not that guy?" When the friend to whom he was talking protested, Grosz said apologetically, "Well, I like those feelings a little. I play with them a little. I know they are not really true, but if you come from a potato country like Pomerania, you get as superstitious as an Irishman. Sometimes, in an utterly materialistic world, it is nice to go back to the old beliefs. I like fear. I nourish my fear and feel it all around me. The presence of a flame has more in it than heat. A painter has a right to such thoughts. He must make contact with the world's primitive past. Sometimes I take my painting very seriously. I feel as if the old Italian painters had handed down their brush and said, 'Here, make the best use of it.' "

Grosz likes to argue his thesis that fate has had a hand in his life. He tells how in 1928 he rescued a man from drowning in Switzerland. "I had read," he says, "that you should rescue a man by grabbing him by the hair. I grabbed at his hair, but all of a sudden he was bald. He and no hair, but I got him ashore. Who was sending me this tryout? I don't mean God. I mean some agency. They wanted somesing noble from me. Somesing, I like to think, gave me a noble test. I don't know what, but somesing." Grosz's preoccupation with "somesing" sometimes frightens his friends. One of them was with him in his studio on a stormy night a year ago. Grosz had been speaking of death—how beautiful it was and how gentle and melodic the German word for it, *Tod*, was. It might come at any time, he said, and in any form. Just then there was a loud knock at the front door downstairs. "The knock of death!" Grosz announced to his friend, then said farewell and slowly descended to the door, leaving the friend in an unsettled state of mind. Presently Grosz returned and said that it was a motorist who had lost his way.

Grosz seems also to have frightened a certain Spanish journalist in 1919. It was when Grosz was a leader of the Dada movement in Berlin and fond of wearing a papier-mâché death's head. "Grosz is a Stygian cave which you enter at your peril," the Spaniard wrote in an article. "He introduced me to a man, who immediately lay down on the ground and embraced it convulsively as he chanted, 'I marry the earth.' In the blackest midnight, he took me to a Professor Stadelmann, who told me that the soul resembled a corkscrew and then knelt before a needle on a string, which he tried in vain to make move by the force of his will."

In recalling those days, Grosz laughs somewhat reluctantly and says, "Nussing was holy to a Dadaist."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(This is the first of three articles on Mr. Grosz.)

•

JOB METHODS TRAINING, or JM as it is now called, is a kind of midget course in scientific management, humanized.

A homely illustration will give you the idea. Here are three pieces of bread, and a standard toaster which toasts one side of two pieces simultaneously. How can you brown the three pieces without wasting electricity? Normally at our own breakfast table we do two pieces, front and back, then do the third piece front and back. But this obviously isn't efficient; half the time half the toaster is all het up but doing nothing.

Study the problem by Job Methods principles and you get the answer. Toast the front side of two pieces of bread. Then toast the back of the first piece and the front of the *third* piece. Then the backs of the second and third pieces. In this way the toaster is busy all the time, operating at "peak load" as the engineers say, and the job is finished in three rounds instead of four.—*Stuart Chase in the Reader's Digest.*

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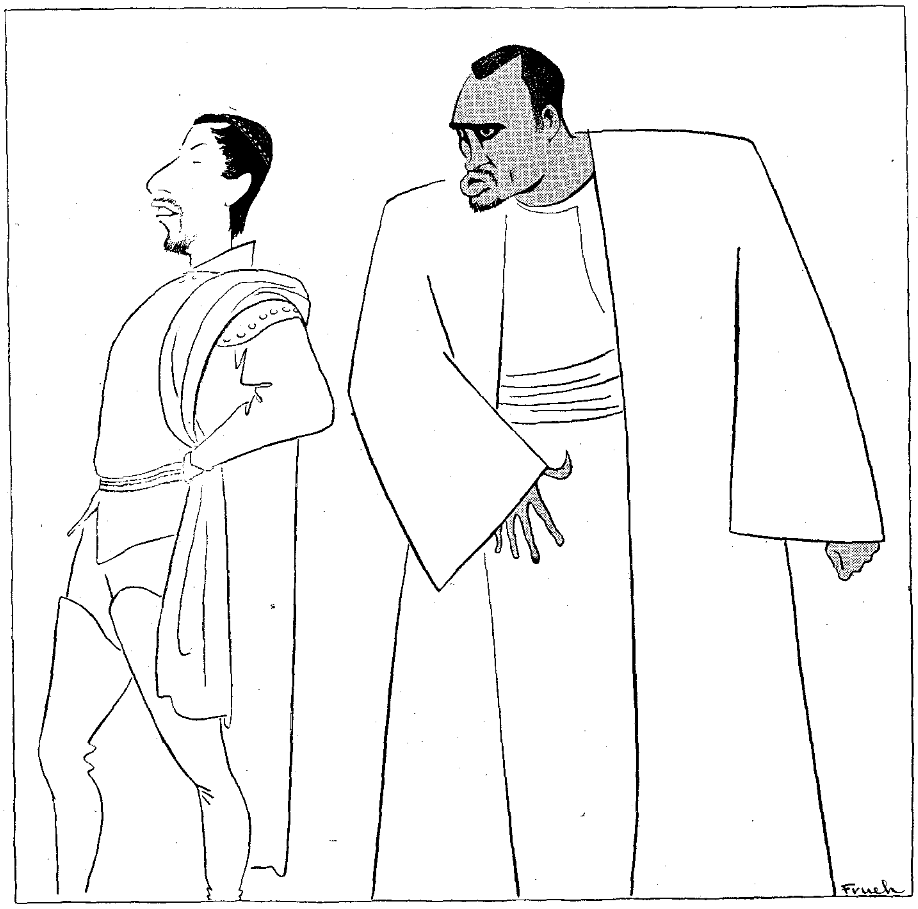
THE THEATRE

NICE TRY

IT was daring of Paul Osborn to attempt to dramatize "The Innocent Voyage" and I wish I could say that he had been entirely successful. Richard Hughes' novel was, of course, a great and very curious book—a penetrating study of the amoral nature of childhood, an alternately gay and shocking fantasy, and a brilliant exercise in style all at once. Mr. Hughes did a great many subtle and difficult things. Emily Thornton, his ten-year-old heroine, or demon, was caught at that most astounding moment in every life, the first recognition of self ("She . . . was walking rather aimlessly aft, thinking vaguely about some bees and a fairy queen, when it suddenly flashed into her mind that she was *she* . . . this particular one, this Emily, born in such-and-such a year out of all the years in Time"); the younger Thornton children were at another borderline, where the real and the unreal were strangely blended, "where the child-mind lived in the midst of the familiar relics of the baby-mind, like a Fascist in Rome;" the pirates were anachronisms, and on that point I'd like to quote Mr. Hughes just once more: "Piracy had long since ceased to pay, and should have been scrapped years ago: but a vocational tradition will last on a long time after it has ceased to be economic, in a decadent form." They were comic both as representative of a big business lingering on without a function and in their relation to the rather superior bloodthirstiness of the children, but they were terrible, too, since Mr. Hughes managed to imply something subhuman and even half-mad in their behavior. All these very complicated personalities were illuminated by a queer sort of incandescence in Mr. Hughes' prose; a clear, ominous radiance, like the sunset forecasting the hurricane in the book.

How much of the quality of the original could have been transferred to the stage I don't know, but I doubt if it was necessary to simplify things quite as drastically as they have been at the Belasco. In Mr. Osborn's version, a great deal of the story has been amputated. All the action takes place on board three ships—the John Dodson, on which the children originally set sail for England; the raiding vessel, the Clorinda; and H.M.S. Royal William, on which the buccaneers are held for trial on charges of piracy and murder. In this attempt to reduce "The Innocent Voyage" to its tidy essentials, Mr. Osborn has been obliged to omit much that gave the book its peculiar nightmare logic. The hurricane, of course, is gone, and with it a background of experience very useful in establishing the odd system of values governing Emily's mind. To her, the earthquake, though it did no more than cause the sea to drop suddenly an inch or so, was a tremendous event because it was new and the word had a terrible and romantic sound; the hurricane, on the other hand, although it levelled half Jamaica, was no more than a big thunderstorm and memorable only as the night her cat was killed. In the same manner, the auction at Santa Lucia and her brother John's abrupt end (he fell off a tower and broke his neck and none of the children ever mentioned his name again) were valuable in explaining the calm acceptance of the inscrutable that was so characteristic of the Thorntons. Probably Mr. Osborn was wise in confining his events to shipboard, though it seems to me to involve an unfortunate sacrifice of character delineation to gain only neat construction, but I wish he could have brought enough of the past into his dialogue to show that Emily was a rather oddly conditioned little girl before she ever set foot on the Clorinda. It is true that Mr. Osborn goes in for quite a lot of exposition, but it does no more than clear up the mechanics of the plot and it is certainly pedestrian.



"OTHELLO"

Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world are going to be much help to the jealous Moor, represented here by Paul Robeson. Iago (José Ferrer) seems delighted. At the Shubert.

As it is, the play is suspended uncomfortably about halfway between "Treasure Island" and "The Pirates of Penzance." In spite of the debauching of the Creole girl, Margaret, by the crew and the murder of the Swedish captain, it remains essentially the story of some rather whimsical children who get kidnapped by funny pirates. It often has

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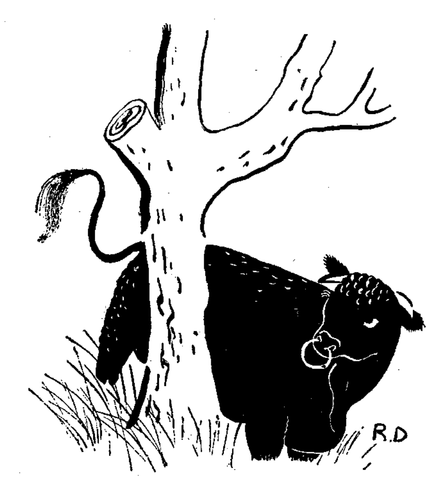
charm, sometimes humor (the pirate captain's inability to understand why it is unusual for a minister to be in the slave trade is hilarious business), and there is a good deal of drama, though of the kind that stems from situation rather than character, but of the special flavor of Mr. Hughes' extraordinary book I'm afraid not much is left.

In addition to the problem of simplifying "The Innocent Voyage" for the stage, Mr. Osborn has been confronted with the difficulties of casting it. The differences between the ages of four and seven and ten were drawn with exquisite care in the novel, but obviously this was not possible with child actors, who have their limits, so that, with the exception of Emily, they all seem identical and not very interesting. Emily herself is naturally a reduction to much simpler terms, but it is done with intelligence and skill, and young Abby Bonime plays the part beautifully, except perhaps in her scenes of blind panic, when her director seems to have advised too vehement spasms. Oscar Homolka, as the pirate captain, is excellent within the limits of the part as adapted. He is a more endearing and less intricate man than Mr. Hughes must have had in mind, but he hasn't the homely, rumpled charm of a Frank Bacon and for that I am suitably grateful. The others, including Clarence Derwent, Herbert Berghof, and Lois Wheeler, who as the unfortunate Margaret kept reminding me of Ellie May in "Tobacco Road," give good, sensible performances, and Stewart Chaney's various quarterdecks are as pretty as Maxfield Parrish. "The Innocent Voyage," incidentally, is produced by the Theatre Guild, for whom things seem to be looking up more or less these days.

SEEN again after sixteen years, "A Connecticut Yankee" was something of a disappointment to me. The old tunes, especially "My Heart Stood



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KENNY BAKER · JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
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Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
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"A Triumph" —BARNES, Herald Trib.
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DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
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Robert Reud & Paul Czinner present
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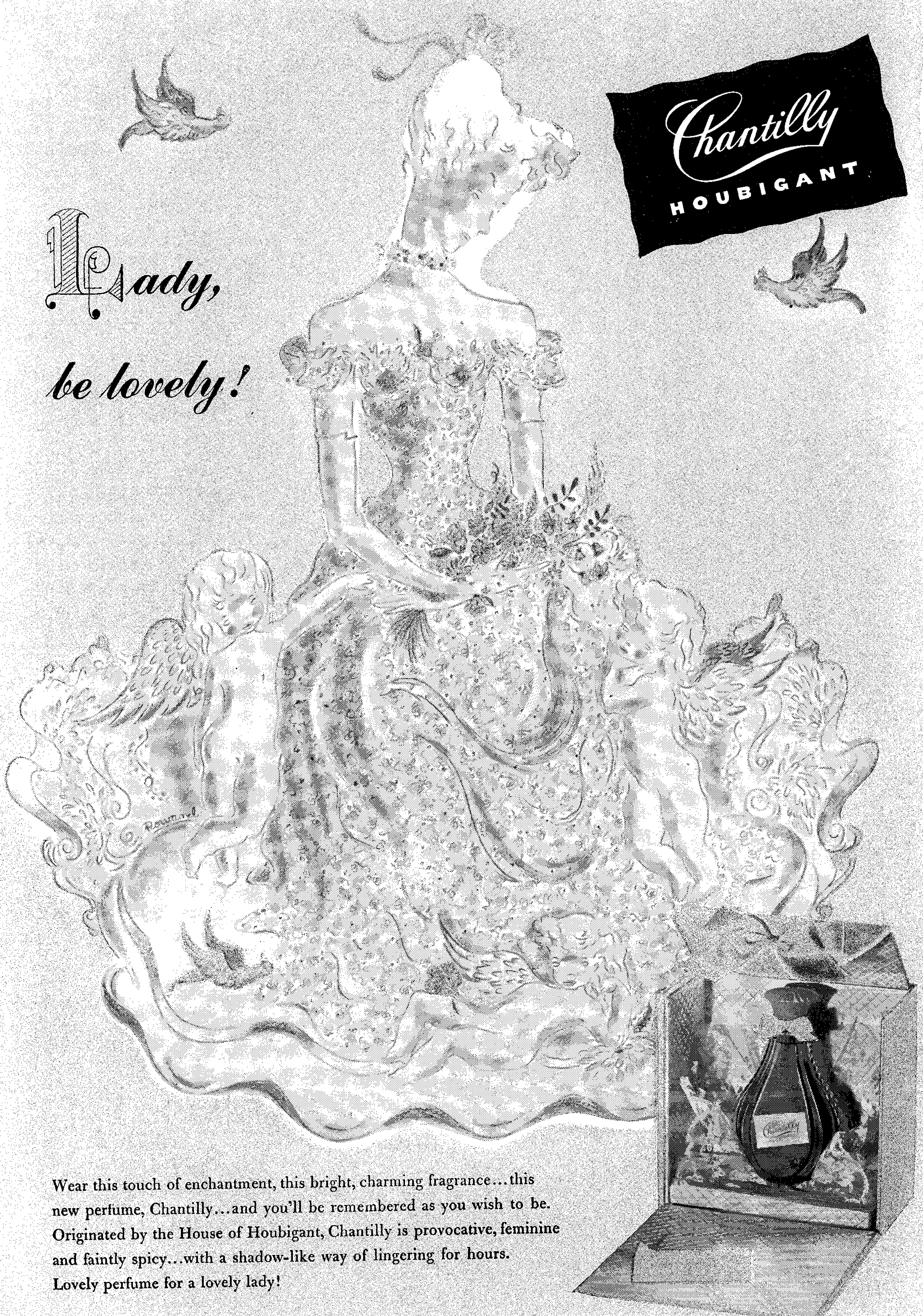

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Still" and "Thou Swell," are still very fetching; the book, hauled up to date in a military and political sense, remains an ingenious idea, though a good deal more labored and elementary than I'd remembered; and the production is elaborate but distinguished somehow for the size and costly shine of things rather than for their beauty. With the exception of one fine new song, called "To Keep My Love Alive," which explains how Queen Morgan le Fay got rid of her ex-beaux, the new material is nothing very much, and the performers, leaving out Vivienne Segal as the homicidal queen and Vera-Ellen, a rather wonderful girl who will probably soon be leading a show of her own, are better at singing than acting, but they aren't really very memorable at either. I liked some of the dances executed by Jere McMahon, who has a good deal of style, but otherwise the choreography is pretty tame and conventional, and the girls struck me as wholesome rather than stimulating.

After cataloguing all these drawbacks, I am obliged to admit I didn't have too bad a time at the Martin Beck. The old songs, as noted, are very nice, bringing back cheerful memories of the Coolidge administration and the good times that were going to last forever; Miss Segal is probably the greatest actress in musical comedy when it comes to suggesting a sort of genial carnality, and she is in evidence quite a lot of the time; and I have no real objection to the plot, though I don't like to think much about its effect on Mark Twain's indignant ghost. On the whole, perhaps you'd better go and see "A Connecticut Yankee," especially if you never have before.

THE only other production my schedule permitted me to consider this week was an unpleasant little specimen called "Lady, Behave!," at the Cort. Its producer was High Bennett, its star was Pert Kelton, and it demonstrated the really incredible amount of vulgarity an ingenious mind can work into a farce about psychoanalysis. It gets this department's customary award for merit in such cases—four fine cabbages.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

TODAY'S QUIZ

6. Who wrote "Lays of Ancient Rome"?

QUIZ ANSWERS

6. Thomas Badminton Macaulay.

—*Toledo Blade.*

It was either he or Alfred, Lord Tennis.

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She'll keep you manicured gloriously
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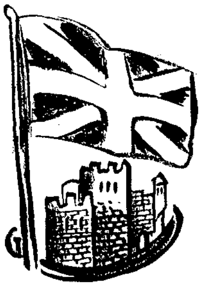
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 19 (BY CABLE)

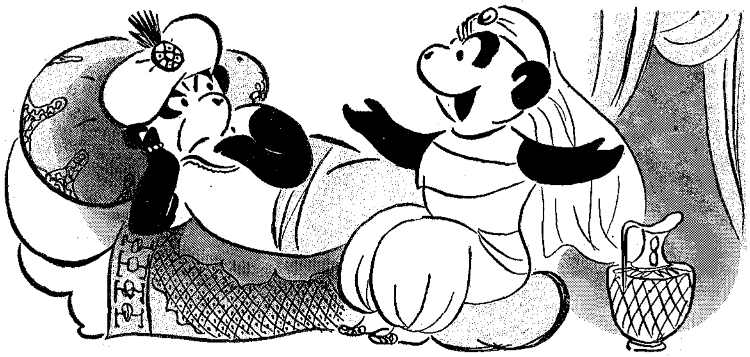


ALTHOUGH the press declared that the fall of Leros wasn't a major military disaster, it couldn't take the sting out of what was a profound disappointment. If the campaign in Italy had not slowed down to what looks like a crawl, there might have been less gloom over the capitulation of Leros. As it was, the general impression seemed to be that the high expectations at the opening of the Italian campaign have failed to materialize, and it seems certain that Parliament will shortly be asking those critical questions which are already being asked in lots of less formal London gatherings.

It may be, though, that the Government won't be entirely displeased if the unfamiliar taste of bad news jolts the public out of feeling that the end of the war is just around the corner. Several speakers, including Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison, have lately issued warnings that for some time to come civilians are likely to be getting more opportunities for practicing with the stirrup pump than for tacking up victory bunting. In all the chat about whether the Germans will shortly try out something new and nasty, the only point on which everyone seems agreed is that the capital will be the natural and inevitable target. Some of the guesses about what might be cooking have a wild, Wellsian flavor (the old Wells movie, "The Shape of Things to Come," was revived here recently, and its prophecy of a bomb-devastated London just made the audience giggle). The public reaction continues to be sensibly calm, but A.R.P. workers report that after the last few night alerts the streets were noticeably emptier than usual, presumably because people don't fancy sticking their heads out and achieving the honor of being the first to get cracked by any secret German weapon which may happen to be on hand.

The refusal to ease up on the blackout by so much as a glimmer has been taken by many citizens to mean that there may indeed be new and perhaps unpleasant visitations. The announcement of the decision about the blackout was somewhat softened by the Home Secretary's

SCHEHERAZADE WOULD HAVE HAD LESS WORRY



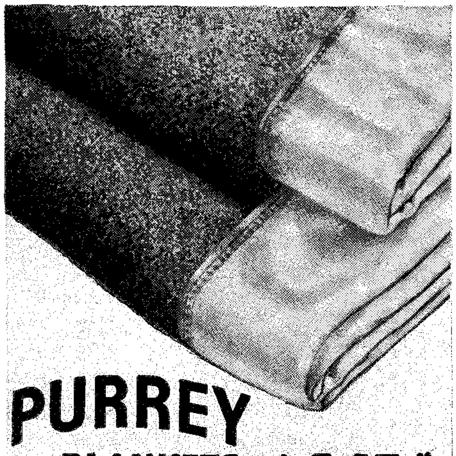
IF THAT MEAN OLD SULTAN HAD SLEPT 'NEATH PURREY

Not everybody can have beautiful houris to put them to sleep these restless nights—but nearly anyone can have Purrey Blankets.

Try for yourself and see if Purreys don't give you quicker, deeper, more reviving sleep than many blankets costing up to twice as much. Science has proved repeatedly that Purrey is warmer, yet Purrey is refreshingly light on tired bodies. However, unless your old blankets are worn to a frazzle, don't run out and buy new Purreys now.

A Blanket of War Bonds is much better protection. But, if your present blankets are hopelessly worn—or if you've got a particularly important wedding gift to make—you'll find complete satisfaction in 90 inch Purreys (7½ feet long). You may have to look around some to find them, but the added comfort is worth more than the extra trouble.

Modern women who, like Scheherazade, like to live well, prefer Purrey. Its unique construction (88% Purrey Rayon, wool 12%) has been proved by impartial tests to make a warmer blanket than many twice-as-expensive kinds. And Purreys are treated to prevent moth damage too.



PURREY BLANKETS **$6.45***

SIZE, 6 FT. x 7½ FT.

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* *The practical double-bed oversize:* 80 x 90 *inches,* $7.45. *Regular size:* 72 x 84 *inches,* $5.95. *All prices slightly higher in West. A new FREE booklet, "The Story of a New Kind of Blanket," tells all about Purrey, and is full of hints on blanket care. Write to Nashua Mfg. Co.,* 40 *Worth St., New York* 13, *N. Y.*

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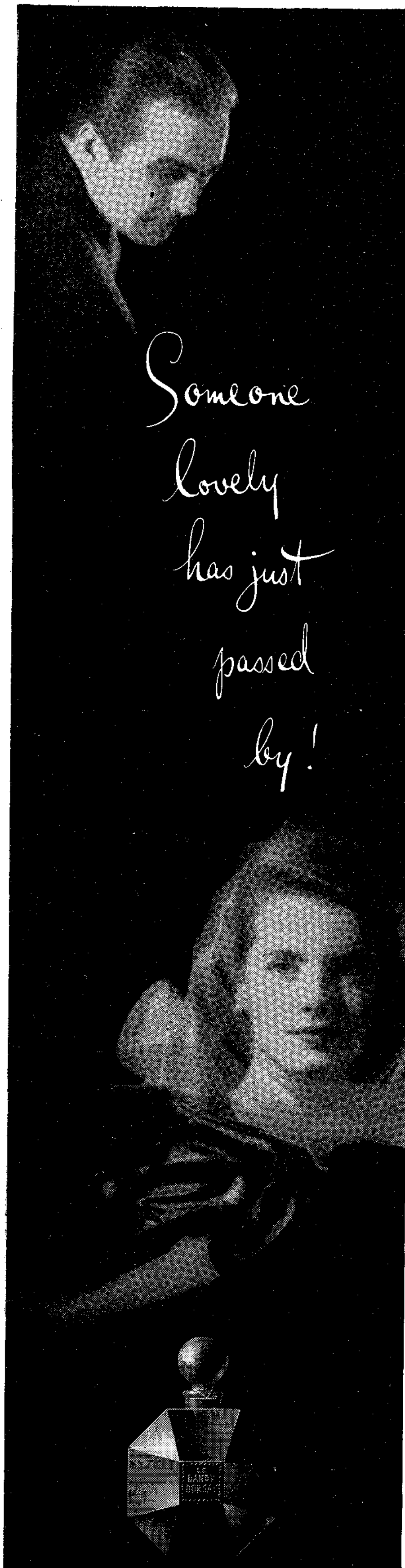
statement that municipal lighting systems were being checked over for the big moment when the lights go on again on armistice night. This, however, merely caused Londoners to feel that they were being told of something good waiting in Mother's bureau drawer for them until they'd had their tonsils out.

ON the home front, millions of Britons thought that the best news of the week was the appointment of Lord Woolton as the Minister of Reconstruction. The only regretful voices to offset the chorus of satisfaction were those of the housewives who apparently considered that they had lost their best friend, for the accession of Woolton to the Ministry of Reconstruction meant that he had to resign the portfolio of Minister of Food. There is hope even for these mourners, though, since the Prime Minister's definition of Britain's reconstruction job as "food, work, and homes for all" seems to show that Woolton's eye will still be on the national larder for some time to come. Seldom, if ever, has a Minister bowed his way offstage (even if only to take up another starring part) in the applauding atmosphere of a successful first night; such departures generally resemble a post-mortem.

On the whole, the food situation here would appear, from the consumer's viewpoint, to be in fairly tidy shape for the new Minister to take over. The blackest spot right now is the reduction of the milk ration to two pints a week for an adult, which, with a virulent gastric-influenza bug laying out Londoners as neatly as any secret weapon could hope to do, is bad news indeed. For those who eat out in the West End, getting a meal is becoming more and more of a race to the swiftest, in which latecomers are greeted with nothing but polite headshakes and overflowing tables. The five-shilling limit on bills has no real effect on the cost of dining out—the addition of various "house charges" and sundry items see to that—but it does have certain comic results. Oyster fanciers, for instance, can start their dinner with six oysters if they can afford such luxuries, but if they have nine oysters they can't have another course, for that would send the bill above the legal total. A major in Driver's the other evening, affectionately regarding the last oyster on his plate, saw it snatched from under his nose by the barman, who had suddenly realized that he had given the guest ten by mistake. The unhappy major said that they were the first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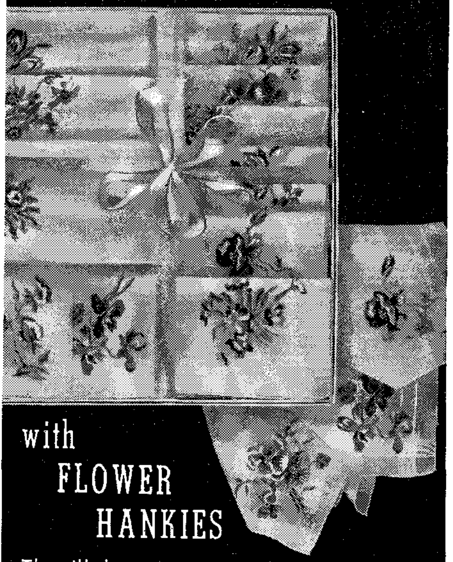
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oysters he had had after three years in the desert, all of which time he had apparently spent dreaming about Whitstable Natives. It didn't make any difference to the bartender, though.

"THIS IS THE ARMY," with its New York cast, is playing for three weeks at the Palladium to standing room only. On the Tuesday matinée attended by the King and Queen and their daughters, the audience spent all the time that they weren't laughing, which wasn't much, in cocking an eye at the Royal Box to see how the young princesses were enjoying the Gypsy Rose Lee strip-tease act and similar adult frolics. Even Princess Margaret Rose seemed to think that they were fine. The show, which is going to the provinces shortly, has done more for Anglo-American understanding than the carloads of print turned out by the propagandists. The Palladium audiences are demonstrating the simple fact that laughing with an ally is one of the best ways of getting to feel that he's a nice fellow to have around.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(WHERE-EVERYTHING-WAS DIVISION)

[*From "So Little Time," by John P. Marquand*]

It was not right to think of Minot in that way. It was not loyal, but there it was. . . . It did not change Jeffrey's affection for him, but there it was. —*Page 69.*

There it was, the blackout stories were always in Piccadilly. —*Page 75.*

"Well," he said, "there it is. I've got to be going, Madge." —*Page 78.*

They had nothing to do with the subject, but there they were. —*Page 125.*

. . . she put her hand on his arm. He could not believe it, but there it was. —*Page 188.*

. . . it was what he had wanted, too, and there it was. —*Page 305.*

There she was and there he was . . . —*Page 307.*

There they were, and there he was . . . —*Page 313.*

. . . they had been obliged to build a brick wall around the swimming pool later so he would not shake his teeth out shivering when he got out of the water. But there it was. —*Page 432.*

Jeffrey felt he should not have been there, but there he was. —*Page 465.*

He did not even have that feeling of wondering how he had got there—he was simply there. —*Page 467.*

. . . God alone knew why it was regulation for aviators to wear spurs, but there it was. —*Page 525.*

He turned on the light on the bedroom table, and there he was and there she was . . . —*Page 534.*

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of ROSEMARIE DE PARIS
a Tea Room of distinction and charm—where you will be delighted to partake of light repasts in the leisurely atmosphere reminiscent of the Paris we once loved—and shall love again.
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Fear is no respecter of foxholes

Heinrich is afraid.

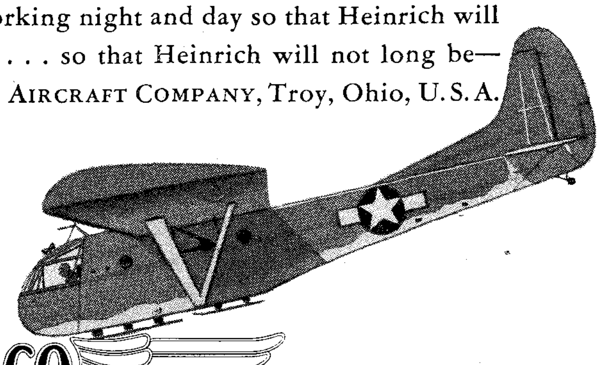
Once he goose-stepped the gory road from Poland to Paris. Once he sang "We're Sailing on England Tonight"—*and believed it!*

But now he is afraid. Now he knows that fear is no respecter of foxholes.

Why is Heinrich afraid?

Because—out there in the darkness of his dirty, dank hole in the ground—he knows what it is to listen for an enemy he can't hear . . . to look for an enemy he can't see . . . an enemy that, any night now, may come stealing out of the sky in their giant gliders.

Here at WACO where these gliders were designed . . . and here, and in the fifteen other plants where they are being manufactured under WACO'S design and engineering supervision . . . we're working night and day so that Heinrich will not long be afraid . . . so that Heinrich will not long be—period! THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.



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OF ALL THINGS

IN the President's message to the *Herald Tribune* Forum, he stressed the fact that the Allies now have the initiative. The war is still doing business at the same old place, but it is under new and improved management.

•

There is a growing belief that some touchdown plays will come out of the scheduled huddle between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. This is a perfectly natural assumption, since the second-string teams did so well at Moscow.

•

Cheer-leader Goebbels has a brand-new treat in store for his fans. He may soon be able to announce that the Wehrmacht has cunningly drawn the Russians deep into the Pripet marshes.

•

Congress insists that pre-Pearl Harbor fathers must not be called up until all the other boys have been looked over. Our lawmakers seem to have an unreasonable prejudice against pistol-packin' papas.

•

The OWI announces that it will not send campaign arguments to the armed forces. The boys will readily understand that our entire supply of politics is needed on the home front.

•

A Senatorial committee is investigating charges that the liquor interests have created an artificial shortage of whiskey. The distillers are accused of trying to put over prohibition while the boys are in the foxholes.

•

One of the latest achievements of science is elastic plate glass, which is almost impossible to break. No doubt it will be used in the construction of houses for the stone-throwing element.

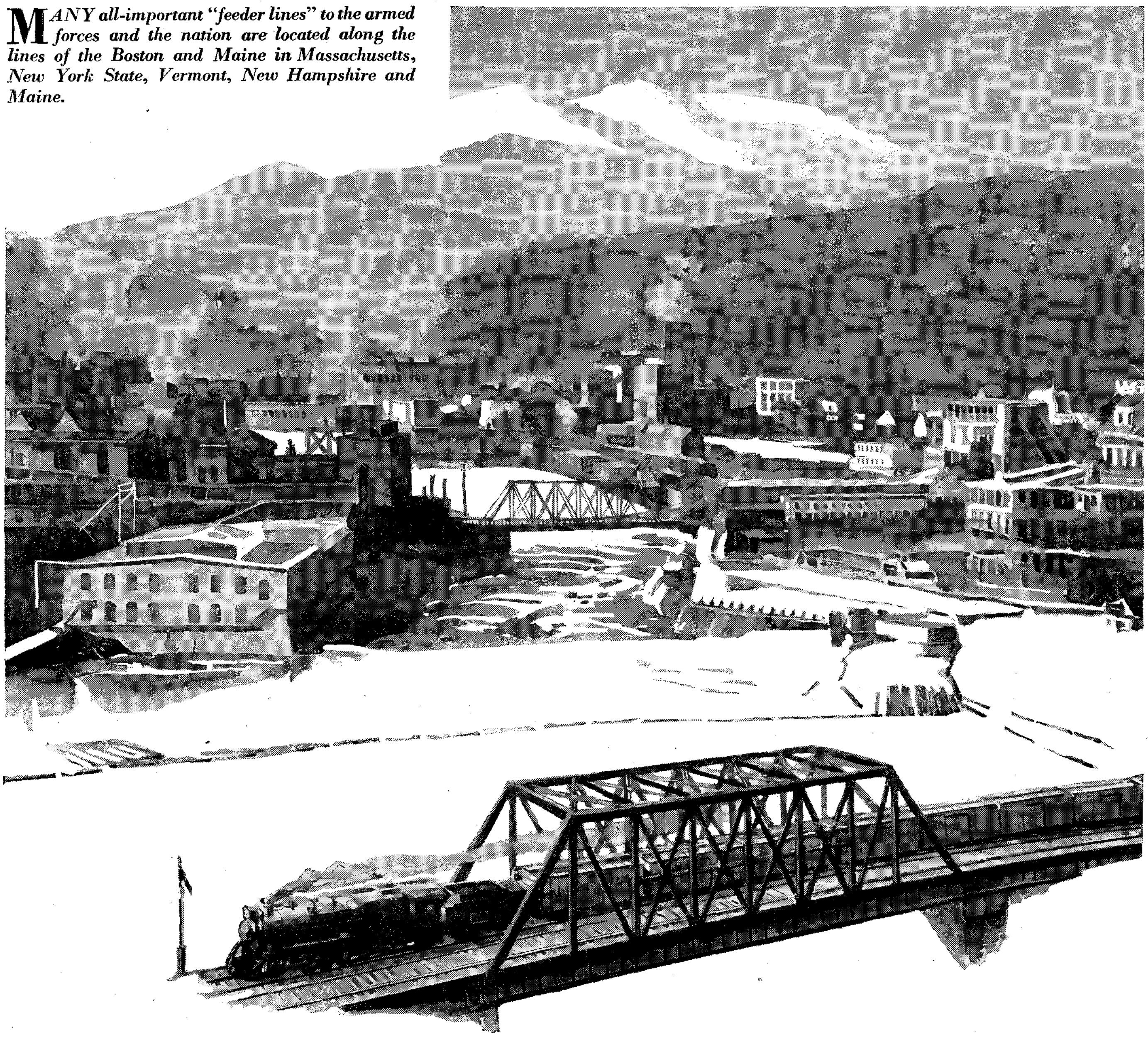
•

Pork has been reduced two points a pound because a record-breaking crop has jammed the warehouses. In the opinion of the OPA, too many little pigs went to market.

•

It is estimated that fifteen million white-collar workers aren't sharing in the wartime prosperity because they have no unions or blocs. Nobody ever thinks of relieving or rehabilitating these poor folk. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

MANY all-important "feeder lines" to the armed forces and the nation are located along the lines of the Boston and Maine in Massachusetts, New York State, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine.

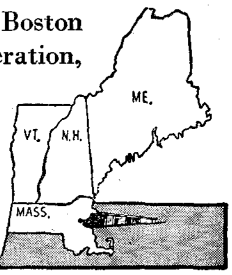


DESTINATION -- Magnitogorsk

Stencils in the shipping departments of Northern New England factories read like an Atlas. Akron, Alexandria, Angora—Melbourne, Montreal, Magnitogorsk, and hundreds of other destinations throughout the world.

Those same stencils on crates arriving in Russia, South Africa, and the British Isles spell the strengthening of another forward step in the progress of mankind. A turret lathe from the hills of Vermont, warm blankets from the looms along the banks of the Merrimack River, shoes from the stitching machines of Massachusetts—all become symbols of manufacturing excellence, the New England label. For nowhere in all the world is man's ingenuity and resourcefulness and skill so completely and thoroughly built into the products of his labor as in New England.

Starting New England's products on their way to destinations is but part of the service of the Boston and Maine. From the North, the South, and from the West, the Boston and Maine Railroad meets and brings in the material that feeds New England industry. Like the service New England industry gives to other industries in every section of the country, Boston and Maine service is a two-way operation, a partnership of industry from California to Maine and back again.



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NOTES ON SPORTS

Shortage on Ice

LAST week the New York Rangers, who play hockey of sorts, were shopping for a defense man and offering to pay twenty-five thousand dollars for a fellow with satisfactory references. There was little prospect at the time of their landing one, and they may be shopping still. Twenty-five thousand is very high for a hockey player—the highest recorded price paid is thirty-five and the average is down around ten—but hockey players are as scarce as Scotch right now, and the black market doesn't even carry them. No other team can very well afford to sell, because it would be left shorthanded and probably blow the chance that every team in the National Hockey League, with the possible exception of the Rangers, has of getting into the Stanley Cup playoffs, which represent a certain amount of money in themselves. The Rangers, who lost their first eight games and are shaky not only on defense but in their forward line, don't look as though they'd get into the exclusive company of the playoffs, to which only the first four teams at the end of the season are admitted, instead of all six. Although they also need a new centre and perhaps a couple of wings, the Rangers will settle for a defense man. They have hit upon a desperate sort of solution to their centre problem by pulling their forty-two-year-old coach, Frank Boucher, off the bench and using him as a spare. He's apt to be puffing a little after a turn on the ice, but he's still a good playmaker and maybe an even better one than he used to be, having been retired for five years with little to do but scheme.

WHILE the Rangers have been digging firmly into last place, Les Canadiens de Montréal, as they call themselves, have been digging into first. This bothers the newspapers quite a bit, since they are obliged to mention Les Canadiens even oftener than usual, and the name has always made them uncomfortable. For a while last year, there was a noticeable effort on the part of writers or copyreaders or somebody to go all out and refer to the team always as "Les Canadiens," but since then there has been a tendency to backslide and say

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This imported, gaily colored, superior quality, hand-fashioned, half-bushel gift basket is packed with 4 varieties of choice tree-ripened citrus fruit, Christmas wrapped. Your card included if desired. Write or wire—

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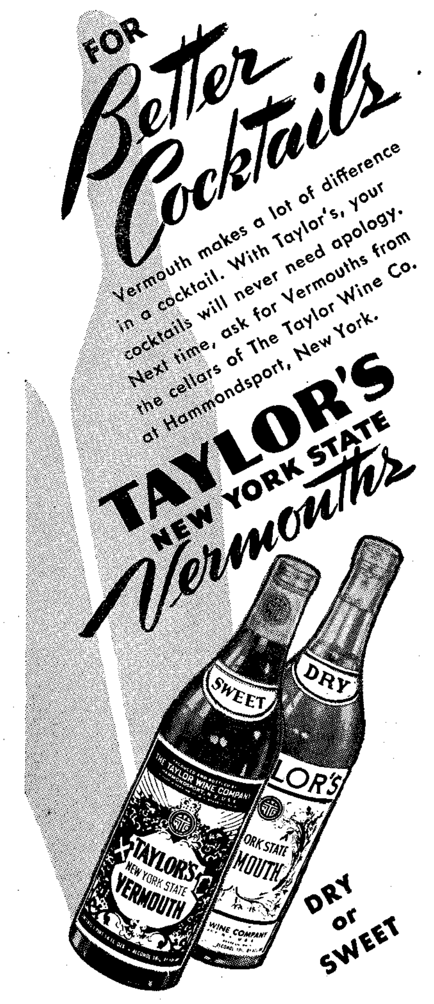
Pharr, Texas



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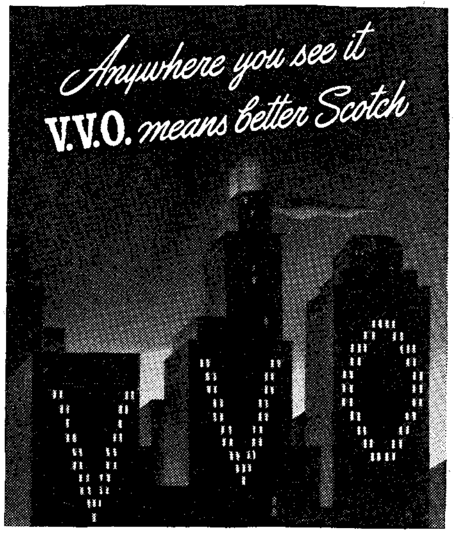
Vermouth makes a lot of difference in a cocktail. With Taylor's, your cocktails will never need apology. Next time, ask for Vermouths from the cellars of The Taylor Wine Co. at Hammondsport, New York.

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE *Vermouths*

DRY or SWEET



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THE SECRET OF BETTER SCOTCH...
Martin's V.V.O. is selected *liqueur* Scotch — every drop is the pick of choice Scotch whiskies. Enjoy the advantage of V.V.O. It costs you no more than most other brands.

MARTIN'S V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky
88 proof
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
SMOKED TURKEY

A Rare Flavor for the Holidays—Give a Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey!

Let your gift to your friends and family this year have a flavor all its own; a different gift to thrill the appetites. Serve Smoked Turkey, hot or cold, in your own home for buffet suppers, dinners, cocktail parties, hors d'oeuvres and canapes.

Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkeys are premium birds, cured in fine herbs and spices, and then smoked over fragrant applewood embers. Golden brown Smoked Turkeys, ready to serve, weigh from 8 to 16 lbs., and cost $1.50 a pound, express prepaid. No deliveries made outside of the U.S.A. If you will send us the names and addresses of friends, an attractively packed Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey will be delivered on the day you name. A really different gift card and an interesting, descriptive booklet, showing various methods of serving, enclosed in each package. The Forst family has prepared and smoked meats for epicures for more than eighty years; this is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Write or telegraph your orders today to—
FORST, RONDOUT STATION 8, KINGSTON, N.Y.

"*The* Canadiens" and sometimes even, though this may have been a typographical error, "The Canadians." Most writers just refer to the team as "Montreal" as often as possible, but a time comes in every story when the issue must be faced. Orally, around Madison Square Garden, the name is generally unabashedly anglicized and comes out "The Canadians," but sometimes a scholar will lapse into French. In these cases the article is usually pronounced like the "Les" in Les Patrick, manager of the New York Rangers. It's what comes of playing around with foreigners.

A GOLFER in Portland, Oregon, shot a hole in one the other day, but didn't take much credit for it because there was a heavy fog and he couldn't see the green. He must have been pretty good, though, or at least pretty confident, because a lot of golfers, groping around in the fog for their ball, wouldn't have thought of looking in the cup at all. As a matter of fact, if a man wants to play golf in the fog, and apparently he does, he almost has to be able to hole out in one these days, because he might otherwise mislay his ball and there's a real threat that the supply will run out altogether. Manufacturers have asked that old balls be turned in for retreading, but they haven't been in any adequate number, presumably because they've been getting lost instead. It looks as though too many dubs who can't make holes in one have been heedlessly banging around in the fog.

AS one of many rooters for Beau Jack during his recent recapture of the world's lightweight championship, I want to apologize for all of us for his having won what looked like a rather warped decision and to protest that we didn't do much to influence the judges. All we did was rough them up a little. —D. L.

•

WANTED—Stuffed jay bird, mounted on a whiskbroom, suitable for gift purpose. State age, price, etc., in first letter. Address X-212, Constitution.—*Adv. in the Atlanta Constitution.*

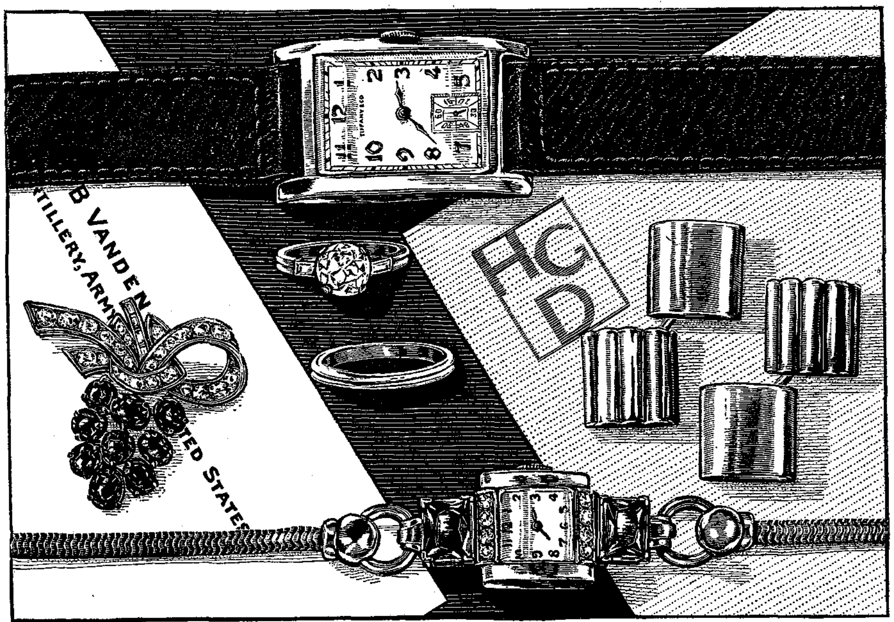
Darn! Now you've made *us* want one.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Thomasville* (*Ga.*) *Times-Enterprise*]

Mrs. Oscar Maddox is able to be up after being confined to her bed for several weeks with malaria fever, to the delight of her friends.



MAN'S GOLD WRIST WATCH $105.
DIAMOND AND SAPPHIRE BROOCH 855.
GOLD, TOPAZ-QUARTZ AND DIAMOND WATCH BRACELET 370.
SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING $985.
PALLADIUM WEDDING RING 18.
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FINE PERSONAL STATIONERY FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

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Charbert's Breathless
Perfume that spins a moment
into a memory...

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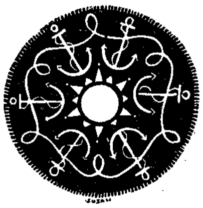
HOW TO HAVE AN AFFAIR WITH A TYCOON, OR COCOON

(WITH THANKS TO LAURA Z. HOBSON, WHOSE NOVEL, "THE TRESPASSERS," POINTED THE WAY)

WHEN Ratchety N. P. Stomacher was at Hotchkiss, he had had too much money, too many sweaters, too many socks, too many name tapes on his socks, too many initials on his name tapes. "Rich Ratch," the other boys called him, and when elections to the glee club were held, the only vote he got was his own. He couldn't sing a note, but the thing rankled anyway. At Yale, he dropped his middle initials, but it didn't help. Harry Luce never called him by his first name, Rudy Vallée pushed him off the Fence, Chauncey Tinker gave him the merest nod, Skull and Bones overlooked him, the Elizabethan Club blackballed him, people kept pieing his bed, and he was eventually voted the most unattractive man in his class.

Twenty years later, Stomacher was a ruthless neurotic with the most extensive butterfly-and-moth business in the world and an annual intake of several thousand sound, non-parasite-infested cocoons which he bought from small, underpaid, tree-climbing boys. Lepidoptera, Inc., Stomacher's company, paid a cent apiece for the cocoons and sold the adult moths for anything from a dollar up. Stomacher himself held all the debentures. Edith Wilder was the only girl he saw at all regularly. "I doubt whether he ever sees the real me at that," she thought, as she reached for the telephone in her room at the Nacional in Havana and asked for Ratchety's New York office.



"Mr. Stomacher is in conference, Miss Wilder," said Ratchety's secretary. "May he call you back?" She gave Stomacher the message. Ratchety nodded. He stared patiently at the man opposite him and made some doodles on a scratch pad. "Send these doodles to my psychoanalyst," he said to his secretary. She nodded. "Stop that goddam nodding," said Ratchety. "I do all the nodding around here."

The man opposite him was an enemy, Ratchety was thinking. The man opposite him was his principal stockholder, and Stomacher had seen to it that the five hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock issued to him had contained a special non-dividend clause, printed in microscopic type, but the man opposite him had bought a microscope and he had found out. Ratchety knew that the man opposite, this aging Witherbee La Gorce in his threadbare Sulka tie, would have to be destroyed. Destroyed. . . .

"Look here, Witherbee," Stomacher said finally, his eyes oddly dead. "We're partners, but this won't do. That microscope. That long-distance call to your mother in Pelham you charged to the office. I don't care for disloyalty. We're enemies."

La Gorce whined.

"Stop whining," said Ratchety. He pulled out a cyanide jar and thrust Witherbee into it.

Ratchety shrugged. It was distasteful. Still, men were being killed on the battlefields of the world, and business was war.

EDITH was back from Havana. It was her birthday and she had been expecting Ratchety for dinner at eight. It was ten-thirty when he came, and two days later at that, and the food had grown cold, the wine turned to vinegar, and her hope to ashes. The juggler she had engaged for the occasion had left, invoking a union rule. "What's this?" said Ratchety, pointing to the overburdened ashtray. "My hope," she said, simply. "Oh, Christ," he said. "Had to go to Washington. Here. For your birthday."

He handed her a counterfeit ten-thousand-dollar bill. That was the nearest he ever came to raillery.

"Edie," he said, "let's go to bed." His eyes were dead as twin dormice.

"Why, Ratch," she said, catching her breath. "Supper first. Sorry the food's so cold."

"Brought my own," said Ratchety. "Diet." He opened a box containing a plover's egg and a breast of capon on rye, and began to eat. Edie felt at peace. She watched him contentedly. The evening was obviously pleasing him. The bell rang, and three men she had never seen walked in.

"My new partners," said Ratchety patiently. "Forgot to tell you, Edie. Mind if we have a conference here? You can stay if you want." He smiled at her, melting her heart.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said. He wrote the figure $10,000,000 on the tablecloth. Underneath it he drew a picture of Henry Morgenthau, Jr.

"That's the picture," he said. "You follow me?"

The three men nodded.

Stomacher looked at them sharply. "That'll do," he said briefly. "I can nod for four."

"O.K., Chief," said one of the men. "But the war has shot our imports all to hell."

"Nonsense, Kohnspeyer," said Ratchety, with a bare trace of impatience. "War plays right in our hands." He picked up the telephone.

"Get me the Undersecretary of the Navy," he said. He lit a cigar which Witherbee La Gorce's mother had sent him, and it exploded.

"Hello, Jim," he said a moment later, quietly lighting a fresh cigar. "This is Ratchety Stomacher. Now, I want you to detail some bright young boys in the Navy, all over the world . . . Yes, that's it . . . Between engagements, of course. I wouldn't want to . . . Yes, I'll supply the nets, the cyanide jars, the mounting boards, and . . ."

EDITH finally got away from the F.B.I. men who had been questioning her about the counterfeit bill with which she had bought some War Bonds. She called Ratchety up at his apartment at the Sherry-Netherland. "You haven't been to see me in six weeks," she said.

He nodded patiently at the phone.

"Ratch, we're going to have a baby," she said, with a kind of wild happiness.

Stomacher frowned at the phone.

"Ratch, come over," she said. "I've got something that will interest you. The most stunning spider, jet black with a bright-red marking on its belly. Handsomer than any Luna moth you ever saw."

My God, Ratchety was thinking, *spiders*. Why hadn't he ever thought of that before? Black-and-red spiders for women's hats, black-and-gold spiders, chemically treated to retain their natural colors. No museum had a decent collection of spiders. . . . Lepidoptera & Arachnida, Inc., Ratchety Stomacher, president. More debentures. More common stock. He'd call the Chase and see whether some preferred . . .

"Be right over," he said. "Hold everything."

Edith Wilder shook the jewelled matchbox containing the female black widow and smiled dreamily.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

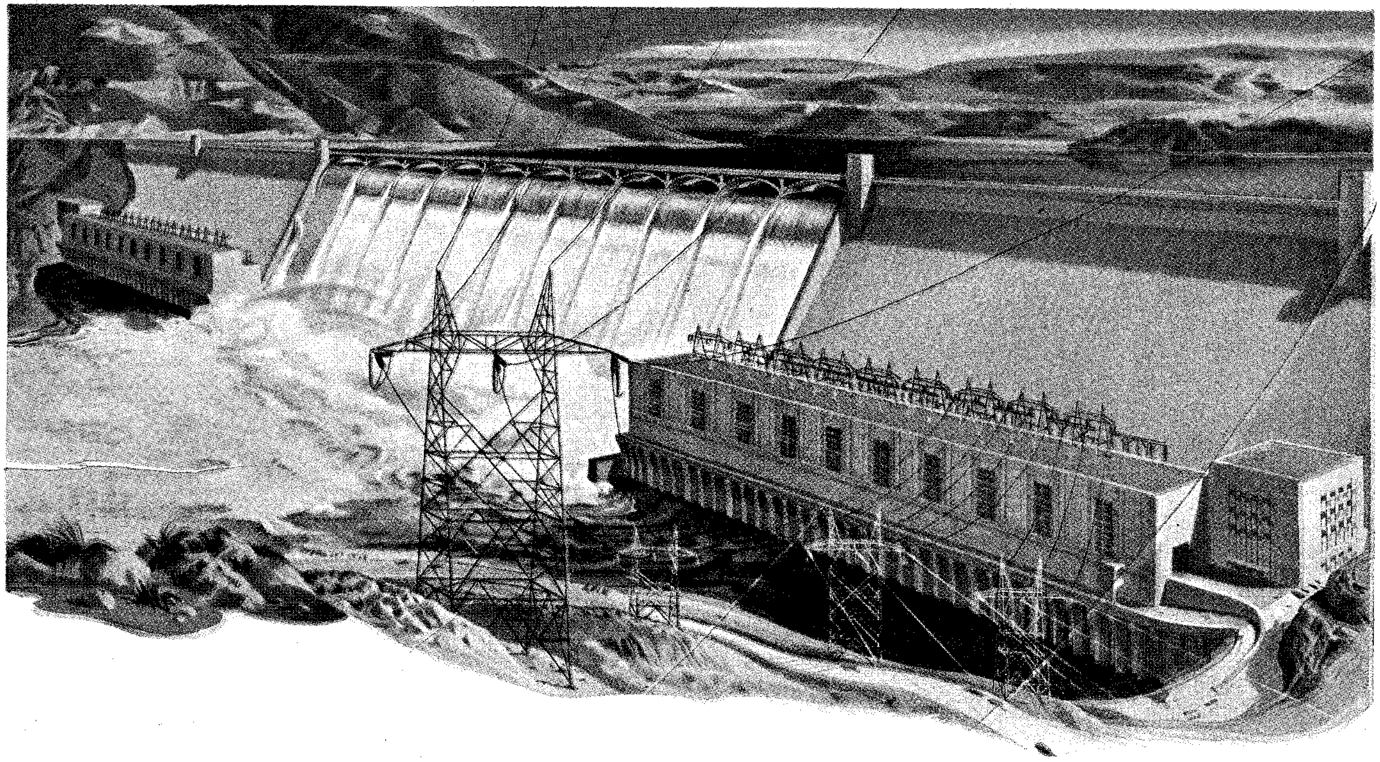
•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[Headline in the Washington News]

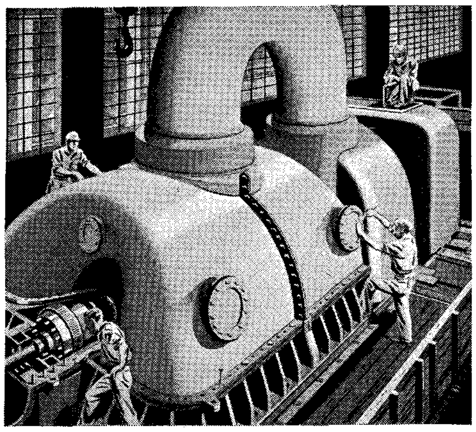
5TH ARMY SEIZES JUNCTION
OF PARALLEL ROADS TO ROME

Shocking de Schiaparelli
Vertès



Westinghouse generators make power for a nation at war...

From the world's largest water-wheel generators at Grand Coulee Dam—from Westinghouse steam-driven generators in power plants throughout the nation—flow billions of kilowatts of electric power to turn the wheels of America's war industry.



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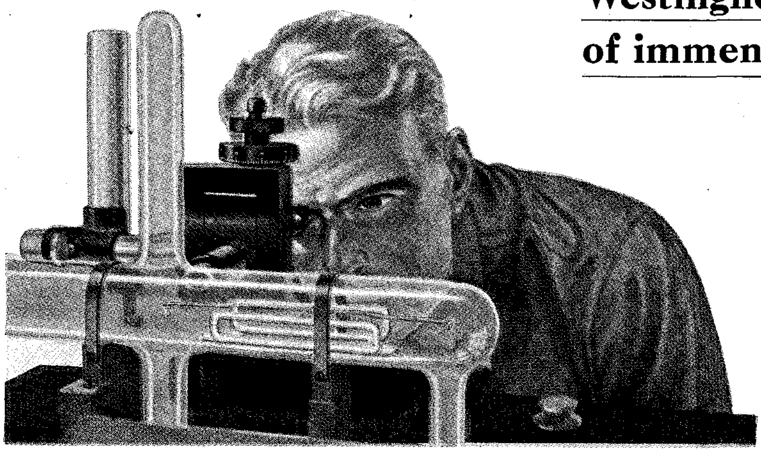
A workman at a lathe, a girl on an assembly line, an engineer on the test floor—theirs, and the countless other skills of 103,000 Westinghouse employes, are welded into a single great production force. Their vast experience and knowledge help to produce the vitally needed power-generating equipment to drive America's mighty war machine.



Westinghouse contributes the power of immense new knowledge...

When the incredible weapons born of wartime research are reforged for peacetime service, the daily miracles that electricity will perform are certain to create new and finer standards of living . . . while the cost of electricity continues to decrease as our nation's power-generating capacity continues to increase. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169—I

ONE day last spring, I stood with six other Coast Guard officers in a shipyard beside the Ohio River in Evansville, Indiana, looking for the first time at the brand-new naval vessel which we were to take down the Mississippi and part way around the world to a combat zone. She was a steel, streamlined, armored ship, lying quietly and with dignity on the chocolate-brown water. In the language of the Navy, she was a Landing Ship, Tanks, or an LST. The LST's, now being turned out in great quantities on a prefabricated basis by Middle Western shipyards, are a product of this war, an instrument employed by the Amphibious Forces to bring the United States Army within striking distance of a seagirt foe. The first time the public heard much of them was during the invasion of Sicily. This type of ship is commonly called a tank-landing barge. Considering our impending ocean voyage, I was pleased to see that there was little of the barge about her. She seemed a tough, sturdy, seagoing monster, somewhat shorter, but at the same time considerably heavier and wider, than a destroyer. Looking at her knifelike prow, you would never guess that she had a flat bottom, nor would you guess that even quite a distance back from the bow she drew only around four feet of water and could shove her nose onto a beach. She carried her superstructure astern, like a Great Lakes freighter, and she made a high silhouette against the summer sky. LST's have numbers instead of names, and ours was the U.S.S. LST 169.

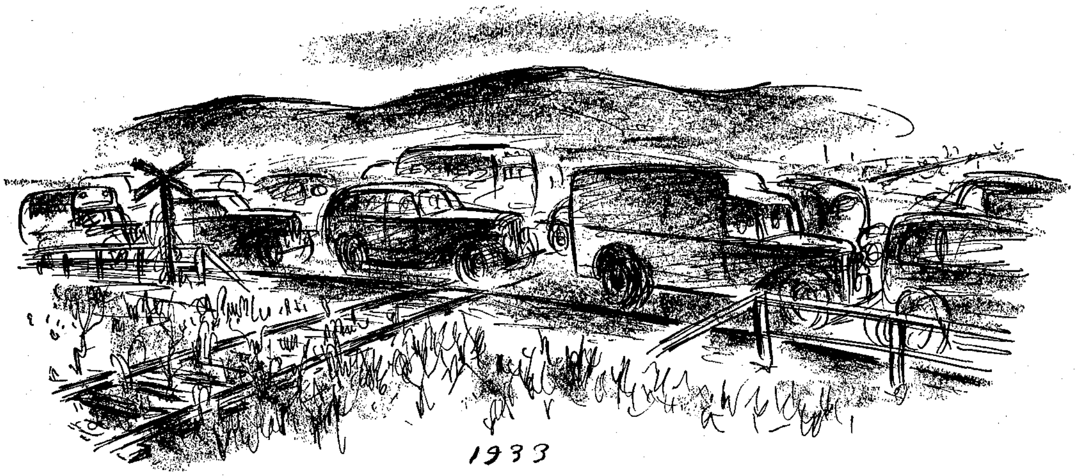
I felt very happy as I looked up at LST 169, and I think the other officers felt the same way. She was my first ship. I was glad now about the weeks of stiff schooling I had got, first in Florida and later in Maryland, to get me ready for the job. Of the seven officers, five of us, including myself, were Reserves. Only the other two, both of them old-timers in the Coast Guard who had started as enlisted men, had had any sea experience. One was the engineering officer. The other was our captain, a lieutenant, who had risen during the war from chief warrant gunner to his present rank. It was he who finally led us, lugging our duffel, up the gangplank.

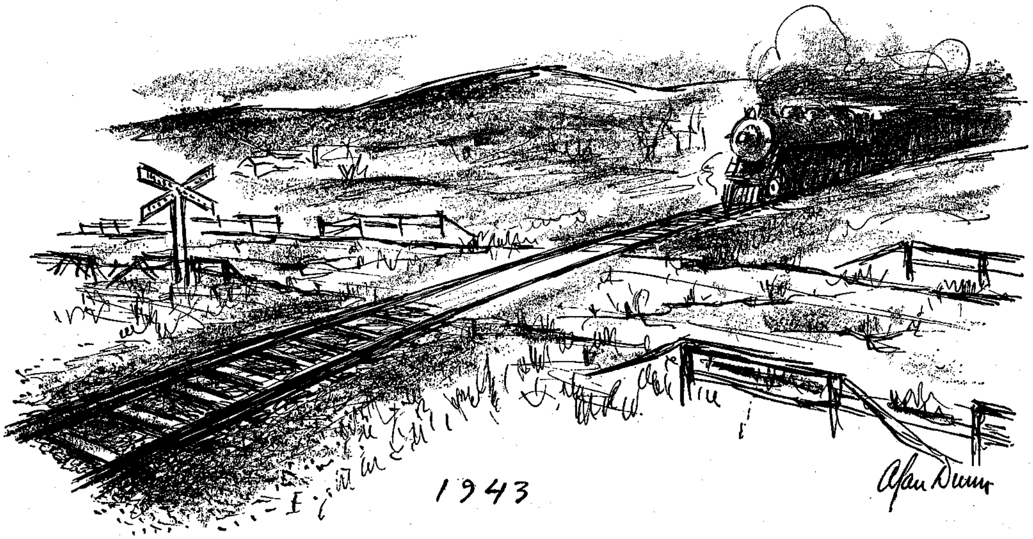
We found our crew of sixty-six enlisted Coast Guard men, very few of whom had ever been to sea before either, already aboard. The deck was littered with crates and packing cases. Its steel rang as we walked aft to the officers' quarters. In the wardroom, the captain told us that the ship would be commissioned at 0900 the next day and that on the second morning we would pull out. The responsibility for getting us to New Orleans, he said, belonged to a Navy ferry crew, which would come aboard before the commissioning tomorrow. Our assignment on the trip downstream, he added, would be to clear the deck of the jumble of crates and cases and to absorb enough knowledge of the ship's operation to be able to take over after the ferry crew left. Then he told us to go to our cabins and unpack.

I shared a large, light-green cabin with an ensign named Billings. A double-decker bunk with reading lamps at the head was built into one wall. I could see that the bunk would easily accommodate my six-foot-four-inch frame. The cabin also contained a leather day bed, a built-in dresser with a mirror and a medicine chest above it, a clothes rack, a steel bookshelf, an electric fan, and a ventilator. Down the corridor was a lavatory, with hot and cold showers. While Billings and I were unpacking and stowing our belongings, Caplan, our supply officer, opened the door and hollered in, "God, isn't this *wonderful?*"

THE commissioning ceremony the next morning was brief. At nine o'clock the Navy ferry crew, the Coast Guard crew, and representatives of the shipyard assembled in neat rows on deck. The few official words were spoken and slowly the commission pennant was hauled up the mast. Standing at attention, the men in uniform turned and saluted the quarterdeck. That was all. But everyone aboard, I imagine, was moved by the fact that this was the moment at which LST 169 officially became a part of our country's fleet.

We spent the rest of the day trying to make a dent in the stuff piled on





deck. There were stores for the carpenter's mate, the gunner's mate, the bosun's mate, the pharmacist's mate, and the cook. The more crates and cases we opened, the more we seemed to discover unopened. The men carried the supplies below deck, stepping unconcernedly over a row of stretchers that lay untouched near a hatch for most of the day. Before turning in for the night, I looked the ship over on a fairly thorough inspection tour of my own. She was, I knew, three hundred and twenty-four feet long, had a forty-foot beam, and weighed fifty-five hundred tons. Nothing, of course, had been spared to make her as effective as possible for her particular function, which was to push her nose onto a foreign beach and land tanks. Everything else was subordinated to the vast hold, running almost the width and length of the ship, in which a cargo of tanks could be stored and from which they could later be driven ashore under their own power over a ramp let down from our bow. The rest of the vessel, including her propulsion machinery and the living quarters for both the ship and tank crews, was built around this. Altogether, LST 169 was, I thought, a beautiful ship.

In a sense, it was my last night as a landlubber. From the deck I watched the soft glow in the sky over Evansville. The town was a lot like the Middle Western town I had grown up in, with two-story frame houses, back yards, tree-lined streets, garbage pails set in the alleys, and kids whispering on front-porch swings or sipping sodas down at the corner drugstore. I could have gone ashore that evening, but somehow I didn't want to. I felt perfectly satisfied where I was. I stood on the deck for a while and then went to bed.

EARLY the next morning we started down the brown river, swollen with floodwater. Some of the Coast Guard men again went to work stowing away supplies. The rest of us, who were charged with learning something about LST 169's operation, nervously observed every detail of our departure. As the ferry crew called out orders, we repeated them, singing out the words with a volume that must have sounded thoroughly amateur. Soon we were well away from the bank, gliding downstream. Our Diesels were humming quietly and the ship was moving easily, well under her top speed of around fifteen knots. The shoreline of the Ohio varied from soft green hillsides to low, flooded lands near Paducah, Kentucky, which we passed around

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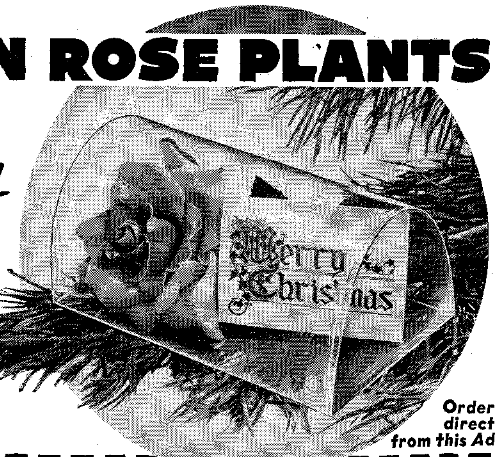

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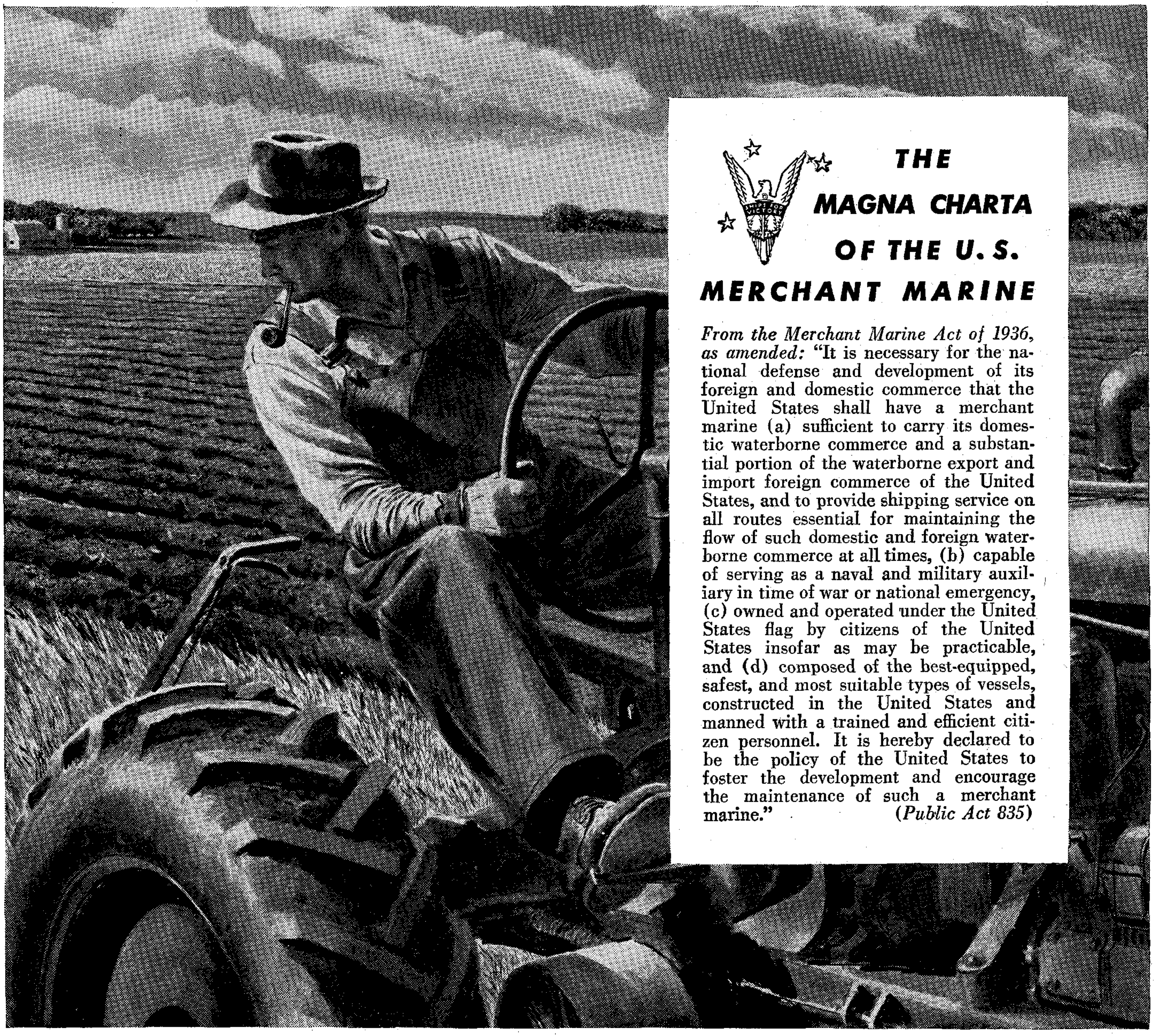

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U.S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)

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For years, ships of American Export Lines operated in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, and as far east as India and Burma. Today, under War Shipping Administration orders, these ships carry food from the farms of America—to help feed our fighting men abroad, our Allies and destitute people in many foreign lands. When this job is finished, the new U. S. merchant marine will sail forth to regain this country's rightful position on the peacetime seas.

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Fine Amontillado, pale and dry

CHOICEST OLOROSO
Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character

LA GOLONDRINA*
Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry

**We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.*

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PRODUCT OF ARGENTINE

noon. In the morning we encountered a good many rain squalls, but in the afternoon the sun came out. In addition to being one of the ship's four watch officers, I was gunnery officer, and, as the weather cleared, I decided to get our armament, which lay on the deck in bulky boxes, uncrated. We were to be well protected. Our armament consisted of six anti-aircraft guns and one medium-sized cannon. The gunner's mate and his crews started breaking open the boxes in which the guns were packed and putting the weapons together.

As I supervised their work, I took an occasional look at the country we were going by. The Ohio is a friendly stream; it is just wide enough and has twists and bends that brought us suddenly upon towns and villages. I could see the inhabitants stop and stare at the strange sight we made—an odd-looking warship moving downstream on a flood current, her engines making hardly a sound. The river was full of driftwood and other debris. Late in the afternoon, we began passing strings of oil and gasoline barges being pushed upstream by sternwheelers. The men on our ship, most of whom were from the West Coast, stopped work to look at the paddle steamers, which they had never seen before except in the movies.

By night mess, four of the guns were assembled and mounted. The officers ate in the wardroom. We got general rations. Officers' mess would not be established until after we reached New Orleans. Judging by the taste of our food, the cook liked his galley. It was dark when we reached Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio joins the Mississippi. A small Coast Guard boat came alongside and took off mail.

THE second day out, we got all the guns mounted and I ran off a brief gun drill. The rest of the crew, who by now were well along with the job of cleaning up the crates and packing cases, knocked off work to watch. I mounted the bridge to talk to the gun handlers through the loudspeaker system, and I felt incompetent and uneasy. I knew that the captain, an old gunnery officer, wouldn't miss a mistake. Also, I wanted to make the right impression on the gun crews. The drill was ragged, as might have been expected, but the crews gave the impression now and then that they were old, or fairly old, hands.

The Mississippi in flood was wider than I had ever pictured it. In some places it was several miles across. We passed huge trees tumbling about in the water. Once in a while a part of the bank would cave in with a roar. On the third day out, I began to lose my bearings. In only a few of the sleepy towns we passed were there identifying names on the buildings. Occasionally a legend on some water tower would tell us where we were. The ship was now fairly well cleaned up, and the routine of gun drills and our effort to learn how to handle the vessel had lost something of their first intensity. That night I went up on the bridge and talked with the pilot. He told me he was navigating under perfect conditions—night, a full moon, and high water. He was an old riverman, and he was well acquainted with the Mississippi and all its cut-offs, which sometimes save as much as ten miles. He was setting his course by range markers, the black-and-white poles placed at each bend of the river and marked by small, phosphorescent bull's-eyes. The street lamps of the towns LST 169 passed as I stood on the bridge made pearls of light in the dimness, and through the clouds the moon whitened the roof tops of the houses. I stayed up late that evening. The war was a long way off.

ON the fifth day out from Evansville, we came to Baton Rouge, where the river became deep enough to accommodate ocean-going freighters. This meant that shortly we would be in New Orleans and the first leg of LST 169's journey would be ended.

—RICHARD J. THEOBALD

•

Guernsey county offices in the court house will be closed next Tuesday (Oct. 12) in observance of the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, 16th president of the United States.—*Cambridge (O.) Daily Jeffersonian.*

Forward-looking county.

•

Mr. Garey questioned Mr. Weil closely about this conversation, asking if Mr. Lafount had told Mr. Weil that Mr. Garey had informed him that Mr. Weil had told the Committee that Mr. Falk had given Mr. Hartley's name to WOV.
—*Broadcasting.*

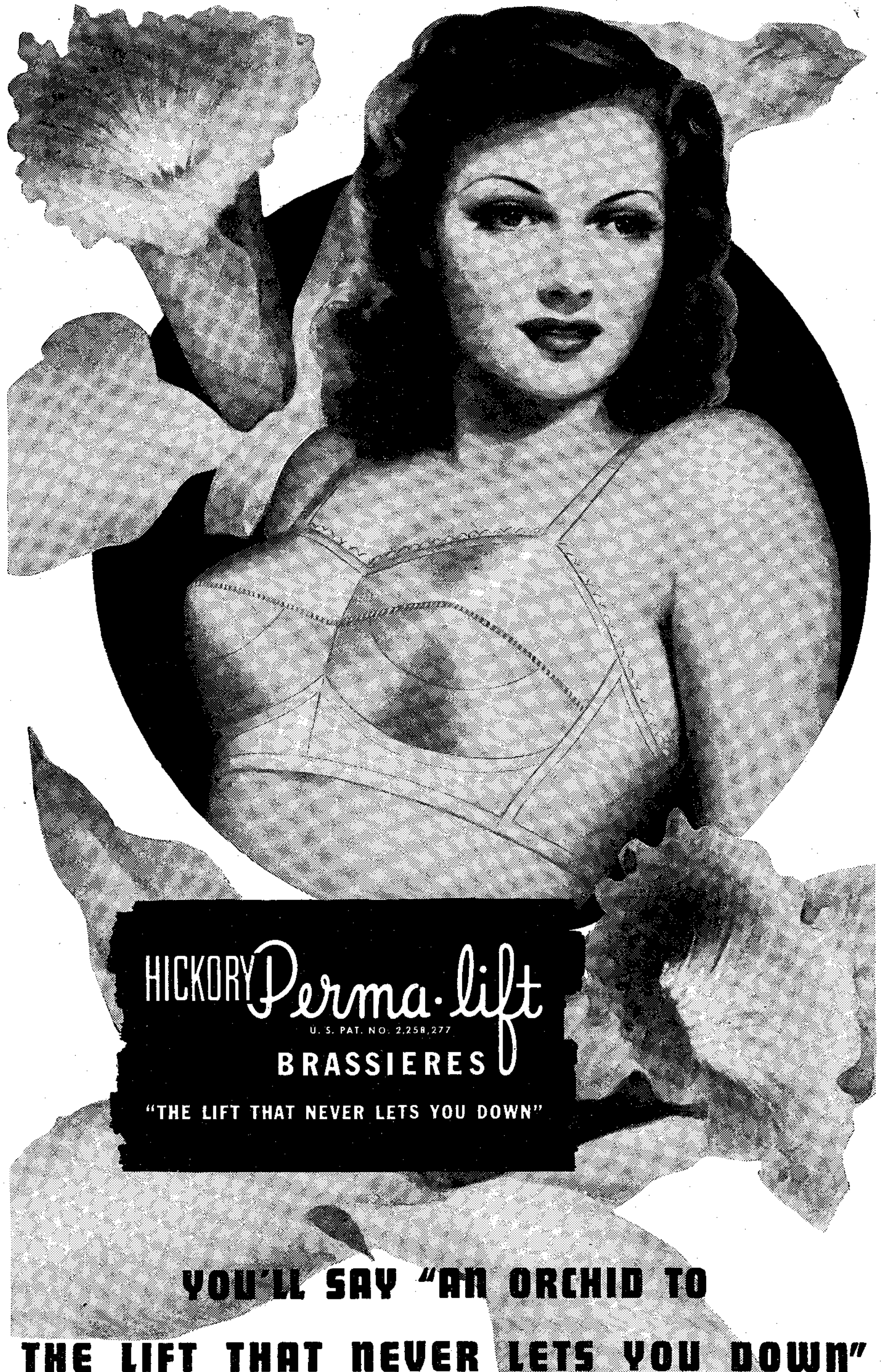
Well, had he?

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES
(TEMPORARY SLUMP DIVISION)

[*From the Florida Magazine of Verse*]

Thomas Collins of Tampa, formerly a frequent contributor, explains that the death of a beloved Great Aunt, who left her fortune to charity, so saddened him that for months he felt no poetic urge.



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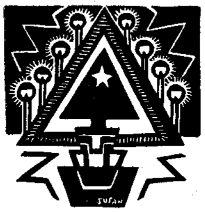
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



THE Christmas-shopping public has been very considerate and conscientious about getting started early this year, in accordance with all the sober hints from the Post Office, the Army and Navy, the shops, and, of course, us. After all, though, the U. S. A. remains the U. S. A., and there's still a lot left to do, so we go right on gathering up every loose end in the tradition of other years. In the weeks gone by (and we trust you saved your copies, because we were rather profound, we thought), we have been into these matters:

September 25th. . . . Gifts for men and women in the armed forces, here and abroad.
November 13th. . . . Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, food for the services.
November 20th. . . . Accessories in the big shops, lingerie shops, gifts for men, art for Christmas.

And this week we embark briskly on these subjects:

Gifts for the house, below
Jewelry, page 73
Games for adults, page 75

We might tell you, by the way, that the prices of jewelry include that ten-per-cent federal tax.

Gifts for the House

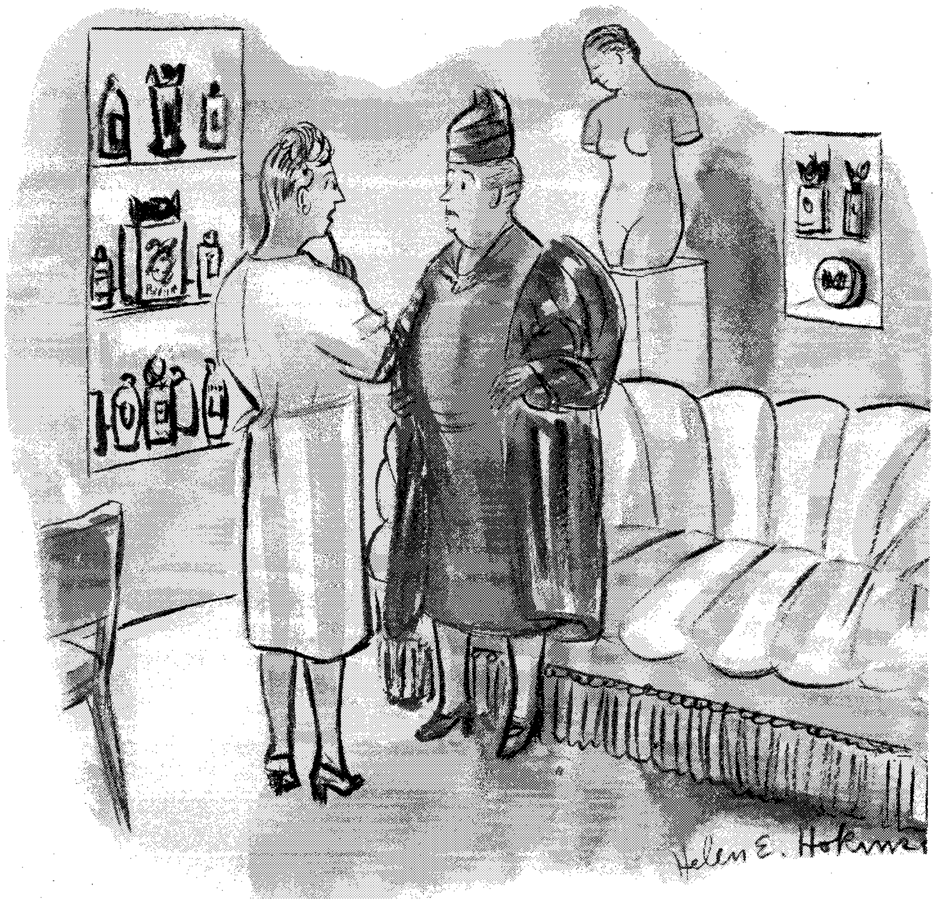
THIS, of all years, is a good one in which to give people presents for their houses. You might choose something to brighten up that room in which so many winter evenings are going to be spent, or something really useful for getting a meal together without benefit of a departed cook, or a silver treasure, small and precious, for a wartime bride. This is the Christmas when one-time party-goers will welcome a footstool and when a fitted sewing box can well take the place of the perfume you always used to give your favorite cousin, especially if it has a paper of good steel needles in it. Almost anyone this year will love the giver of that vanishing American luxury, the thermos-lined ice bucket (not many left, of course), and even an honest-to-God alarm clock in working order will be happily received. A lot of the household pieces you'll see around (well, maybe *not* the alarm clocks) were salvaged out of attics and refurbished, instead of being run off assembly lines, which this year are running off somewhat more important items. And so, before we get to feeling maudlin, let's be specific, as follows:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Saddle-leather waste baskets, big and heavy, made of old artillery harness (some of the original stitching still shows, to prove it); $15. An English russet-leather lap desk, legless, with blottered writing surface, flaps for paper, letters, and stamps, and a notebook, calendar, and small snapshot frame; it goes across the arms of a chair or may be used in bed; $15. A nice present this stay-at-home winter would be one of those Fresca air purifiers for smoky rooms: a small, unobtrusive job in walnut-colored bakelite which makes its own ozone electrically (don't be frightened) on A.C.; $23.50, and no ration-board priority is required. A real horseshoe, mounted on a heavy base, to use indoors as a doorstop or outside (attached to the step) as a boot-scraper; $5, including the luck.

ALTMAN: Beginner table settings in Royal Worcester and American Castleton open-stock chinas, handsomely patterned; from $8.47 for a one-place, five-piece service. (A wonderful morale-builder for a bride of the season; turns her thoughts to the day when she'll have the full service for twelve, see?) Some of the best inexpensive stemware around, the color of cranberries but no relation to old-time cranberry glass: goblets, $11.40 a dozen; footed finger bowls that also do beautifully for sauced desserts, $15 a dozen; salad plates with clear centres, $20 a dozen. Table mats which look like a kid's slate, color and all, scrawled with decorations, and room enough for more scribbling; fun at fifty cents each (a single one would make a good, small, family bulletin board for the back hall).

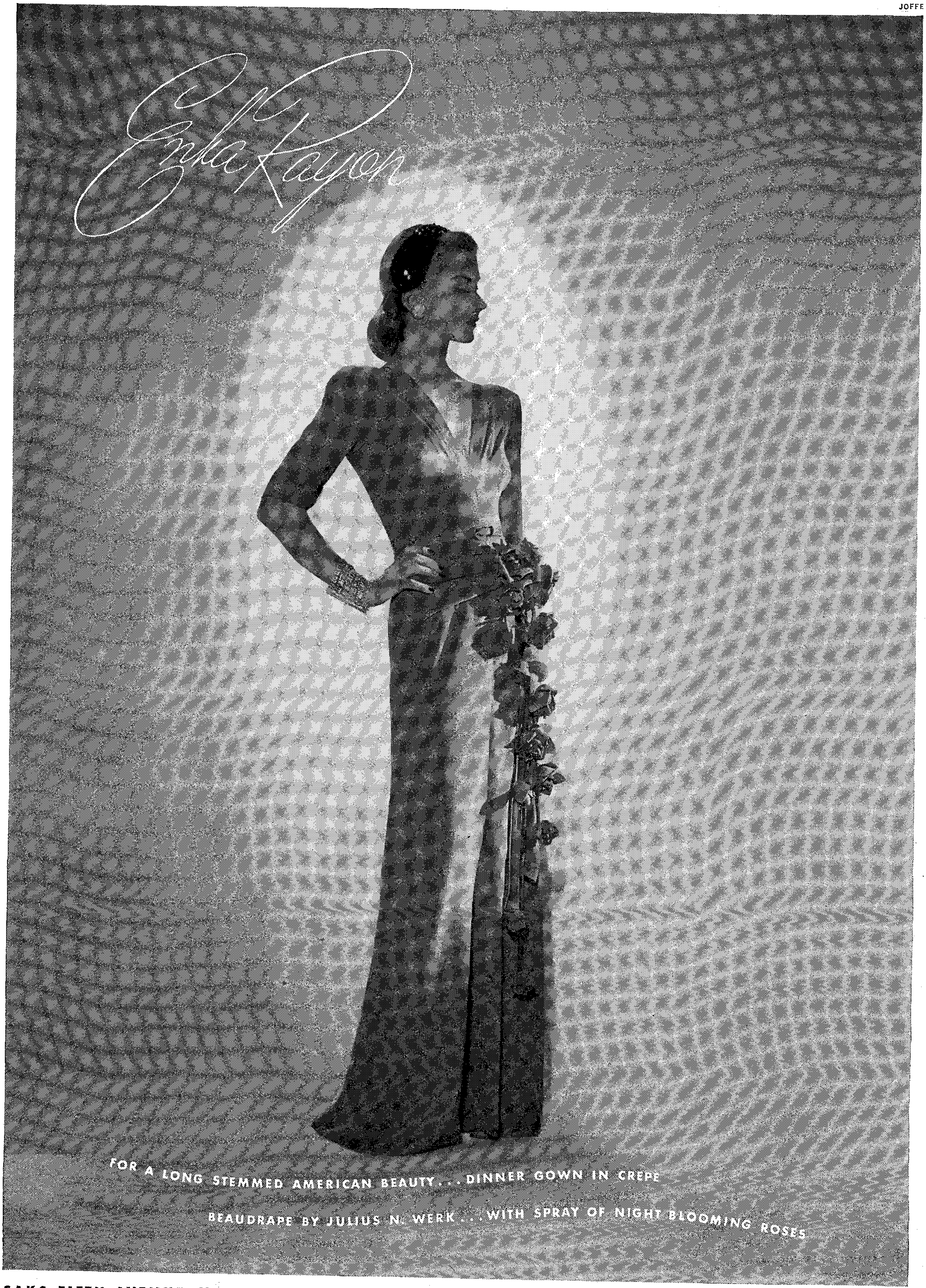
AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): Good-looking starched place mats, of knotted fishnet, that you can wash, stretch, dry, and store away, all on a wood frame that comes with them; in several colors—$9.50 for eight, with the frame. What they call salvage mats, made of cotton-knit remnants brilliantly dyed; seventy-five cents each. Raffia mats (and you know what the laundry situation is, so look twice); $1.50. Cornshuck door mats, common as the old shoes that will be wiped on them; $3.50.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: The Gift Shop has giant ashtrays of leather with removable glass linings—one of them would



"But there are only seven more treatments in the course, Mrs. Freeman. We mustn't throw in the sponge now*!"*

JOFFE



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A blanket invitation to restful slumber from Lady Seymour . . . woven for night-time warmth, styled for day-time beauty.

Today, many blankets made by Seymour go to the Navy to provide warmth and comfort for our fighting men. So if you are unable to buy new Lady Seymour Blankets now, take care of the ones you own.

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FINE GLOVES

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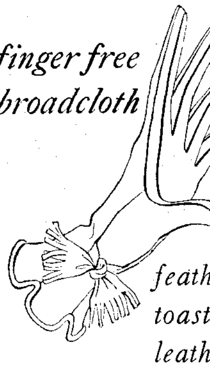


serve a whole family of chain smokers; $8.50, with a monogram on the leather under the glass. Coffer-shaped workboxes of wood, prettily painted with pastel hearts and flowers in that more-or-less-Swedish style that seems to be what everyone wants; $16.50. Three-shelf makeup or jewelry cabinets with the same decorations; $26. Easel shadow-box photograph frames, flattering to any pictured face; $17.50, of mirrored glass in emerald, amber, sapphire, or peach. A handsome American adaptation of Baccarat crystal, in highball, whiskey, cocktail, and Old-Fashioned glasses as well as goblets; all $18 a dozen.

Black, Starr & Gorham: Glass inkwells so deep that the ink won't dry up, with silver tops, perfect for monogramming; in three sizes (at $13.75, $16.50, and $22.50), they'll provide handsome sparkle for, respectively, a lady's writing desk, a regular family desk, or the imposing executive sort. Small pottery wall pockets to hold flowers or greenery; $9.50 a pair, in yellow with a bunch of violets in relief. A three-pint cocktail shaker of Hawkes crystal in a Waterford-type cut, with sterling top; $29. Pleasantly painted tole trays: round, with a bunch of violets for a decoration, $11; a large oval, with apples, $27.50. Doulton dinner plates, in Glendale pattern, delft blue on white; admirable and inexpensive at $12 a dozen. Terrestrial globes that you can remove from their walnut cradles and hold in your lap while following a news broadcast; $10.

Bloomingdale: The Connoisseur's Corner has wonderful, ponderous ironstone which shouldn't be missed. Look: Huge, covered soup or chowder tureens, mostly all-white; starting at $9.98 for an oval one with grapes and ivy in relief on its border and a quince finial. Also in the same handsome, sturdy old ware, a big teapot with a morning-glory finial, at $9.98, and a syrup jug with lustre decorations, at $6. Piles of majolica, too: a cauliflower teapot ($10), a matching sugar bowl ($5), maple-leaf conserve or nut plates ($2.50). An original breakfast- or dinner-in-bed tray is of mahogany, with a tall, carved gallery on three sides, rather long legs, *and* a drawer (for an invalid's or lounger's solitaire cards, correspondence, or whatever); $17.98.

Bonwit Teller: In the gift department there are cheerful twelve-piece breakfast-tray sets for one, in white, with blue flower sprays; from $6.50. Ideal gift for people whose latchstring is always out: a towering glass Martini pitcher with a stirrer and six big-stemmed glasses; $5.75. Giant footed cranberry-glass vases, the same shape as the old Coney Island beer glasses and useful for cocktail tidbits or flowers; $3.

Hattie Carnegie: There is now a gift shop here, stocked with day-before-yesterday sense, such as French copper saucepans, for a good big soup or stew; finds at $7. There's also nonsense, such as old china candlesticks, with candle wells large enough to hold half a dozen cigarettes and with enough of a saucer base to catch ashes (for the well-appointed bedside table); $5.50. Footed, covered sugar bowls of Sandwich glass, nice for candy; $12.50. A mad idea but a good one: old oval walnut picture frames make a deep gallery around a plant stand mounted upon a Victorian tripod; highly practical and decorative, too; $39.50.

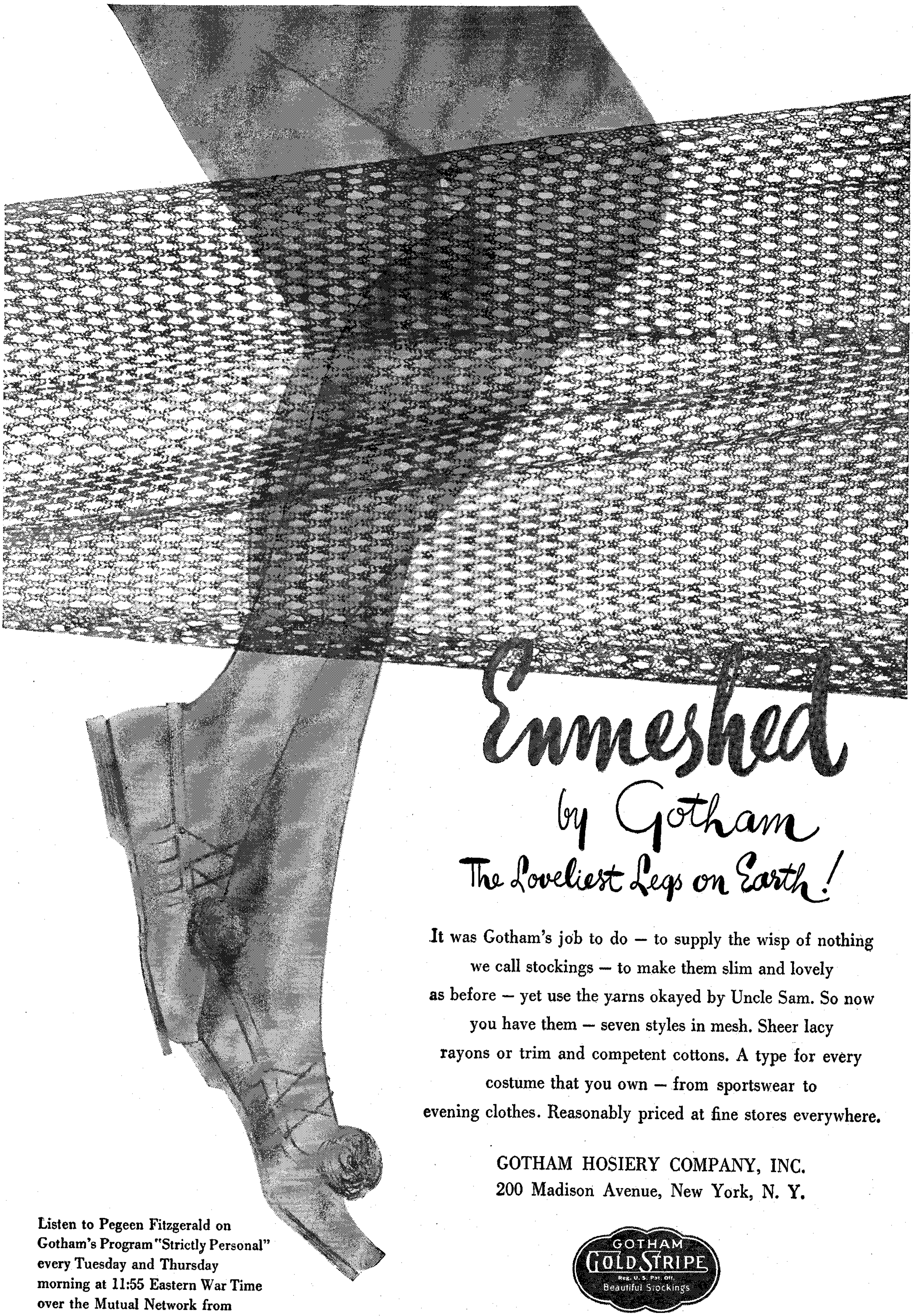
Cauman, 14 East 50th: A Chinese artist who works here has designed flowery Oriental delicacy on unusual porcelain ware. Jars for candy or cigarettes are $3; wall pockets for flowers or growing vines are $6, and charming. Oval waste baskets made of hard cardboard covered with handsome hand-blocked linen prints; in several sizes; $5 to $8. Large, shallow, glazed Finnish pottery fruit dishes that may be used as serving platters or as wall decorations for a dining room; $12.

W. F. Cooper, 5 East 54th: Six pups modelled from life by Eileen Ellis, in a limited edition of 175 each. They're all fine sporting dogs—Sealyhams, foxhounds, cairns, and such—in Worcester porcelain; $20 each. Eighteenth-century English trivets of mahogany, walnut, or yew, beautifully turned, and splendid supports for someone's old fruit or flower dishes; $15 to $30. And there's a group of eighteenth-century English Lazy Susans, of mahogany, all in fine condition; from $85.

Davis Collamore, 7 East 52nd: Wedgwood dinner plates with hunt scenes by Meynell, showing the event from the Meet to the Death; $36 a dozen, with acorn-and-oak-leaf border. Simple crystal coasters with a star base; needed more than ever to protect precious furniture; $4.50 a dozen. Finer crystal ones with etched cupids, grapes, and vine leaves; $7.50 a dozen. Lovely little flared Belgian crystal vases for small flowers such as violets; $2.75.

A. L. Diament, 34 East 53rd: Many small, exclusive pieces. His classic nested chairside tables, painted black and with mirror tops, have delicacy and elegance; $47.50 for a nest of three. The round, gold-rimmed top of a black coffee table a yard wide is strewn with roses and buds painted under glass; $97.50. Another low, round, black table, all wood, has a painted fruit-and-flower medallion; $54, and stylish.

Flint & Horner, 66 West 47th: A Chippendale-style, seven-section hanging shelf, with three drawers in addition, is a worthy setting for someone's bibelot



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It was Gotham's job to do — to supply the wisp of nothing we call stockings — to make them slim and lovely as before — yet use the yarns okayed by Uncle Sam. So now you have them — seven styles in mesh. Sheer lacy rayons or trim and competent cottons. A type for every costume that you own — from sportswear to evening clothes. Reasonably priced at fine stores everywhere.

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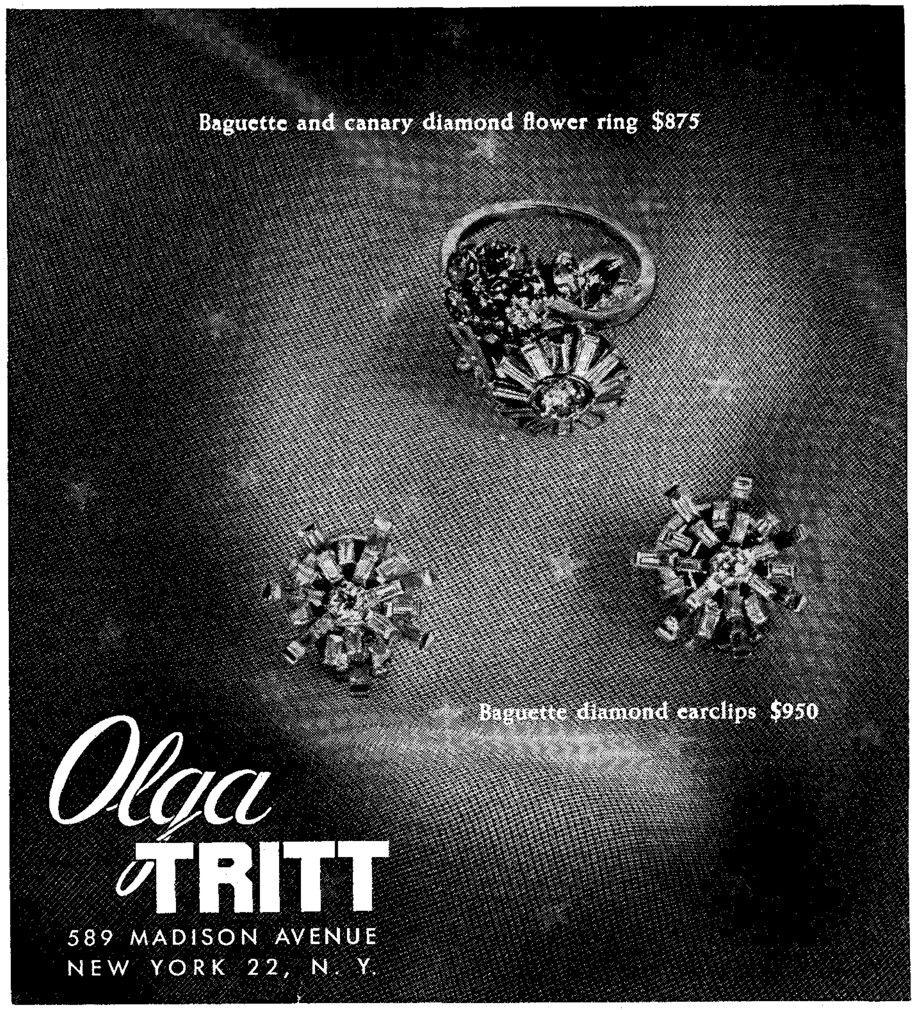

Baguette and canary diamond flower ring $875
Baguette diamond earclips $950
Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

collection; $95. Copy of Longfellow's famous desk in mahogany, with a slant drop-leaf front and a romantic secret compartment for memoirs or maybe just unpaid bills; $175. Handmade pull-about occasional chairs with seats upholstered in damask or velvet; $77.50.

Gourielli, 16 East 55th: This house specializes in unashamedly frivolous old iron pieces, newly painted in pastels, to make, or help make, picture frames, mirrors, lamps, clocks, and so on. A gaily painted cupid holds a lamp ($20); a second pilots a boat which flies a sail framing a mirror ($10); a pastel knight in armor forms the base of another lamp ($15).

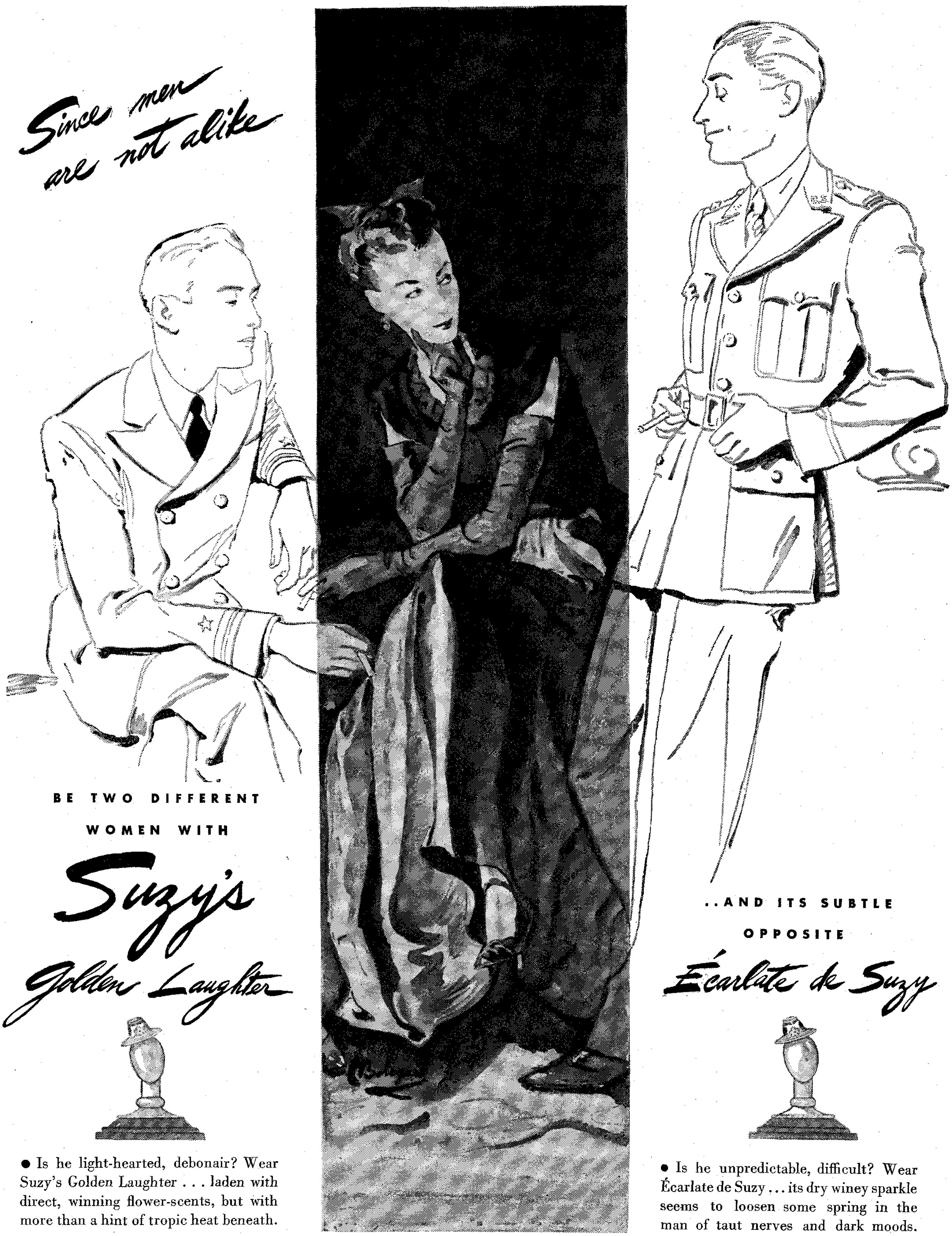
Hammacher Schlemmer: Most of your friends who live in the country (and a lot who live in the city, too) think log-carriers are a fine idea, and most of them probably haven't one. A good big one of awning-striped canvas is $2.50. Any household boasting a lawn or garden could use fifty feet of the new plastic garden hose; $13.50. In an indoor vein: A good-looking glass bottle for French dressing, with the words "Oil" and "Vinegar" etched on at the right height for the correct proportion—just pour the proper quantities in, season to taste, and shake up; $1.95. That invaluable tarnish-proof chest for flat silver is a double-decker this year and holds 150 pieces. It's wood, painted with flower or other decorations; $16.

Hathaway, 51 West 45th: A comfortable, roomy, mahogany drop-front desk, with Queen Anne legs and good hardware, for the busy woman of today; unusually nice at $49.50. Small-scale drum table with a tooled leather top ($12) and a small Pembroke table ($14.50), both attractive.

Lyman Huszagh, 57 East 56th: A cedar-lined, antique-brocade-covered cigarette box, together with a safety-match-box holder; $17.50. Beleek seashells, pink-rimmed and poised on branch-coral bases; $29.50. Little, Late Victorian porcelain walnut-shell-shaped boxes standing on twigs, handy for vitamin pills or other small objects; $3.

Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th: Everything for fireplace and hearth, including a whole group of new Franklin stoves, starting at $27.50, and don't forget that ration-board certificate. These burn wood or, if you add a grate, both coal and wood. Big antique stoves, such as an old-time "chunk" one that burns fatwood or cannel coal; from $35. Antique brass fenders at $35 up and coal scuttles at $22 up.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Nice masculine bar equipment in sterling, with staghorn handles, includes a combination one- and two-ounce jigger ($14.50), self-pulling corkscrew ($14.50), cap-lifter ($8.50), and ice-pick ($7.25); all can, and should, be monogrammed right on the premises. Silver-handled carving set in the Jensen fern design; $45, including a sharpening steel. The leather at this place is something; you might look at a desk set in tan saddle leather or black calfskin, with old English harness brasses—truly magnificent at $90. Lovely Marghab linens in embroidery designs that run through the whole assortment—tray cloths,



Since men are not alike

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Suzy's Golden Laughter

● Is he light-hearted, debonair? Wear Suzy's Golden Laughter . . . laden with direct, winning flower-scents, but with more than a hint of tropic heat beneath.

..AND ITS SUBTLE OPPOSITE

Écarlate de Suzy

● Is he unpredictable, difficult? Wear Écarlate de Suzy . . . its dry winey sparkle seems to loosen some spring in the man of taut nerves and dark moods.

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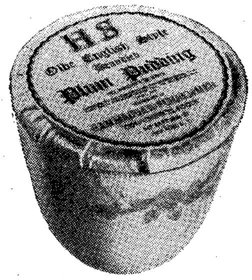
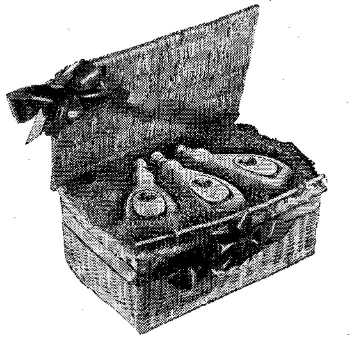
Spirited GIFTS



★ **BRANDIED AND POTTED**—Our own Olde English Style Brandied Plum Pudding—heavy with candied fruits, brandy, suet, rum. In pottery bowl. 1½ lb., **$1.88;** 2½ lb., **$3.10;** 5 lb., **$5.85**

AUNT MARTHA'S WHISKEY CAKE

★ **WHISKEY CAKE**—Aunt Martha's sensational Bourbon achievement made from an 1820 recipe. This festive favorite has a quart of Bourbon to every 6 lbs. batter! 1 lb. 10 oz. loaf, **$2.75**



★ **"'TIS" EGG NOG**—Rich, full-flavored REAL egg nog . . . add only milk, cream or extra spirits. Contains many hard-to-get ingredients. Gift Baskets: 3 1-qt. bottles, **$12.85;** gallon jug, **$13.85**

(All items shipped express collect)

REQUEST NEW GIFT BOOKLET "N3"

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

luncheon sets, dinner cloths, everything—just as if it were open-stock china. The Queen Victoria pattern (pink roses, blue ribbons), on a breakfast-tray Margandie cloth and linen napkins, is one of our pets; $7.95 for the set.

Lewis & Conger: A twenty-cube (count them) ice tray of cadmium-plated copper is almost too good to be true; $1.95, for standard-make refrigerators. Covered china serving dishes with hot-water chambers beneath, a godsend for our current chilly dining rooms; $16.50 for both turkey-size platters and four-compartment meat-and-vegetable servers. Good old-fashioned standing wooden towel racks (they're portable, and fine for warming underthings by the radiator on a cold morning); $5.75, painted in various colors. A card-table hanger-upper, of plain blue denim, is nothing more than a suspender to keep the darned thing off the closet floor and out of trouble while put away; $1.75. Boot cleaners, with scraper and two facing brushes, for country households invaded by hikers with muddy feet; $5.95.

Max Littwitz, 7 East 47th: This fine old linen house has a bright idea in top sheets of fine-count percale with wide, candy-stripe borders in pink, blue, gold, or green—pretty but not so fussy that the man of the house will put a foot down; $16.50 for a double sheet and two pillow cases, $22.50 for two single sheets and two pillow cases. Tray cloths, with two napkins, come in organdie embroidered with zinnias, asters, crocuses, lilies of the valley, or gardenias, with appliqué linen borders; $12.50 a set.

Lord & Taylor: Scoop coal scuttles of copper, modern copies of the old easiest-to-handle type; $12.50. Nineteenth-century English brass fire tools, hardy, handsome, and complete; $15 a set. Easel frames for mirrors and photographs, the brass curlicue kind that almost everybody paints over in pastels today, but this time left in the original brass state (which we, for one, are fond of); $6.50 to $20. A collection of old mechanical banks, to make saving entertaining: a metal huntsman shoots coins into a target, a horse throws his jockey when a deposit is made, or magicians make the money disappear; from $15 to $60. Napkin rings in old silver plate (we predict a napkin-ring revival, and why not, in the present laundry crisis?); $2.50. Silly walnut clothespins topped with sterling silver, to hold answered and unanswered letters, for example; $1.25.

Macy: The year's news in cast-iron coal grates for the fireplace: a vertical model, built especially for anthracite, gives off lots of economical heat; $19.98 (in the basement). Small basket grates, copies of old ones, for cannel coal; $6.28. The ninth floor, where decorating glamour flourishes, has goings-on under the heading (Macy's own) of Restoration Drama—good things out of old attics, made over new and often for new purposes. Also present, a gigantic collection of the inevitable fluffy-ruffle Victorian glass: rose bowls, baskets, vases for growing bulbs, syrup pitchers, sugar-and-cream sets, compotes, everything; from about $5 up to much more (and well worth it).

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd: Trays inset with old, hand-colored nineteenth-century English lithographs, framed in pine; $15. A big, rectangular lucite sandwich tray displaying a flower painting or a monogram; $15. A set consisting of a glass cheese dome, a lucite knife, and a wood tray with a cracker trough; $7.50.

Syrie Maugham, 22 East 67th: Plaster cockleshells, wired to make wall lights; $20 each, but better in pairs. Paper flowers from Mexico, wonderful because they're so blatantly bright and unreal; roses are $1.75 a dozen, dahlias are $2. Big tin flower urns; $4.25. A long, slim, string-bean-shaped table with a low gallery across the back—decorative, light, and portable; $35.

McCreery: Children's bath sets in the chintz-appliqué technique: terry bath towels and so on, with motifs to appeal to kids; $3.98 complete. A tall, white Wedgwood coffee pot, elegant enough for anyone, $6.25; a smallish tureen in Spode Reynolds pattern, suitable for a family fricassee, $28.50. The Salt Box Shop has old, flowered china oil lamps with matching globes, already wired for electricity ($29.50), and a slew of other one-of-a-kind Americana.

McCutcheon: Scallops, appliqué, and Madeira hand embroidery adorn linen cases for baby and boudoir pillows; $3.25 and $3.75, and pretty as pictures. Hand-loomed Irish linen-huck towels, rimmed all around with a damask border, are perfection at $37.50 a dozen. Other fine hand towels of Webb's Irish linen dew-bleached huck, in morning-glory pattern, come in two sizes; $16.50 and $24 a dozen, respectively.

James McGibbon, 420 Madison Avenue (48th): Famous in the brownstone era for peerless Swiss and Brussels lace curtains, and today carrying on in the same dependable tradition. Swiss tambour-embroidered muslins in two-and-a-half-yard or three-yard length; from $19.75 to $25.50 a pair, and their owner can snap her fingers at laundries (anybody at all handy with a flatiron can do them up in professional style). Among the blanket prizes, don't miss some from Uruguay—all-wool, four-and-a-half-pound, with plain blanket-stitch ends, in white, yellow, peach, rose, or green; $19.95.

Modernage, 162 East 33rd: A house needn't be all-over modern to use a mirror-backed lucite perfume-bottle shelf, to hang in a powder room or bathroom; $26. A thirty-six-inch drum-shaped lacquered coffee table, which swings open to expose a roomy cellarette, is strictly twentieth-century, however; mirror-topped and $79.50. Mirrors of plate glass for modern rooms come with several dazzling mirror borders, one of which is mitre-cut in squares, and in almost any size up to a square yard; $39.50 for this size, and plenty of mirror for the money, too.

Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Not only luxurious linens but such practical things as cork place mats, at $4.50 a dozen, in your choice of twelve colors, including white. The friction bath towels in light ecru, a tradition here, are a present any man would welcome; $5 or, with monogram, $6. Something lovely in a luncheon set: oval place mats and a runner of deep blue organdie bordered with white Swiss flower-pattern embroidery, and napkins of white linen embroidered in blue; $32 for a set for eight people.

New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Lots and lots of homely, comforting things. Wooden matchbox covers finished with old prints, for the more and more indispensable kitchen matches, and cigarette boxes to match; $3.25 each. And—listen to this!—upholstered brocade hairpin boxes, partitioned, fitted with lids, and *filled* with hairpins, safety pins, and snap fasteners, all for $2.75. Set of eight luncheon mats in starched string crochet, worth anyone's time; from $6.50. The Old Pattern Glass Shop, upstairs, has, along with collectors' rarities, useful objects like old Staffordshire platters for holiday birds or supper cold cuts; $12.50.

Old Arts, 805 Madison Avenue (68th): Easel photograph frames, in lovely brocades, mostly eighteenth-century French and Italian; around $20. Frames for bridal pictures are done in white brocade; $26.50 for the seven-by-nine size, and lovely. Cigarette boxes start at $10. For-keeps candy boxes of brocade cemented onto wood and lined with glass are, like even the smallest items in the place, works of art; $30.

Alfred Orlik, 421 Madison Avenue (49th): His porcelain is as beautiful as ever. Flowery porcelain cigarette lighters to go on the table along with the demitasse, in familiar French patterns and colors or in the lovely Meissen rose on white, all with gold-plated Swiss fittings; $39.50. Ashtrays to match, $8.50. Individual Royal Worcester cigarette services, consisting of cup and ashtray, beautifully painted by James Stanton with pheasants (fine for a man's writing desk or breakfast tray) at $29.50 or, with songbirds, at $21.50. Easel picture frames covered with modern French brocades, starting with the little kodak size at $12.50.

Ovington: Old furniture in pine and cherry, from Pennsylvania and the South, such as cradles that somebody could use for flowers or growing greens, or even for what they were intended; from $30 to $40. Genteel, upholstered lady chairs of walnut, from the Early Victorian period; $80. American china flower garniture for a dining table—a pair of flower-garland swags with a

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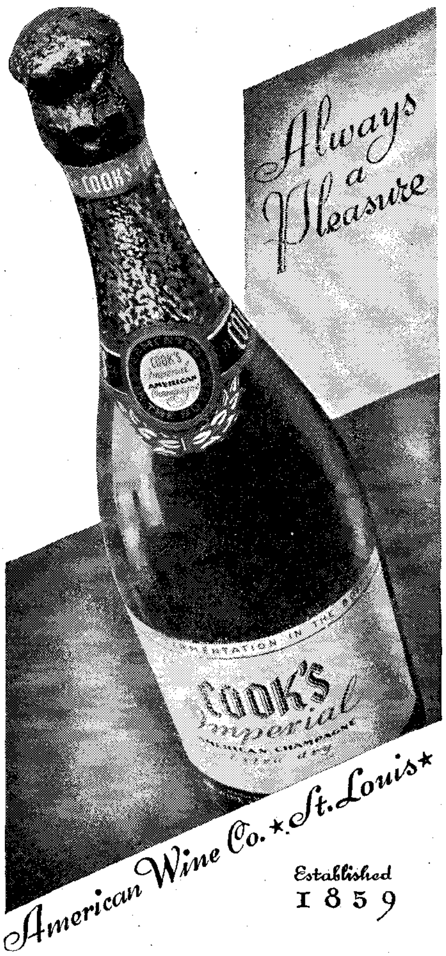
DAY'S WORK DONE, she adjusts her very new little *chechia*, lights her very gratifying *Marlboro Cigarette.* Richly mild, superbly blended . . . distinguished *Marlboros* offer *so* much more luxury, more pleasure, for mere *pennies* more in price!

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Lush new idea for a smoker's set...these dwarf leather library hassocks tooled in gold. In rich red or brown, the larger is a humidor, $12; the smaller, a cigarette box, $5.50.

W&J SLOANE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK


Always a Pleasure
Cook's Imperial
American Wine Co. ★ St. Louis ★
Established 1859

candle holder at either end and a separate flower centrepiece; $45 for the set. Early-nineteen-hundreds French china dresser tray, with powder and cream jars and a ring stand—flowery and sentimental; $30.

PLUMMER, 695 Fifth Avenue (52nd) and 7 East 35th: Dinner plates with a Christmas tree as decoration; $2, perfect to give in pairs to newlyweds. Chop plates to match; $4.75. And, for their Christmas Eve party, highball glasses enamelled with a trimmed tree; $15 a dozen. Ashtrays for pipe-smokers, in heavy, polished, hand-cut lead crystal; $4.74. Magnum coffee cups (which hold a pint) with James Stanton designs of woodcocks ($12) or pheasants ($14). Smaller, but still jumbo, coffee cups of flowery Crown Derby, with "Mother" or "Father" gold-lettered on them; $6.50 each, but obviously nicer in pairs. Wedgwood cigarette boxes decorated with pictures of London landmarks that have been bombed out; $12.

RICH & FISHER, 14 East 48th: Touraine cutting in diamond or lattice design on American crystal results in inexpensive glitter for anybody's table: goblets and claret and champagne glasses are $15 a dozen; sherries are $14.50. A glass vase with Waterford-type cutting; $9.50. Breakfast-tray sets of English china include one in a wild-rose pattern with rosebud finials on the covers; $9.75. The perennially favorite Spode Tower pattern (open stock) makes a splendid breakfast-tray set for one; with tea or coffee service included, $38.

JAMES ROBINSON, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th): An eighteenth-century Sheffield inkstand, a trunk-shaped affair containing crystal wells for red and black ink and a sand-shaker (or pounce box), with four corner holders originally for quill pens; $95. More Sheffield: a pair of Georgian sea shells on winkle-shaped feet, for sweetmeats or nuts or for deluxe ashtrays; $55. Modern reproductions of fox-head stirrup cups in heavy plated silver with gilt lining, for hot or cold holiday cheer; $15 each.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: The Bar Shop, you'll find, is equipped to please more people than just drinkers. As for instance: Ebony-handled sauce boats in silver plate; $5.50. Typical stuff by Peter Hunt, such as wildly painted cigarette boxes, which start at $3.50 for a modern papier-mâché one with a swooping angel. Wonderful big tole trays, gaily painted with scenes from familiar operas or ballets or with hunt or flower designs; $8.95 to $39.50. Squat rock-and-rye decanters of heavy Swedish crystal; $6.50. You might stop in at the Bath Shop for some of the best-looking inexpensive decorated bottles you'll find anywhere—gold-flecked glass enamelled with field or garden flowers; $2.50 for a cotton jar, $5.50 for two bottles and a powder box.

W. & J. SLOANE: You could start your shopping here with a sand-filled gingham sausage to thwart under-door or window drafts (all of $1 for this modern version of a good old pioneer fuel-saving device) and work up to a museum-piece antique break-front to cover a whole wall (and maybe clean out your bank account too). Along the way you'd encounter: Absolute enchantment in a group of early-nineteenth-century children's chairs, such as small, painted rockers ($14 to $18, and little girls always love them); a fine collection of old glass, including the ubiquitous fluffy-ruffle rose bowls in assorted colors, and some useful American pressed-glass lemonade pitchers with five matching glasses, at $25 a set and very nice indeed; and small but long-legged tripod tables that may be used as smoker's stands or, in pairs, to hold plants, for $13.

STEUBEN: There are some lovely new crystal pieces for a lady's toilet table, with intaglio cherubs, holding roses, on the stoppers—powder jar, $12; bottle, $18. These master glass-makers aren't above beer mugs, either. New ones, with a thumb piece, are $3.25, and they'll engrave them with anything. There's a new Steuben dolphin whose up-flipped tail forms a bud vase; $8.50. A covered candy dish, also new, has a ram's-head finial and costs $15.

CAROLE STUPELL, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd): Ingratiating nonsense—three glass ducks that make a cigarette box and two ashtrays; $3.50 for the set. A trick two-photograph lucite frame that can be folded and put away, not that you'll want to; $5. The current madness for fuchsia has at last reached the dining table—lustred fuchsia cabbage-shaped covered bowls for soup, salad, or dessert; $6.50 each. Ham-and-eggs plates of pottery, for a hearty breakfast, with a hen and a fat little pig inside red-and-green borders; $15 a dozen.

TIFFANY: Pitchers in good, plain glass, from cereal-milk size up to water pitchers, all fashioned to pour a clean, solid stream; $1.25 to $3 (surprised?). Three-section crystal relish or jam dishes in glittering Waterford-type cut; $12. One of the most versatile pieces a hostess could own is a big plate, suitable for chops, cold cuts, hors d'oeuvres, and so on, in Spode's flowery Romney design; $17. Matching supper plates; $20 a dozen. Ashtrays of silver, in ivy-leaf shape; $3.90.

ARTHUR VERNAY, 124 East 55th: Old boxes of satinwood, rosewood, harewood, Amboina, and the like, in innumerable shapes and sizes and mint

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condition; from $35. An appealing little maple one, made like a cottage—windows, chimney, and all the rest—is a fitted workbox; $78. An exquisitely inlaid small game box of rosewood holds four inlaid card boxes and colored ivory counters; $85. Reproductions of an original Sheraton folding table, beautifully handmade of mahogany which once was part of the beams of a sixteenth-century Santo Domingo house; $105 in either of two good chairside heights. And don't overlook Vernay's own potpourri, sharp, spicy, and $7.50 a pound.

WANAMAKER: Family comforts such as: Chenille bath mats that are huge (forty-eight by seventy-two inches), for a big, old-fashioned bathroom or a lush modern one, washable and wonderful; $17.50. Wide, deep cherry-wood salad bowls; $12.95. Downy and soft St. Mary's blankets in any one of four pale shades or white; $22.95. From the Gift Shop, old English clear and ruby crystal bottles with wide mouths, once meant for tea caddies but just right now for a man's cologne or after-shave lotion; $12.50 each.

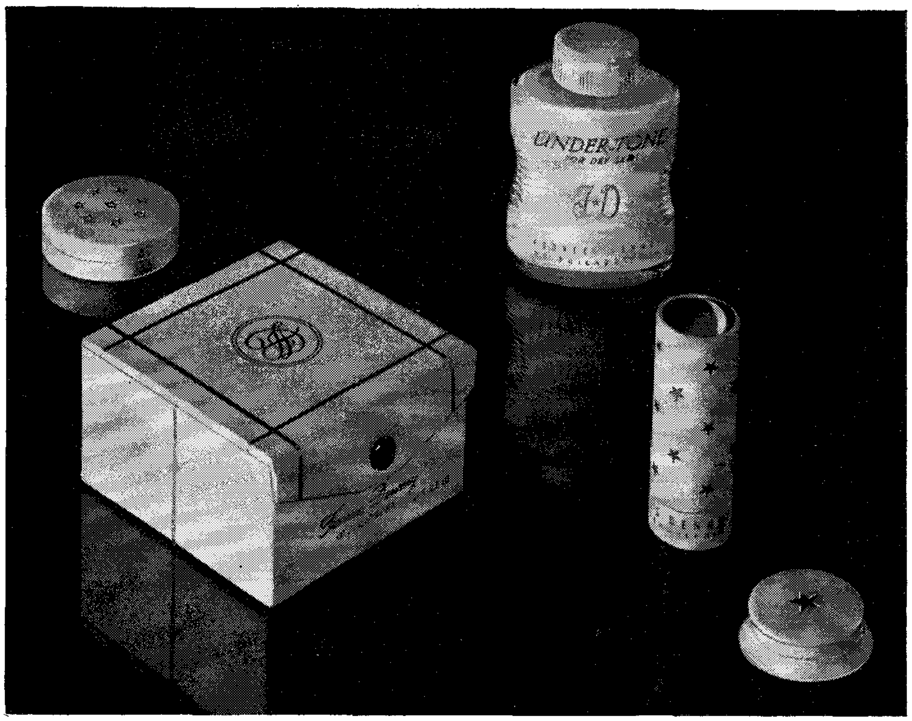
Jewelry

NEXT to the liquor dealers, the jewellers are in the greatest fever in town. Their quota of gold has been sadly cut, platinum is frozen solid, and, as everybody should know, a skilled workman is as scarce as a Big Ben. Just the same, the shops listed below tell us that, if any of the items we describe are sold out by the time you get around to look at them, there will be another, equally attractive and in the same price bracket, on hand. We hope that quite a few of the items we describe are within the reach, geographically and financially, of officers and enlisted men who are in a romantic frame of mind; there is quite a bit of that sort of thing going on, we hear. For details:

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Lapel watches: oblong affairs in red or yellow gold attached to gold bowknot pins; $90. Heavy gold flexible bracelets in a modern pyramid design; $210. Attractive earrings: yellow-gold double hoops are $24, hammered yellow-gold buttons are $28, red-gold roses with green-gold leaves are $45. Army, Navy, and the Marine insignia pins, small and unostentatious, in gold for the Army and the Marines ($50), in silver-and-gold for the Navy ($44).

CARTIER: Gold bowknot pins with jewelled centres; simple ones set with an oval topaz or amethyst are $70, more elaborate ones with diamonds are $200. Flexible gold rings that could do very nicely as wedding bands; $18.75 and up.

DOELKER & MUHLFELD, 1 East 57th: A spate of sentimental jewelry, such as a large, gold, heart-shaped pin pierced with a ruby-encrusted arrow; $215. Matching earrings; $165. A forget-me-not ring has a yellow diamond centre



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MORE BEAUTY in Make-Up . . . this is what FRANCES DENNEY has for you!

From start to finish—from the instant you prepare your skin with creamy, softly-tinted UNDER-TONE, to the glorious climax, when you apply MISS DENNEY'S new and wonderful FACE POWDER—you see the Beauty of your Make-Up dramatized with COLOR!

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FRANCES DENNEY FACE POWDER . . . $1.50 • UNDER-TONE . . . $1.50
LIPSTICK . . . $1.50 • ROUGE . . . $1.00 • CREME ROUGE . . . $1.00

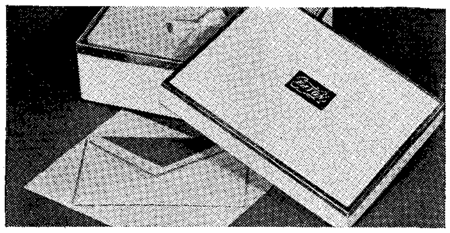
Prices subject to tax

WHAT TO GIVE

by JANE EATON

These are letter writing times. That's why the popular, practical gift of letter paper is more welcome than ever this year. And here are three of my best gift ideas from my own "Give-List."

A CREDIT TO ANY DESK



★Look for this striking white-and-silver box. It houses Eaton's most patrician papers. Noteworthy is RANDOM-WEAVE, whose splendid writing surface resembles hand-woven linen. Deckled edges. White and colors. $2.

FEMININE FAVORITE

★EATON'S PETERSBURG 1850 comes in many sizes and boxes (55¢ to $3.50), affording you a wide selection of this best-loved paper with its fine-laid pattern, its delicate colors. Shown is a box with folded sheets. $1.

DURABLE TRAVELER

★Feather-light, postage-saving FOREIGN MAIL is the perfect gift for wartime letter writers. And because it's one of EATON'S OPEN STOCK PAPERS, the person who gets it can add matching sheets or envelopes anytime, anywhere. Paper, 85¢ a box. Envelopes, 40¢ a package.

If these are not available at your favorite store, you will find other Eaton boxes equally pleasing.

★

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Eaton's fine letter papers

LIGHTEN THE AIR-MAIL LOAD
USE EATON'S LIGHTWEIGHT PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

and either five sapphire petals ($165) or five ruby ones ($245).

EDMOND FRISCH, 336 Park Avenue (51st): Gold floral clip pins are exceptionally well done here; witness a shimmering, nearly true-to-life spray of ruby-and-diamond flowers with seven rubies forming the stem; $175. Imposing clip with two long, graceful leaves studded with four blue Ceylon sapphire flowers and six ruby buds; also $175.

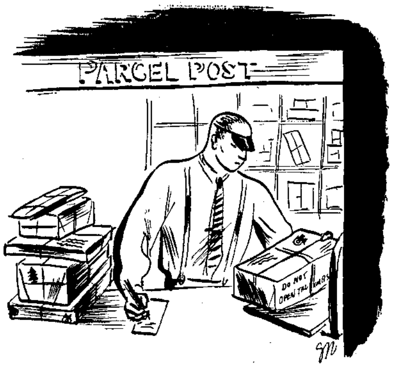
GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): You may still be able to find a few of his famous Danish silver pieces, such as brooches, for from $25 up, but most of his silver jewelry made in this country carries on the Jensen tradition anyway. For instance, fat snowdrop earrings ($14), with a ring to match at the same price; snowdrop brooches at from $12; flexible bracelets at $45; or conventionalized cactus designs that you'd never find in a desert, making oval clips at $9 each or flexible bracelets at $55. In gold, these last are $65 and $275 respectively. A silver brooch which is a sleeping kitten with a handsome, sweeping tail and one wide-open jewelled eye is $13.50.

LITTLE SHOP OF T. AZEEZ, 386 Park Avenue (54th): One-of-a-kind pieces; the following earrings will give you an idea—red-gold cupped flowers in clusters, with an extra dazzle because of the reflection of a ruby set inside each flower, at $150; or gold, geometric leaves set with large, square-cut topazes, to make a woman feel like Cleopatra, for $110.

ROSS-PENNELL, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th): English crystal sports jewelry, with the traditional pheasants, fox masks, polo players, hunters, and the like, on pins at $44 and up, on cuff links for from $121, or on bracelets, set with three crystals, at from $148 and up. Gold charms galore: a tiny whistle that whistles almost, but not quite, loud enough for a lady air-raid warden, a first-aid kit, a fireplace with a flaming log, and so on. These charms begin at $8.80. There are others at from $4.05. Tortoise-shell side combs, much lovelier than hairpins and probably no rarer nowadays, have gold-beaded inlay ($5.50 each) or tops entirely of gold ($28.60 a pair).

JOHN RUBEL, 777 Fifth Avenue (59th): This newcomer has an imaginative dragonfly brooch with yellow-gold bowknot-type wings, a turquoise body, and ruby eyes; from $75 to $200, according to size.

TIFFANY: Every possible type of jewelry at any possible price. Amazingly good rings: big green rectangular tourmalines at $180 or amethysts, set in gold, at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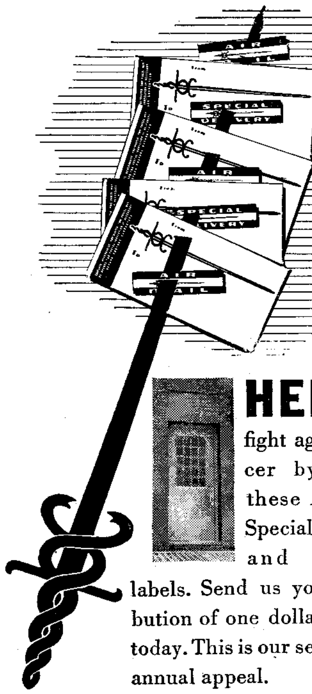

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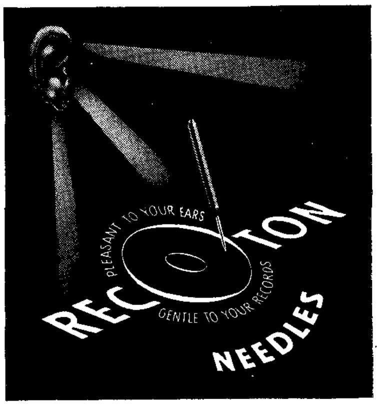

$195. Nothing luckier in the world than a four-leaf-clover gold brooch at $41. Wide gold link bracelets with a gold disc attached, to bear a name; $71 (the name is a bit extra). Engine-turned silver vanity cases with gold-and-ruby or gold-and-sapphire ornament; $33.

OLGA TRITT, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): For a novelty, there are earrings in the form of a gold frog with ruby eyes who seems to be pushing a cabochon emerald stone with his forelegs; $275. Mammoth cluster ring set with six moonstones and five small sapphires; $200. Gold dumbbell cuff links for a tailored woman; $20.75.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, 744 Fifth Avenue (58th): A woven-gold clip pin in the form of a wide-brimmed schoolgirl hat with one platinum and one ruby streamer; $195.

VERDURA, 712 Fifth Avenue (55th): Fascinating new clip pins in the form of rolypoly or slim beetles with semiprecious stones for bodies, precious-jewel heads, and pearl or diamond eyes; $300. A gold horn of plenty with a giant pink cabochon tourmaline set in the lid, which opens up to disclose a tiny cigarette lighter; $250.

Games for Adults

FOR people planning to hand out indoor games as gifts this year—why not?—there are novelties and staples in fair abundance. No matter what the world is going through, somebody or other seems to find time to sit down and invent variants of parchesi and new uses for dice. At Macy, for instance, there is a divertissement called Kismet, a lively hybrid of roulette and craps. Any number of people, from two to a roomful, can join in and take as many as a dozen fliers on every roll of the dice. The paraphernalia consists of a board, five dice, and chips (the last have to be supplied by the host). Kismet costs $1.74.

Baseball enthusiasts who are also hot-stove strategists should like the All-Star Baseball Game. This is played on a board by either two persons or two groups. Each side assumes managership of a team of big-league, or pre-draft big-league, players, and a spinning hand on a dial indicates what plays are to be made. The game gets sort of scientific, but enjoyably so, and it sticks close to the spirit of the actual sport. This game is also at Macy's; $1.17.

Double Header, another baseball one, is more penny-arcade than All-Star is. It's also for two persons, or two teams, and very easy to play. The apparatus consists of a four-sided wooden tray that serves as the playing field, a small bat mounted on a peg, and some ordinary marbles. The player at bat takes a swing at one of the marbles, and the marble, depending on the batter's luck

That's all there is—

BUT WHEN WE CAN GET MORE IT'LL BE JUST AS PURE AND GOOD

Remember when you held out a generous box of delicious Allen's Toffee and invited the youngsters to take as many of the pure, rich pieces of this satisfying confection as their hands could hold? And you ate your share . . . relishing each chewy bit . . . thinking nothing could be sweeter than the maple flavor . . . until you bit into the dairy cream.

Too bad we can't be so generous with our children and ourselves . . . but the war has restricted the supply of milk, dextrose, sugar and other *pure* ingredients we use in making Allen's Toffee.

We could use substitutes and make as much toffee as before. But it wouldn't be Allen's. So, we'd rather make less and keep the quality . . . purity . . . flavor at the all-time, old-time peak. In doing this, we feel we're keeping faith with you . . . and with ourselves.

Wait for ALLEN'S TOFFEE
—if your store is temporarily out of it
for ALLEN'S is worth waiting for

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BUY IT AT YOUR NEAREST FINE CONFECTIONERY STORE

Allen's Toffee
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THE GREAT NAME IN RUM
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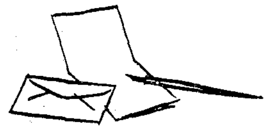

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A—Standard Gift Box (10-14 pears)	$2.75	$2.60
B—Large Gift Box (18-24)	4.00	3.85
C—Medium Family Box (30-50)	5.25	5.10
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Officers' Caps, All Insignia and Accessories for immediate delivery. Write or phone for Price List

Luxenberg

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or aim, or both, winds up in one of seven traps on the field, representing opposing players, or in one of forty-eight niches around its perimeter, some of which are good for the batter and some of which are bad. You can imagine the rest. It's $4.95 at Macy and Wanamaker.

As for slightly more strenuous and expensive indoor pastimes, we came across a handy small-scale tenpin alley at Macy. It is fifteen feet long, as against the sixty-three feet of the regulation article. Pins and balls are in proportion, and the alley rests on a stand. If somebody on your list has, like Marquand characters, a rumpus room, this is an ideal piece of equipment to put in it. It's $169. For larger rooms and larger purses, Macy has a twenty-three-foot version for $459 (not in stock, but procurable in two weeks). Another bowling game, trivial by comparison but fun just the same, is Spares and Strikes, at Abercrombie & Fitch. It has ten pins, two balls the size of oranges, a set of wooden pegs to keep the pins upright in turf if you play outdoors, and a nine-foot cloth alley for playing indoors; $8.50.

At Abercrombie there is also a really strenuous amusement called Tippe-canoo, perhaps best for party-giving people who are terribly young or think they are. The set consists of a pair of seven-foot poles with well-padded ends and two wobbly platforms on low, rounded bases that you set on the floor near each other. A player stands on one of the platforms and, using a lance, tries to poke or feint his rival off the other perch. With two sets (they're $6.50 each), something approaching a battle royal can be evolved. This game is obviously intended for extroverts with leisure.

At Macy, the gentler game of shuffleboard has been pared down to an eight-foot length without any great reduction in its attractiveness. The board is raised eighteen inches off the floor, a handy height for a bending adult. With it come four cues and eight wooden discs. The whole thing is $24.89.

Wisconsin evidently has a Wisconsin Dart Ball League. At any rate, Wanamaker offers a Wisconsin League Dart Ball Game, a species of darts which, according to the directions, is identical with the official Wisconsin League sport except that the board is twenty-four instead of forty-eight inches square, a thoughtful concession to cramped Eastern apartments. It all seems nicely worked out; $4.

The jigsaw-puzzle fancier is a creature unto himself, and the Par Company, 18 East 53rd Street, has been working hard to please him. This custom puzzle house has wares starting at $10 for five hundred pieces, and prices skyrocket from there indefinitely, depending on the picture and the multiplicity of pieces. Current new patterns include Dali prints, which sort of double the puzzle. Allow two weeks for the custom cutting.

HODGE-PODGE: Wanamaker offers a game collection in a fabrikoid case, consisting of a small roulette wheel with green baize layout and chips, two decks of cards, sets of both poker and regular dice, and outfits for cribbage, backgammon, checkers, and dominoes; $35. Altman has one too, in a cowhide case, with all the makings for chess, checkers, poker, cribbage, craps, backgammon, and Deadly Double; $16.50. Altman also shows a neat, folding backgammon board of linen crash, with plastic men, for $18.50. Abercrombie & Fitch sell a professional-looking sixteen-inch roulette wheel of solid walnut, with a green layout cloth, for $40. Also at Abercrombie is a linen-covered poker set for toting to a neighbor's, with four hundred chips in trays and space below for cards; $22. Something unusual for chess players is a set of English glazed clay men packed in a box, at Altman; $75. A home bingo game at Macy, with cards, counters, balls, cage, and everything but the baby dolls, is $14.89. At the same store, Spare Time, a bowling game adapted to dice, costs only seventy-four cents, a price out of all proportion to the fun you can have. Abercrombie has a green-baize panel, with chip compartments for eight poker players, which fits right over the top of a bridge table; $27.50. Wanamaker, Abercrombie, and Altman, among others, have editions of chess, checker, gin-rummy, backgammon, and cribbage sets small enough to slip into a man's coat pocket; $2 to $5. A volume called "Doubletalk Crossword Puzzles," in which the definition of whiskey is apt to be "awry," should appeal to the addict who is about ready for something new. It's $1.50 at most bookstores.

•

KENYTE (kĕn′īt), *n.* An alkali-trachyte with phenocrysts of anorthoclase and aegirite in a trachytic to hyalopilitic groundmass of alkali-feldspar laths and grains of pyroxene and amphibole rich in soda, and usually some glass. In some varieties olivine is present.—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

One, please—without glass, olivine on the side.

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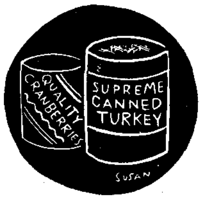
BABIES IN THE CREUSE

"MARRY an *américaine* if you will," la Mère Christine once told her roving eldest son, Aristide, "but don't choose a *négresse*, because her children would look so strange among our other little ones. I should be afraid of them."

The wanderer had dutifully avoided the darker Americans, and here we were, this sleepy summer before the war, lately arrived on his parents' farm in the Creuse, with our baby daughter, la Piquita, so tow-headed she still passed for bald and as fair-skinned as la Mère Christine herself. It took a little time to get adjusted to this new life, as slow and deep as the earth. I was still struggling to adapt an eight-month-old baby's routine, as pictured in "Infant Care," a United States Government bulletin, to a farm in the remote central hills of France. The family, in turn, were struggling to accept the idea that you could bring up a baby by a book written by the American government. They were unfailingly kind and eager to help, but could not conceal their doubts that any sort of child who would do the family credit could be produced by this method.

One morning, a few days after our arrival, I was awakened by excited voices coming from the kitchen below, but since they spoke in patois I didn't know whether there was a family quarrel in progress or merely a friendly discussion of crops and the weather. I knew, though, that la Mère Christine, my mother-in-law, had been in the fields since four o'clock, and I felt guilty about being in bed. So I got up and dressed hurriedly.



When I came down, la Mère Christine was sitting by the great oak table eating goat cheese and rye bread; at her feet were the lean black-and-yellow cats who always followed her, and a noisy, half-grown pet bluejay, who was pecking for crumbs. La Mère Christine's face was sunburnt, her neck white and fair as a girl's. Her blue eyes had lost their frank gaiety and were troubled and angry. She changed from patois to ordinary French for my benefit.

"Go to the fair at Vallières tomorrow?" she was saying to Marcelle, her other daughter-in-law. "And the hay, will it fly in the barn by itself? And Papa Gène with his bad heart and Aristide with the bad foot he got in the war. Who's to fork up the load?"

Auguste, who was Marcelle's husband, was a mason at Lyon. Marcelle's dark face was red, her mouth sulky, but she did not dare show much temper.

"Dance with the hay fork!" la Mère Christine said, and then turned to me. "Marie, how did la Piquita sleep, all alone in that little room?"

"She never woke up at all, Maman Christine."

"Well, I stayed awake all night waiting for her to cry," said la Mère Christine. "So did Papa Gène and la Mère Marie. A baby all alone! In this country a baby always sleeps with its mother. And la Piquita does not look too strong, and you open the window. She could catch a sore throat!"

She looked so unhappy that I went up to get la Piquita, to prove that she was in good health and spirits. It was true; la Piquita was not what they called "*un beau bébé*" in the Creuse—a fat infant, cheeks and legs round and shining. She was small and bird-like, all eyes, like many Paris babies, but the eyes were the same as those of la Mère Christine, a warm and dauntless blue, and her enjoyment of life was evident. She bestowed smiles upon us all.

La Mère Christine took her in her arms. She had never read the United States Government bulletin, but she knew how to talk to babies. "*Mon tout petit!*" she said. "*Ma belle jolie! Ma cocotte! Mon coco cheri!*" She danced the baby on her knee. "*A dada sur mon bidet . . .*" La Piquita loved it. The bluejay, fascinated, tried to hop over her. "*Chao Bibi!*" la Mère Christine exclaimed, and drove the bird away.

Marcelle's children came running to see the baby. There was Dédé, ten years old, with dark eyes and crow-feather hair like her mother. Dédé was an old hand at babies, with three younger ones to mind. She was also an old hand at washing and ironing, digging potatoes, and tending the cows. René, her four-year-old brother, was blond and sturdy and repeated the blue eyes. Gently he pulled la Piquita's toes. She reached out in delight and caught a fistful of his hair. He drew back, offended, and lisped, "*Cochon!*" Most French children lisp, because French is easy to lisp in; this form of baby talk is called *zézayer*. René spat the word like an angry kitten.

La Piquita wound up in the mountainous lap of la Mère Marie, la Mère Christine's mother. La Mère Marie inspected her gravely, and gravely la Piquita looked back. The faces of the old woman and the baby, so close together, were grotesquely alike and intent on each other, as though there were a secret knowledge and communion between them. "You must not cut her nails, Marie," said la Mère Marie. "It will take away her strength. And do you always wash her diapers in running water? That will fortify her. She is making her teeth. Christine, give Marie some hollyhock root for the baby to chew. There is nothing better."

I meekly accepted the chunks of dry, grayish root, which yields a soothing jelly when it is chewed. La Mère Christine slipped her feet, in their heavy knit socks, back into her sabots. "Come, Marcelle," she said. "We must turn the hay in the field of the Rigole. . . . Marie, are you going to put la Piquita to sleep outdoors again?"

"She loves it, Maman Christine," I said. "You should see her laugh when I put her out."

La Mère Christine sighed. "It is far!" she said, and left us.

"The fox may get her. It has happened before," said la Mère Marie grimly, and she limped off to her usual seat by the side of the road under the holly trees.

I CARRIED la Piquita back to her room, then went downstairs to the kitchen to sterilize the milk, which Aristide had just brought in. He was fuming. "I'll have to ask la Mère Christine to wash her hands when she milks," he said. "It wouldn't hurt to wash the cows too!" Twelve years in America had introduced him to Infant Hygiene, and this was his first baby.

"You can't ask your mother to wash her hands," I said. "Anyhow, what did we get the sterilizer for?"

My eye fell on Christiane, Marcelle's two-year-old, who was sitting under the laurel tree in front of the house, surrounded by foraging hens. She was scooping up handfuls of dirt and eating them with good appetite. She wore a tight apron with long sleeves, high shoes, stockings, and a flopping bonnet, so the only time the sun could reach her was when she rolled over and presented the two cheeks of her uncovered bottom to its rays. Yet health fairly burst from her. It was all very confusing.

I FOUND it difficult to make la Piquita's bath the scene of quiet and order recommended by the bulletin, for René and Christiane were usually determined to assist at it, and if they were missing, Bibi, the jay, was always on hand. Whether it was the soapy baby or the splashing water which interested him I could not tell, but I objected to him strongly; he was thieving, raucous, and unclean. I shooed him out the window, yelling "*Chao!*," but he kept coming back.

After bathing la Piquita, I put her out for her nap in a laundry basket under the great walnut tree behind the house. I looked dubiously at the manure pile in the offing. The bulletin did not cover this situation—there was no such heading as "Manure Pile, Sleeping Near"—but its warm, rich smell mingled pleasantly with that of the hayfields. Perhaps hygiene was, after all, of less importance than resistance.

Washing the diapers in the clear water of the creek took up the rest of the morning. When I came into the house again, I found dinner waiting. La Mère Marie surveyed me coldly from under her sardonic eyebrows. "What is this, Marie? You put la Piquita out in the sun? Naked as a worm? Ah, *la povera!*"

"For her sun bath only," I protested. "She is dressed now, Maman Marie."

"*Ay mi!* Never did I leave a baby alone!"

"How could you stay with them, Maman Marie, and do all your work too?"

"Naturally, I did not remain immobile," she replied with dignity. "But I saw to it that someone was always with them. A child should not be left to cry. Anger is not good for man or child."

WE sat down to our dinner of salt ham with cabbage. La Mère Christine and la Mère Marie looked uneasy, and started at every sound.

"'Tide, would you like milk from la Blanquette for the baby?" asked la Mère Christine. "It is fortifying."

"No, better not," my husband said. "Goats' milk can give Maltese fever."

La Mère Christine was outraged. "And the goat who raised you," she asked, "that I milked every day beside your cradle? Did you get that Maltese fever? That book of yours . . . Marie, I hear la Piquita crying!"

I ran outdoors. Nothing was wrong, no misplaced pin; the baby simply wanted company, and it was not time for her dinner. When I returned to the dining room, the wails redoubled.

"Marie, la Piquita! You must console her."

"But the book says—" I began unhappily.

"Marie," said la Mère Christine, "this is a child, not a cake to be baked

POST
MAIL
Christmas
DEC. 25
DEC. 26
DEC. 27

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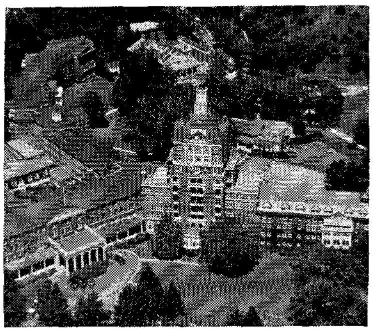

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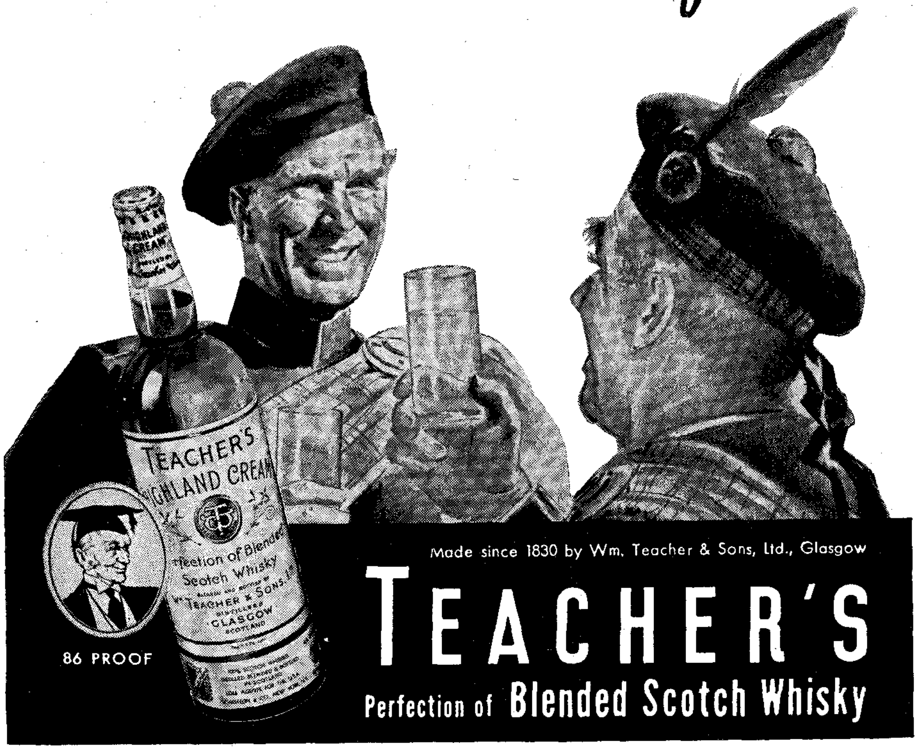

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nor a sweater to knit! It is a human being, like you; it will learn your ways soon enough, just by living with you. All you need to do is to care for it and love it. Will you permit me to go to her?"

Aristide took command. "No one must go to her," he said. "Let her yell until her feeding time. She must keep to her habits."

La Mère Christine and la Mère Marie both wept. I wanted to. Shortly before the appointed hour I dashed for la Piquita, whose wails changed magically to a smug and toothy smile, and fed her.

THEN it was time for the haying. We carried la Piquita to the hayfield, where we left her by the hedge with Dédé, René, little Christiane, and also Bibi, who had ridden on Dédé's shoulder and had managed to fly off with la Piquita's rattle. The haying was hard work, and we were shorthanded. Marcelle made the load and we all raked and pitched. The cart was drawn by the cows, la Rougeo and la Rosée. They hadn't the impetuous forward drive of a horse, but moved calmly, as patient and noble as animals on a frieze. The sweat ran down into our eyes and our clothes stuck to us. We brought home one load, then two, then sat for a while over our "four o'clock" of bread, cheese, and wine, and then went back for another load.

When the last load was safely in the barn, we went in the house, for it was getting dark. I came downstairs after feeding la Piquita and putting her to bed. Dédé was setting the crockery soup plates on the table while Marcelle rocked the cradle, which held a wide-awake Christiane. La Mère Christine poked up a blaze in the broad fireplace, under the vast black soup kettle. She was tired, and the cats prowled about unmolested until they came within reach of la Mère Marie's cane. La Mère Marie sat on the high-backed bench by the fire, spreading herself so that there was no room for Papa Gène, who also liked the bench but had to content himself with a chair.

"Marie, why don't you bring down la Piquita?" asked la Mère Christine wistfully. "Won't she be afraid, all alone? She is so little!"

"She's asleep by now, Maman Christine."

"Will she really go to sleep if you don't rock the cradle?" asked Marcelle. I nodded.

"Well, in a sense, it is practical," conceded la Mère Christine. "But it is lacking in humanity. I ask myself, what sort of child will she grow up to be?"

We started on our bread soup. Suddenly there was an uproar from above, a chorus of shrieks rending the air, horrible to hear. We sat frozen for a second, then everyone rushed for the stairs. Aristide, even with his bad foot, got there first, but Dédé, swift as a rabbit, was not far behind. I was on the wrong side of the table, but I made good time. We stumbled up the staircase and hurtled through la Piquita's door.

By the light of the lamp which la Mère Christine had left there, unbeknown to the rest of us, we saw the room as a cloud of feathers, whirling about a hideous noise. At the centre of the cloud was la Piquita, in her basket. The shrieks came from something which struggled in her hands. La Piquita was screaming too, with laughter. We stared dumbly at what she held, but she gripped it so tightly that we could not make it out.

"It's Bibi!" gasped Dédé. "She has deplumed him!"

The bluejay was nearly naked, a shrunken and frenzied Bibi. It did not seem possible that all those feathers could once have grown on him, but there they were. We extricated him from la Piquita's grasp, and with a final, maniacal squawk he sailed through the window and off into the night. La Mère Christine caught up la Piquita and bore her triumphantly downstairs.

At the table, la Piquita sat on her grandmother's lap, as Christiane sat on Marcelle's, and there was no protest from us. She was indeed, as Aristide remarked, in fine feather. Feathers curled from her hair, her knit "brassière," and the folds of her diapers. She beamed at the company.

La Mère Christine was jubilant. "Your book hasn't hurt her at all," she said. "That bad Bibi might have picked her eyes out, but she defended herself! She is not afraid of anything! She is of the family! I know it now!"

Proudly she tucked a crust of bread into la Piquita's mouth. "For her teeth," she said. "*Mon tout-petit!*"

—MARY MIAN

* * *

> The CIO's musical, "Marching With Johnny," will open Nov. 22 at the Mosque Theater in Newark and will then tour the the bravura and the emotional country, visiting all major cities from coast to coast.—*Boston Herald.*

Seems like that, probably, to Boston folk.

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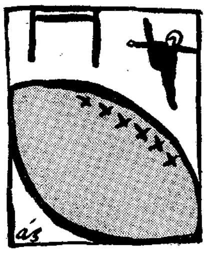


ONE small evidence of a return to reason in an irrational world will be offered, appropriately, on Thanksgiving Day, when Cornell plays Penn in Philadelphia. For almost as far back as anyone wants to remember, this event was a Thanksgiving Day fixture at Franklin Field. Then, a few seasons ago, the holiday became a movable feast, and the schedule-makers decided to pick on a good, immovable Saturday instead. Eventually, however, Thanksgiving went back to where it belonged, and, happily, so did the Penn-Cornell game.

On Saturday, as the closing act of the season, comes the Army-Navy game, which, though it manages to keep its proper place chronologically, has been played as far west as Chicago and as far east as Yankee Stadium. This year, to the indignation of certain people, the game is to be at West Point, which, after all, does happen to be Army's home town.

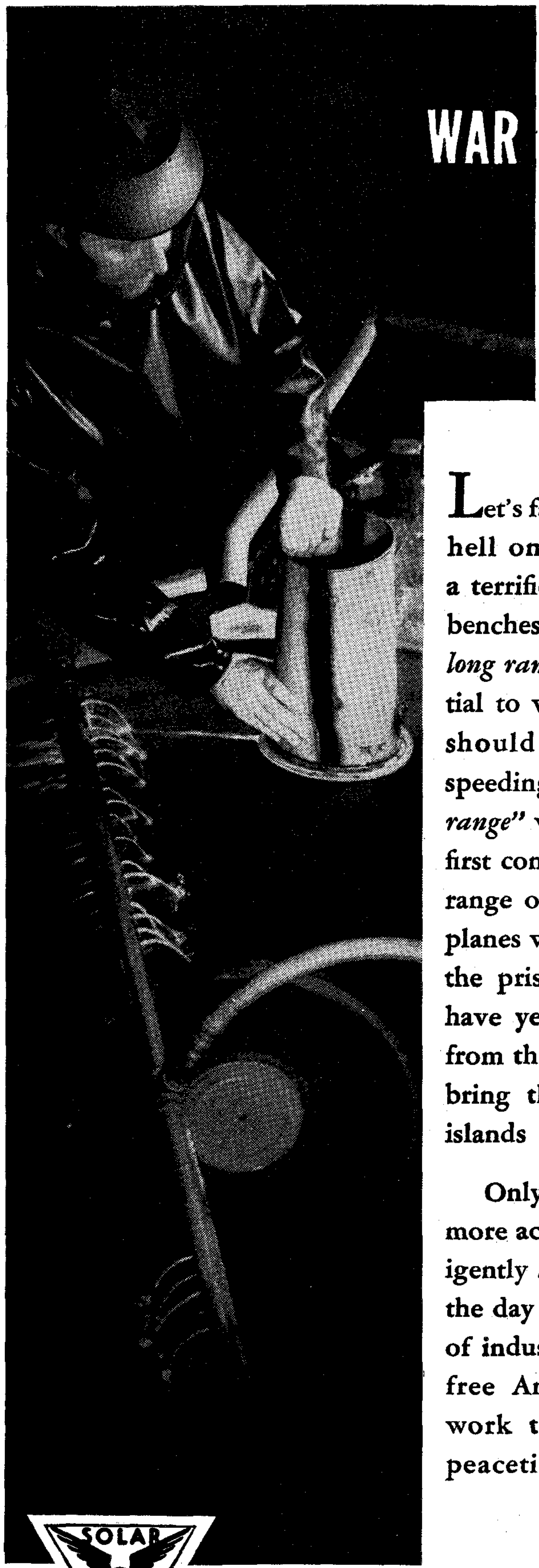
For most other teams, the season ended last week. The most prominent team in this group was, or should have been, Dartmouth. Dartmouth, which played Princeton, has been operating under a bushel basket all year, simply because, after coming very close to beating Penn, it finally succumbed by a score no worse than 7–6. Had the score been 7–7, as might very easily have happened, people would have been saying that Dartmouth was a pretty good little team, which it was anyway. Another squad that did rather well for itself, considering its material, was Yale. Yale, too, was underestimated, partly because, after putting up a good fight, it lost to Rochester 14–12 and to Brown 21–20. Had the two scores been 14–14 and 21–21, people would also have been saying that Yale was a pretty good little team, which, by 1943 standards, it was. Columbia, which played Colgate, had practically no players to start off with and lost a couple of good men halfway through the schedule. Princeton, which began with some good material, lost nearly all of it in a few weeks. And so it went.

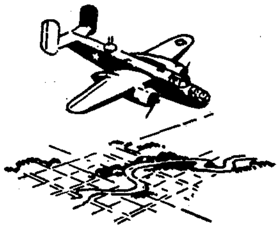
THE season will be remembered for a lot of reasons. Almost everyone seemed to be running plays from a T formation and almost no one seemed capable of kicking a football. The punting was generally indifferent, few kick-offs seemed able to get out of their own way, and a large portion of the men who were assigned to kick points after touchdown revealed all too plainly that they were simon-pure amateurs. There is, however, nothing wrong with being an amateur, especially if you consider the basic meaning of the word and the special circumstances that prevailed this year. Nevertheless, a certain section of the press seemed inclined to view with astonishment the fact that professional football players, men in their late twenties or early thirties, were more proficient technically than the college youngsters who were spending most of their mornings absorbing the intricacies of ballistics or radar and most of their afternoons crawling through obstacle courses.

The season will be remembered, too, because it indisputably demonstrated that the slogan "Crime doesn't pay" is quite wrong. Navy, which has spent its time amassing a huge collection of penalties for infractions of the rules, is the best amateur team in the East. It beat Columbia 61–0 on points, for instance, and 75–0 on yards penalized. In the professional league, the Chicago Bears, which had been fined some 600 yards the last time I looked, is the top outfit. The experiment of playing college games at night was interesting for purely technical reasons. The day Dartmouth played Penn, the weather was muggy and the players suffered considerable discomfort. That evening, when Duke played Navy under lights, the temperature had gone down far enough to make possible a much livelier game. The old gag about putting in the waterboy finally came to life when a Midwest team, ravaged by war and ferocious tackling, sent in its waterboy to try for two points after touchdown. The boy made good. Now you will probably find him with Notre Dame next fall.

The most interesting experiment of the season was, however, tried at State College, Pennsylvania. The passenger service on the Bellefonte Central, the only railway to the town, is of a rather desultory nature, and the officials for the Penn State-Temple game didn't show up in time. In order not to disappoint its five thousand customers, the management simply drafted the necessary men from the stands and the game went on. The home team won, but it probably would have anyway.

—J. W. L.





WAR IS A GRIND!

Let's face it squarely! War is hell on the battlefronts — a terrific grind at the work benches of industry. While *long range* planning is essential to winning the peace, it should not interfere with speeding the peace. The *"long range"* with which we must first concern ourselves is the range of our airplanes—airplanes which have yet to free the prisoners of Bataan . . . have yet to blast the Nazis from the war . . . have yet to bring the war to the very islands of Japan.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Phhuuunng!

SOMETHING snapped inside me during the course of "Guadalcanal Diary," the film adaptation of Richard Tregaskis's book. I don't remember just when it was, because there were so many moments when the strain was too great for the human organism. It may have been when the Marine chaplain turned out to be a regular fellow who, instead of being shocked by the sight of one of the boys doing a Highland fling in his underwear, actually joined in the fun. It may have been when the main character, a Marine played by William Bendix, turned out to be from Brooklyn and a Dodger fan who spoke fondly of "them bums." It may have been when the youngest Marine was kidded about his first whisker. It may have been when another young Marine, among the first to hit the beach at Guadalcanal, was so foolhardy as to say, when there was no immediate Jap resistance, "Gee, this is a cinch," or words to that effect. Phhuuunng went the Jap bullet, and he was dead. As a matter of fact, I think that was when the something snapped. Phhuuunng, it went.

In addition to containing every cliché known to man, this picture is assailable on a couple of other points. One of them has to do with the way the landing operation is handled on the screen. A library shot that was made during maneuvers somewhere has been used, and during those maneuvers the troops were theoretically under fire. In the picture they are not supposed to be under fire, and I submit that as soon as they realized it they wouldn't have dropped on their stomachs in the sand every few feet and pointed their rifles at some imaginary enemy. I submit that they would have got the hell across the beach and into the trees, where there was some protection. This landing operation is a big part of the picture and is almost entirely, should you ask me, cockeyed. However, a much bigger point is that the Marines in the picture have altogether too soft a time. I didn't read "Guadalcanal Diary," but I read a couple of other books about the Solomons, and they were pretty grim reading. In the film, there is one fairly

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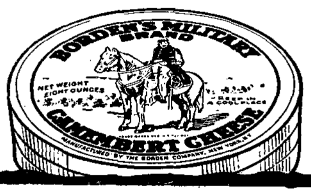

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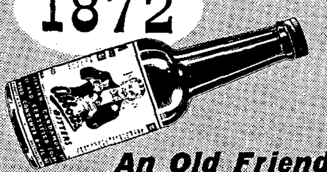

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heavy Jap bombardment and Mr. Bendix makes a few remarks about its being tough going, but you don't believe him. None of the mood of just sitting and taking it until you don't remember where you are any more or how you got there is put across on the screen. Optimism is a pleasant sensation and probably justified at the moment, but truth is beauty and vice versa, as the poet said.

"GUADALCANAL DIARY" is all male and a yard wide, but you can see women at war, if that's what you're looking for, in "Cry Havoc," in which the only male parts are walk-ons. The picture is about nurses on Bataan, and there are undeniably good bits in it. Generally speaking, it is better than the play from which it was taken. However, whereas the play was handicapped by a rather murky piece of spy business, the picture substitutes romance, and the improvement is not marked. Lieutenant Smith, played by Margaret Sullavan, is secretly married to an Army officer who is also on Bataan. One of Miss Smith's command, played by Ann Sothern, is in love with the officer, and a good deal of trouble that hasn't much to do with General MacArthur's Philippine campaign ensues. There are times when the film takes on the aspect of "The Women" in an air-raid shelter. Joan Blondell, Fay Bainter, and Marsha Hunt are also among the nurses, and one realistic detail in the picture's favor is that they and the rest of the ladies are not only filled with authentic terror but are occasionally unkempt and even perspiring.

IN "Northern Pursuit," starring Errol Flynn and Julie Bishop, Mr. Flynn is a Northwest Mountie in pursuit of German saboteurs, who lead him farther and farther north until it looks as though he will be swallowed up in a snowdrift. After getting his men, though, he picks up an airplane and flies back to civilization as pert as ever. It's the kind of story they would once have given Rin-Tin-Tin, except that they never could teach him to fly.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Mr. Firestone argued that his client was a student, had not been found guilty and should not be sub-hauled by tank steamer to the east coast refineries, and then pumped back into the middlewest and the Great Lakes area through pipe lines.—*Cleveland Press.*

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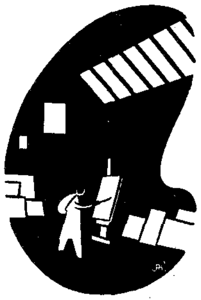
THE ART GALLERIES

Romantic Americans

YEARS ago in Paris, whenever I had a hangover, I used to go to the Luxembourg Museum, where I had learned that a peculiar sort of gentle and dreamy solace was to be found by just wandering, not too attentively, among the bright-colored, oozily sentimental, late-nineteenth-century Romantic paintings the Museum then contained. So much careful mediocrity somehow cheered me at such moments, and when I came back to New York and still had hangovers, I discovered that the collection of paintings at the Public Library had much the same therapeutic effect on me. I would go there and peer at the Kensetts, the Meissoniers, and the big, blooming landscapes that were there and come away, not cured, exactly, but certainly restored somewhat.

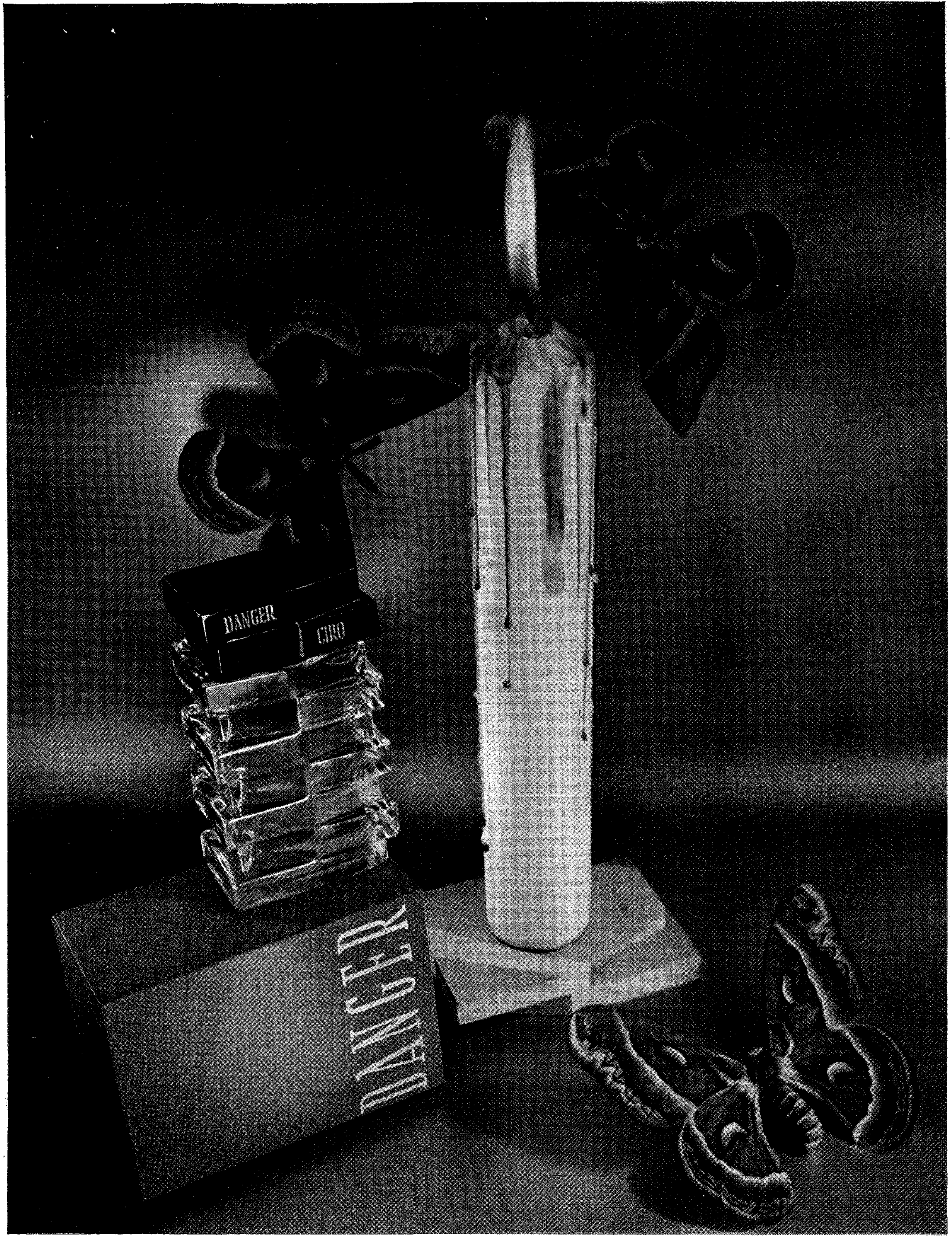


I mention all this because the big new loan show at the Museum of Modern Art, "Romantic Painting in America," includes one of my favorites from the Public Library collection. This is Frederick E. Church's Ecuadorian landscape called "Cotopaxi," complete with erupting volcano, fried-egg sunset, and lurid coloration, and I think it would be ungracious not to say something about the help it has been to me on so many hazy mornings in the past. I'm not quite so clear about what its place is in the Romantic tradition of American painting. Romantic it certainly is, but then so were the paintings of Maxfield Parrish, and though no works by him are included, I had the feeling at times that it was possibly only through an oversight that they weren't. The great fault of the show, in short, is its almost complete lack of selectivity. What you get is Romanticism, good or bad, and if one recalls how bad the Hudson River painters and their predecessors could be at their worst, it is not hard to imagine how meaningless artistically some sections of the exhibition are.

There is another fault that appears, particularly in the modern section, where a number of the artists represented seem to me to have little place in the Romantic tradition. Here, of course, we come up against definitions, which in art have always been pretty elastic; there are plenty of cases of men who were taken to be Classicists by one generation and to be Romanticists by the next. Yet it's more of a stretch than I'm willing to make to accept such people as Marsden Hartley, John Marin, and Lyonel Feininger, say, as belonging to the latter category. To my mind they are Classicists, both in style and approach, and to include them in the collection at the Modern Museum seems a confused and confusing mistake. I have somewhat similar objections to the inclusion of the earlier fantastic painter, John Quidor, as well as George Catlin, John Audubon, and Thomas Eakins. Though the first may be a Romantic, he is certainly outside the American tradition of the school, while the three others are far closer to the classic in the realism of their treatment.

What the show does give, and give well, is a clearer perspective on the whole history of American painting. A few years ago, the Whitney Museum had an exhibition of nineteenth-century American landscape painting which I think did a good deal not only to rescue the work of that period from the disrespect into which it had fallen but also to clarify the influences and the social atmosphere which had given it its flavor. This show brings the Whitney affair up to date, and the fact that it is not limited to landscape gives it a broader base. As we look through the two-hundred-odd canvases it contains, we see that American painting as a whole has a lot more coherence and character than might have been suspected. Despite the great debt to the Europeans under which all our nineteenth-century men labored, some effect of the bigness of the land and the free spirit of the people crept in, and as one looks at such pieces as Washington Allston's "The Deluge," Thomas Cole's "The Expulsion from Eden," T. Chambers' "Niagara Falls," and Elihu Vedder's "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," one feels not only that they are good paintings in their own right but also that they could have been painted nowhere but in this country. In the large modern group, too, the same spirit prevails. Foreign influences here are far healthier, and in spite of the wide variation of the individual styles, Edward Hopper's fine "Cape Cod Evening," Eugene Ludins's "Interlude," Marsden Hartley's "Evening Storm," and Alexander Brook's "Pasture at Elk" are alike in that they seem rooted in American soil. In this sense, and although some

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen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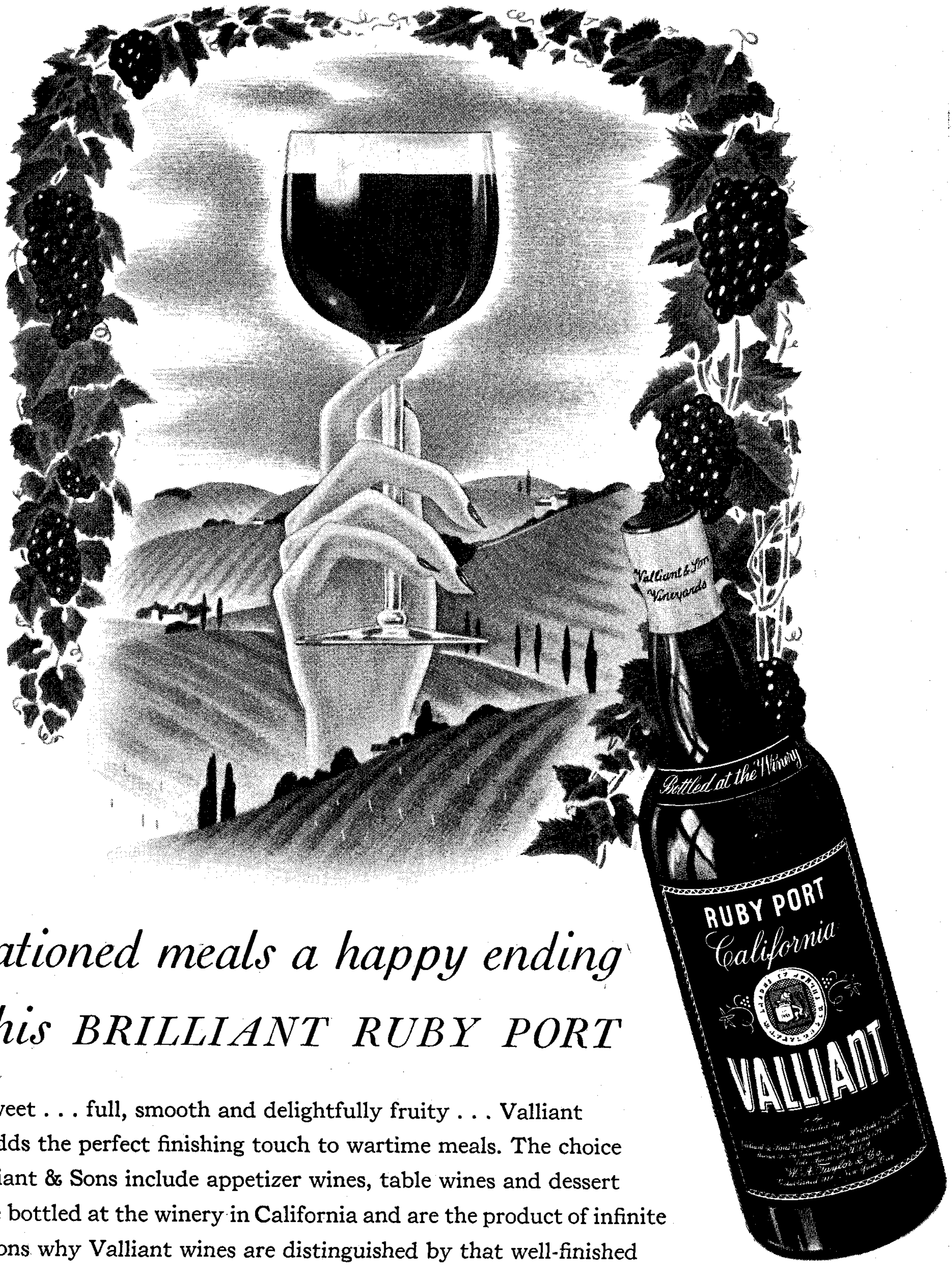
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weeding throughout would have been beneficial, the show is decidedly encouraging.

IT'S no secret that a certain resentment toward the Modern Museum has arisen, particularly among the younger American artists, and the Museum's course, as it zigzagged from the Italian Renaissance to the American Indian and then to the Aztecs, but always further from what might truly be called modern art, has been hardly designed to placate their irritation. There have been times, too, when some of the exhibitions seemed planned more with international considerations in mind than with anything else. Despite all this, the presence of Alfred Barr as director, with his deep scholarship and integrity, has offered a hope that the Museum might someday get back to a consistent and truly representative program, but the recent announcement of his resignation "to devote more time to his writing" has made that event seem more remote than ever. Museums are not commercial institutions, or at least they should not be; what they should be, quite simply, is the medium by which the artist can reach his public, and in that sense the loss of Barr to the museum world strikes worst where it hurts most, at the artist. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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Sing a song of waitresses,
That obsolescent breed,
Expendable but yesterday,
Today a crying need.
While firmer flesh is Lockheed-bound,
How brave a handful they,
Who shun the blowtorch and the
  wrench
For cutlery and tray.

Circumstances have conspired
To make this self-willed few
The final barrier between
Your vitamins and you.
They meet the patriotic test
(And that there is no doubt of):
The other girls may be all out,
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"Help us," pleads the management,
"To keep what we have got.
A waitress is a priceless thing,
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Ask of her the smallest boon
Or else you'll eat the menu.

—I. A. L. DIAMOND

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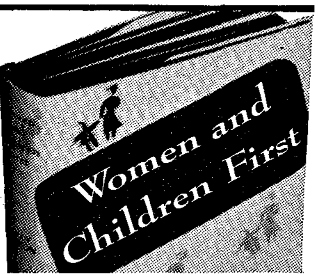

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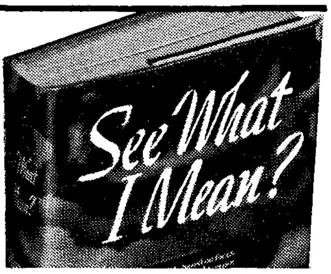

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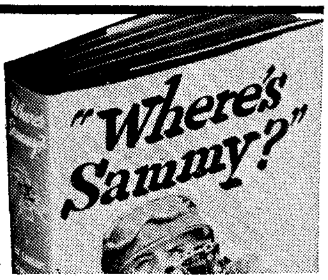

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ANGER IN THE SKY, by Susan Ertz. An ill-assorted collection of evacués, relatives, and friends of relatives are domiciled in the country house of a remarkably hospitable and likable English family during the London blitz. Their lengthy and not uninteresting conversations are made to reflect every shade of political and social opinion, even that of an American visitor with isolationist convictions. There is less talk and more drama when several members of the group go up to London on various errands of love, mercy, and business and endure, each under very different circumstances, a night of high-explosive horror.

THE SHADOW AND THE GLORY, by John Jennings. If you want a historical novel with plenty of romance and local color, this one will do as well as any, and if you are interested in the reconstruction of some important moments in the fortunes of the Revolutionary Army, it will do rather better than most. The action begins with a clear, unpretentious account of the fighting at Bunker Hill, but the most moving part of the narrative is concerned with the failure of the New York campaign of 1776 and the subsequent retreat from Canada. A dark period in our history, which Mr. Jennings has handled intelligently.

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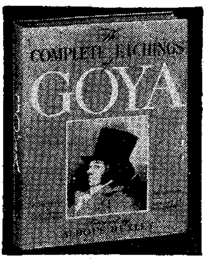

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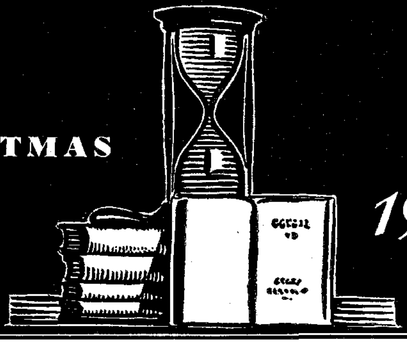

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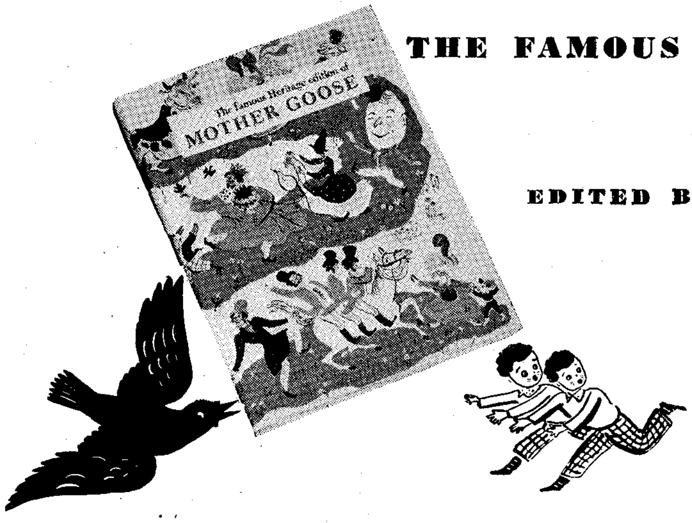

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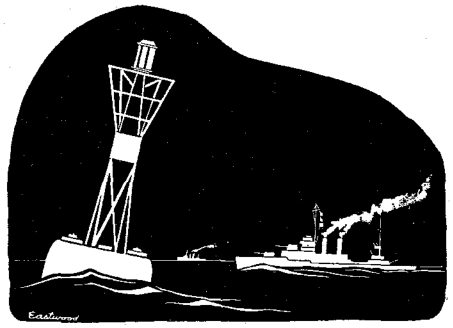
GENERAL

WHY WOMEN CRY, OR WENCHES WITH WRENCHES, by Elizabeth Hawes. Miss Hawes folded up a brilliant career as a dress designer and got herself a job in an airplane-engine plant, where she learned about women who work for a living. (She had already found out about the other kinds.) Women cry, she says, because, among other reasons, the feudal division of work in the American home drives them crazy. If they try to hold a job too, they get crazier still. The author has some remedies in mind and makes a good case for them. A readable, straight-talking, warm-hearted book, which barges rather naïvely into some very complicated problems, but perhaps that's the way to get things done.

A BOOK OF WAR LETTERS, edited by Harry E. Maule. Letters from the men and women in the services, intended to give the reader a sense of the full scope of American war experience all over the world. There are striking contributions by Captain Phillip W. Haberman, Jr., of New York City, who is very understanding about the English, and Private Alvin L. Stohlman, a former cowboy artist who drawls on about New Guinea and makes pictures to match. A good, well-assorted selection, with introductory notes by the editor.

COMMON CAUSE, by G. A. Borgese. A distinguished Italian-American scholar scrutinizes the issues and conduct of the war and the peace to follow. Worldly humanism in the classic tradition, and an often wise and some-



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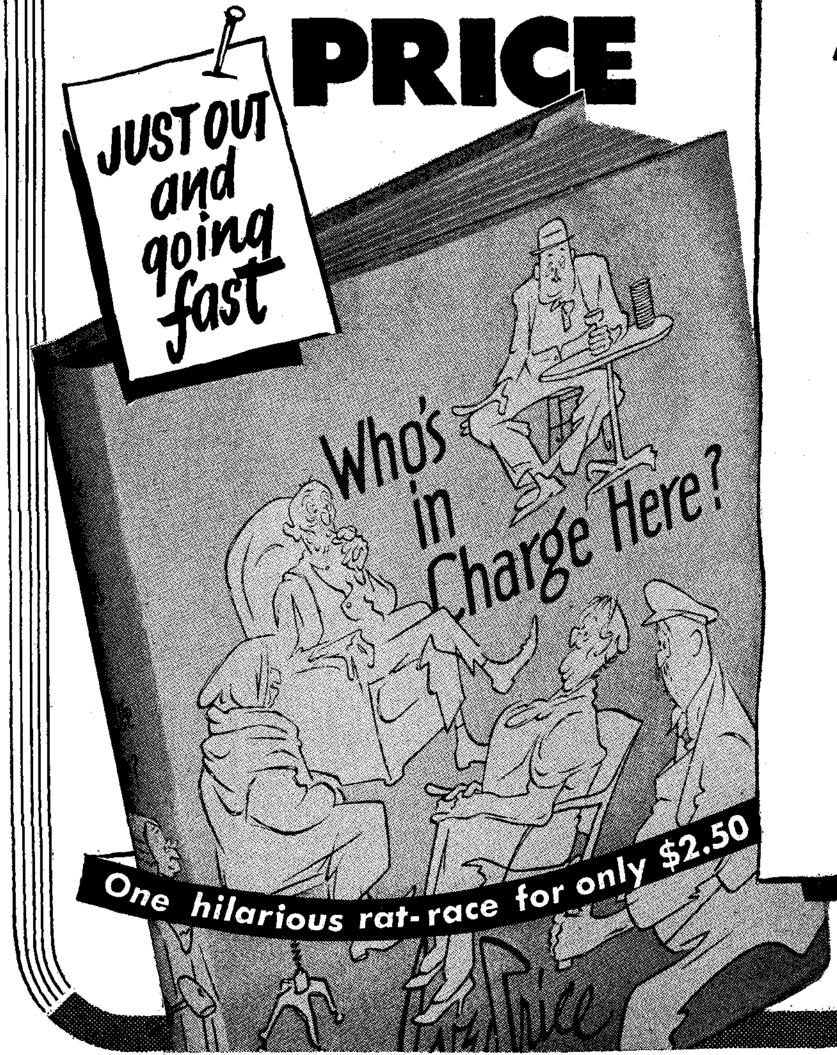
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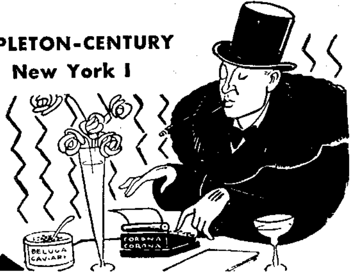

times profound exposition. The author's oddly flavored English may bother you a trifle at first.

THE END IN AFRICA, by Alan Moorehead. Third volume of an Australian reporter's trilogy on the war in Africa. This one covers the final year, from the summer of 1942 to the German surrender at Cape Bon. It accents the Tunisian campaign, but there isn't much about the American part in it. Moorehead, who is one of the best writers among the correspondents, sees war as an enormous visual drama and conveys the feeling of it vividly and truly. Map.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by B. H. Sumner. Authoritative but textbookish, this 469-page volume presents the history of Russia largely as conditioned by an expanding frontier. *Illustrations and maps.*

MEN OF MARYKNOLL, by James Keller and Meyer Berger. Annals of the American Catholic missionaries who have gone out from Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson to serve in the Bolivian jungle, the leper colonies of South China, and at Hong Kong, on Bataan, and elsewhere. A little sentimental here and there, perhaps, but filled with good and moving stories.

VERSE

MAP OF MY COUNTRY, by John Holmes. Lyrics and soliloquies wherein a poet in his thirties seriously tries to delineate his circumstances and place himself in a dislocated world.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From an article in Mind, a quarterly review*]

As an illustration, consider the following. Someone discovers that the part of Fifth Avenue, New York City, lying between 42nd and 43d Streets ("f" for short) is wet at 4 P.M., April 1, 1942. He asks why, and is given the answer: "Because f was rained on at 3:59 P.M., April 1, 1942." The universal hypothesis which, in conjunction with the second singular statement, permits the deduction of the statement designating the explained fact, is: If any object is rained on at time t, then it will be wet one minute after t. Put schematically, using "W" as the name of the relation expressed by the formula "x is wet at time t" and "R" as the name of the relation expressed by the formula "x is rained on at time t," we have the following deductive argument.

1. fR3.59 P.M., April 1, 1942.
2. For every x and for every t, if xRt. then W one minute after t.

Therefore,

3. fW4.P.M.,April 1, 1942.

The structure of this explanation is fairly clear.

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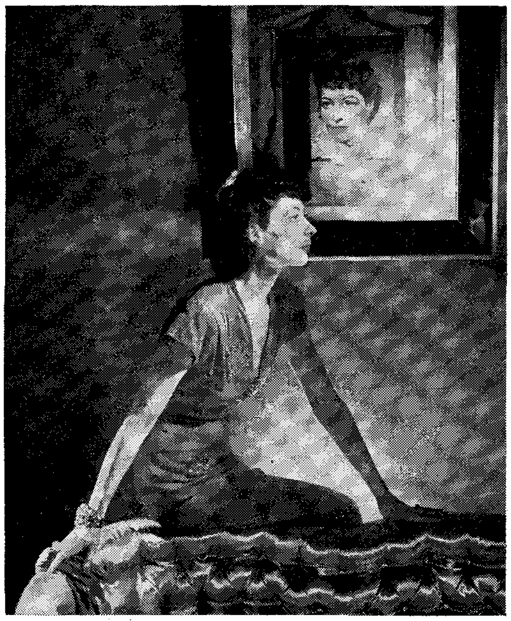

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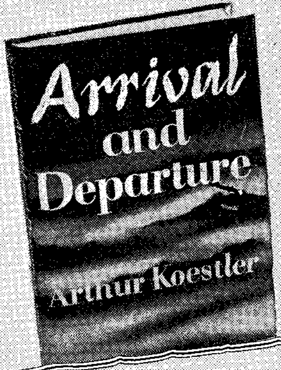
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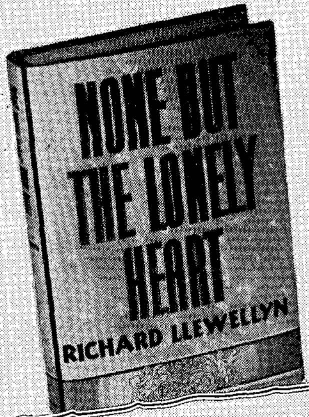
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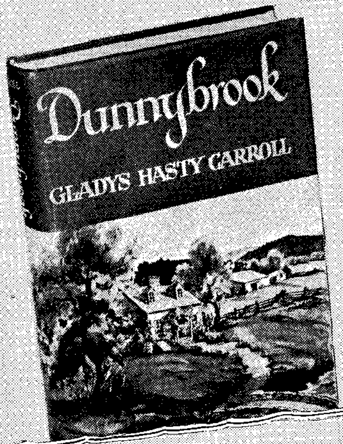
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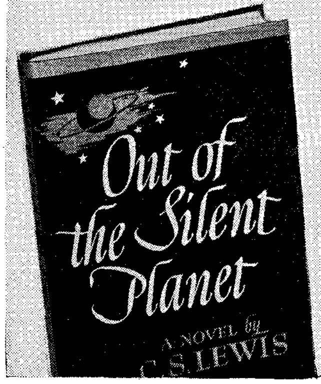
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